

Forgive Me Father

Fabolous

Unh (uh-huh unh) yea
There's a lot of money over here
(Hahahahahaha) Ha Ha
Unh (unh unh unh) That's word to Brooklyn
I'm back
I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these niggas

Maybe cause I'm eatin, and these bastards fiend for my grub
I carry pumps like I serve gasoline for these scrubs
So they seen my Aston leanin' on dubs
And they can't afford chrome, so they puttin' vasoline on they hubs
I'm lookin' for a girl with a ass like Trina to rub
Take home and let her watch the plasma screen in the tub
These niggas hate I'm movin' so much cash and cream in the club
And don't pass my green on my bub
But I'm a fly nigga that don't do much, to pull her and dick her
Everyday I'm poppin' a tab, and pullin' a sticker
Every May I'm switchin' the tags, and pullin' up sicker
Every "K" I'm loadin' the mags, with bullets to flicker
And I ain't hesitatin' homie, I'm pullin' it quicker
So you can act tough, after a few pulls on some liquor
Got em pullin' on niggas
And they won't be goin' nowhere for a while, they might as well pull out a s nicker
Ye-Ye-Yea

Forgive me father for I have sinned
But look at all this money that I spend
And look at all this jewelry that I'm in
And look at all the places that I've been
And look at all the women in those brims
Look at the blue flames that I'm in
I look at all the bullshit that there's been
And if I had another chance I'd do it again

Anywhere the kid move, you know the hammers'll be with me
Pokin' out the shirt like a Pamela Lee titty
I went on tour brought the samples of D wit me
Came back a month later bought a Lambo for three-fifty
Think I throw you grams if you read with me
Just because you see me on the camera with P. Diddy
Dammit we P-driddy? Now I got G with me
Along with the third leg, that I be rammin in these bitties
I keep the revolver you hope my gun'll jam
But with the scope its gonna blam
The info put freckles on your face like Opie Cunningham
That's why I'm watched by the Feds and scoped by Uncle Sam
Dope and hunn-ed (hundred) grams rope and hunn-ed grams
At the same time our artist get to open Summer Jam
Hope you understand or use better sense
These niggas don't want no beef they want lawsuit settlements
Nigga!

I'm in a waggy when I'm passin' by ya
With a baby girl who suck harder than Maggie on a pacifier
What I'm smokin'll have you aggie as your last supplier
When you can smell it through the bag you know that's some fire

Gettin' stressed by these hotties is regular
I got a magazine, to press to your body like editors
Test me somebody I'm beggin' ya
I got the gatling gun, like Jesse The Body in Predator
I'm a hustler, I don't sling no rocks to the fiends now
Got dudes who sit on corners like a boxer between rounds
Any other dude who dish rocks want beef
Cause I chop dimes bigger than Chris Rock front teef
I'm the nigga tearin' the walls up in your miss
In exchange for a small cup of the Cris
And while you at probation fillin' a small cup full of piss
I'm in a coupe, with a roof, that ball up like a fist
Catch up!

Thats right I'll do it again nigga (unh yea)
I'm a motherfuckin' ghetto superstar nigga (unh)
Desert Storm Street Family (unh) we here (yea)
Young G's Salute (yea)
Get this fuckin' money man
It's a lot of fuckin' money over here (yea)
I don't know what the fuck you doin' (unh unh yea)