

# Pardon Me

Lil Double 0

This should be played at high volume  
Preferably in a residential area  
It's like  
Every day, a nigga gettin' more paper, new money  
No new feelings, though (No paper, no feelings)  
No new niggas neither

Uh, no paper, no feelings, no love for bitches, you trippin'  
Pour pints of the Wockhardt, no liquor  
Know some niggas that crack cards and some killers  
Have you ever took two L's, one week?  
Every day, pop Perkys, I don't get no sleep  
I was with T30 every day 'fore the feds came, so I know that he waitin' on me  
Can't compete with a boss  
I went ten times harder, niggas ten times soft  
You can't even compete with a boss, knock 'em off  
Huh, huh, we knock 'em off, policin', Walk Down  
All my loved ones in the dirt, I feel like them some blood diamonds  
We not the same, walk down the Earth, wanna get away on another island, I'm gone

Pardon me, I used to be broke  
Pardon me, but she tellin' me no  
Shit, pardon me, Double 0 grew up in poverty  
Robbin' just to get some more  
We was teenagers livin' like grown men  
But the judge don't know that, though (Huh)  
Just offered my nigga 'bout thirty  
But he just turned twenty, ho

What the fuck niggas mean?  
I watched my great grandma sell dope, so sellin' dope was a dream  
Young nigga grew up 'round fiends  
Life went from police to paparazzi  
Fuck whoever wanna try to stop me  
Just turnin' this dirty money clean  
Blood on the money, need to wash it, uh  
They got blood on that money and they still count it  
I took off niggas pluggin' and I ain't show love and don't give a fuck how them niggas feel about it (Fuck them broke niggas, huh)  
A lot of these niggas be sayin' they fuck with me, but, shit, go drill about me (Uh)  
A- (Uh, go walk somethin' down, get in the field 'bout it)  
My heart in the freezer, I don't even need her  
What you pay for the work, I can get a lil' cheaper, bitch, woah (Uh, ayy, w oah)  
Set it off like Queen Latifah  
Send a young ugly killer, Jeepers Creepers (Still gon' keep her)  
Talk to God and repent on my sins  
Only on Sunday, drive the Benz, hah (Uh, uh)  
They ain't never been where a nigga done been, so fuck them, had to go get up and spin  
Have you ever seen a mother die?  
Have you ever let a chopper fire?  
Have you ever pulled down with your gang tryna score and do a homicide? (Walk Down uppin' the score, uh)

I remember them days mama had to cry  
Shit, we was broke, strugglin', it got kinda ugly  
Up in the streets, mama wonderin' why  
Niggas shootin' that bridge when they brother die  
Take mine, take yours, we uppin' the score  
But we'll probably take more than yours, though  
Vintage Dior, ain't goin' broke  
Rockin' this shit right now up on the boat (Uh, ayy)  
Fuckin' you rap nigga hoes, yeah  
Remember them days kick doors, yeah  
Remember the licks that only Lord know  
Been livin' my second life, this the best life  
But I still can't break that code, yup, uh