

# Still Ain't Forgave Myself

T.I.

(Still ain't forgave myself, damn  
It's a lotta fucked up shit that go down man,  
You don't even know the half)

Man I been in and outta trouble since an adolescents  
Spoiled rotten, dead fresh, wit no daddy present  
I got two uncles, Quint and Man and they keep me straight  
7 and 8, I'm counting money while they moving weight  
My daddy send me clothes and always tell me come and see him  
I say alright but still I feeling like my momma need him  
They sending letters home from school, nobody read mines  
And plus my uncles, doing 10 years F.E.D. time  
Then I started rebelling, began crack selling  
The littlest thing on the corner wit a Mac 11  
After school I hear my momma holla homework  
I say alright ma, but look I got my own work  
Started interacting wit fiends at the age of 13  
Now my momma finding rocks in my socks, glocks in my toy box  
Like damn, why do trouble come to me like this  
But on the real, it ain't even have to be like this (fuck)

Mistakes made on this road to wealth  
I still ain't forgave myself  
Hey, what I am today  
I made myself but I still ain't forgave myself  
For running to the grave getting closer to death  
I still ain't forgave my self  
For anyone who ever wondered how I felt  
I still ain't forgave myself

At 14 man, thought I knew everything  
I'm slanging slabs, trapping hard, moving heavy Cain  
I bought an '85 cutlass on some dane-a-danes  
Now I'm the shit, huh, the motor blew in 30 days  
Hardheaded man I ain't listen to anything  
I'm getting money so, I'm right and I got plenty game  
Besides why I need school, I'ma be rapping momma  
If that don't work, then I guess I'ma be trapping momma  
But hey I promise I'ma make it cause I'm damn good  
I'ma get us out this hood and off these can goods  
School just a white man game, and it's ran good  
At 16, here's my introduction to manhood  
Blue lights behind me, damn what I'm gonna do  
Cause I got 2 pounds of weed and a 3.80 too  
I guess everything'll be alright if I just keep it cool  
How ya doing officer, what ya mean why I ain't in school  
Can you search the car? Yea but, I rather that you didn't  
Besides it's just a waste of yo time cause ain't nothing in it  
(Laugh) I guess that's when I seen, that I ain't know shit  
When stuck in a place wit freedom I ain't gone get (Damn!)

Mistakes made on this road to wealth  
I still ain't forgave myself  
Hey, what I am today, I made myself  
But I still ain't forgave myself  
Guess these the chances ya take, when dealt the cards I was dealt  
But I still ain't forgave myself

For anyone who ever wondered how I felt  
I still ain't forgave myself

Outta all the niggas I was wit when I was doing wrong  
3 in the fed, 1 doing life, and 2 dead and gone  
Knew there was more to life than selling blow and chopper busting  
But what's the good in knowin' better if I ain't tell 'em nothing  
I knew I coulda told Cap not to kill shawty  
Put down the gun, get in the car let 'em live shawty  
You'll probably get locked up, and I'll probably have a deal shawty  
Naw, I ain't scared, I'm just telling ya like it is shawty  
Could of told Endae, Quint, and Kern, man ya covers blow  
Leave that country town alone, y'all needa come back home  
Bankhead and J-Rue, I just feel like if I was wit 'em  
They would of never got killed that night if I was 'em  
Seem like I could of done mo', said mo'  
Why all my partners gotta be dead or in the fed for??  
All the time, I just wish that y'all could ball wit me  
Sometimes at night I close my eyes, and dream that y'all wit me (damn.)

And even though they say I can't blame myself  
I still ain't forgave myself  
For all the mistakes made on this road to wealth  
I still ain't forgave myself  
What I am today, I made myself  
But I still ain't forgave myself  
For anybody who ever wondered how I felt  
I still ain't forgave myself

And yea they say I can't blame myself  
But I still ain't forgave myself  
For the mistakes made on this road to wealth  
I still ain't forgave myself  
Guess this the chance that you take, when dealt the cards I was dealt  
But I still ain't forgave myself  
For anybody who ever wondered how I felt  
I still ain't forgave myself (Ain't Forgave myself)

Yea, for anybody who ever wondered how I felt  
anybody who ever wondered what's wrong wit me, here it is,  
3 16's of what's in the heart of T.I.P.  
This song is dedicated to everybody who ain't here wit me  
Cap, damn, you fucked up shawty, but when you get out  
if I live to see it, its gone be on again ya know what I'm saying  
And we ain't gotta worry bout going to jail shawty we legit now  
Ya know what I'm saying, Cern, Quint, Endae, y'all gone get out man  
and when you do I'll be there shawty, always  
Bankhead, J-rue, I'm sorry man, some shit I can't change  
When I get up there, we gone ball again, open the gates shawty let me in,  
we gone ball. J-Rue man I know money ain't worth a friend shawty,  
I fucked up bad man, I still ain't forgave myself  
My momma, sorry I ain't graduate but  
hell we rich now it don't matter. My uncles shit,  
it don't matter either, y'all back.  
Well hell, My Lil' boy (music stops)  
you better not do the same shit I did  
or I'ma whoop yo motherfucking ass