

Forgive Me

Grits

Everyday life buckles my feet so I stumble
Once again I dropped the ball so I guess I fumbled
Stallin' with the grin so my smile's now incomplete
Tryin' to transform the hailstorm into a mild sleet
Discreet in my ways keepin' on the down low
Wait, let me clear my head, one, two, here we go
Back to the statement before, it's at hand
About the need to sin, it's in supply and demand
Reachin' for my neck, stranglin' my last breath
Hope's in my eye, tie forgiveness to my father's death
Sparks occur, shoots across the sky like a blur
Speaking out repentance, different feelings it might stir
I stay focused, my eye never leaves the prize
Now is the situation minute or enormous in size
Realize the pitfalls of having a dream then it falls
Who ya gonna blame, either yourself or no one at all
Controlled by the dirt, I learned the hard way how it hurts
You reap what you sow, that's for show, now you know
The Grammatical Rev. on display like a safari
And I just wanna take this time to say I'm sorry

Lord forgive me, I know not what I do
The trials and tribs of life make me come unglued
Lord forgive me, what I did was wrong
Falling on my knees, repentance is my song
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Back in the day when I was young, selling dope at the store
I regret the situation I was livin' in
Contributing genocide stupid pride
Had my brain insane but yet I remained to be a church going brotha
Undercover smuggler fattest dime juggler
A hustler making money and thangs
Everybody wanna go back but not the kid
From the dirt that I did, I'm running scared from the dead
There's a bid on my head by the devil and friends
To put an end to Teron so I gotta keep strong
Yes I'm blessed, still I regret the fear and sweat
I put my mother through runnin' with the thuggish crew
Pop's wasn't there, but he was there when I needed him
To good lookin' out and much love for lettin' me move with you
To get away from it all but then I got in again
My sin continued to eat through
Before I could strike, it took a couple of close calls on life
To be taken for spiritual awakening
The talk of the town is D.C
And they needin' the services of a brotha nervous
'Cause the life that I live is still hauntin' me and tauntin' me
Tantalizing to see my friends in Benzes and Beamers
Could it be that I made a mistake to shoot it straight?
Naw, 'cause I'm forgiven...

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