Forgive Me Father

Fabolous

Uuh
Uh uuh uuh
Uh uh
Uuh
Yeah
There's a lot of money over here
(Ha ha ha)
Ha ha ha
(Ha ha ha)
Uuh
Uuh uuh uuh
That's word to Brooklyn
(Yeah)
I'm back
I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these nigga's man
Maybe 'cause I'm eatin' and these bastards fiend for my grub
(Ooh)
I carry pumps like I serve gasoline to these scrubs
Have you seen my Aston leanin' on dubs
(Ooh)
And they can't afford chrome so they puttin' vasoline on they hubs
(Ha ha)
I'm lookin' for a girl with a ass like Tina to rub
Take home and let her watch the plasma screen in the tub
(Ooh)
These niggas hate I'm movin' so much cash and cream in the club
(Yeah)
And don't pass my green on my bub
(All right)
But I'm a fly nigga that don't do much to pull her and dick her
(Aha)
Everyday I'm poppin' a tab and pullin' a sticker
(Uhh)
Everyday I'm switchin' the tags and pullin' up sicker
(Yea)
Every K I'm loadin' the mags with bullets to flicker
(Brrr brrr)
And I ain't hesitatin' homie I'm pullin' it quicker
(Brrr brrr)

So you can act tough after a few pulls on some liquor
(Uhh)
You gotta pull it on nigga's
(Uhh)
And they won't be goin' nowhere for a while
(Uhh)
They might as well pull out a snicker
You could give
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, nigga
Hey anywhere the kid move you know the Hammers'll be with me
(Yeah)
Pokin' out the shirt like a Pamela Lee titty
(Aha)
I went on tour bought the samples of D with me
(Yo)
Came back a month later bought a lambo for three fifty
(Ha ha)
Think I throw you grams if you read with me
Just 'cause you see me on the camera with P Diddy
(Uh uh)
(Haa haa)
Dammit we p driddy now I got G with me
(Ha ha)
(Yo)
Along with the third leg that I be rammin' in these bitties
I keep the revolver you hope my gun'll jam
(You hope my gun'll jam)
But with the soap it's gonna blame
There fore put freckles on your face like O P Cunningham
That's why I'm watched by the feds and scoped by Uncle Sam

(Yeah)
Dope and hun'ed grams rope and hun'ed grams
(Yeah)
(Uh)
At the same time our artist get to open summer jam
(Uhh)
Hope you understand or use better sense

(Uh)
These nigga's dont want no beef they want lawsuit settlements nigga
(Uh uh uh)
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, nigga
I'm in a waggy with em passin' by ya
(Yeah)
With a baby girl who suck harder than Maggie on a pacifier
(Oh)
What I'm smokin'll have you Aggie as your last supplier
(Oh yeah)
When you can smell it through the bag you know that's some fire
(Yeah)
Gettin' stressed by these hotties is regular
(Aha)
I got a magazine to press to your body like editor's
(Aha)
Test me somebody I'm beggin' ya
(C'mon)
I got the gatlin' gun like Jesse the body in predator
(C'mon)
(Yeah)
I'm a hustler I don't sling no rocks to the fiends now
(Aha)
I got dudes who sit on corners like a boxer between rounds
(Aha)
Any other dude who dish rocks want beef
(What)
'Cause I chop jobs bigger than Chris rock front teef
(Haa)
I'm the nigga tearin' the walls up in your miss
(Yeah)
In exchange for a small cup of the Cris
(Ha ha)
And while you at probation fillin' a small cup full of piss
(Aha aha)
I'm in a coupe with a roof that ball up like a fist
(Catch up)
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, nigga
Thats right I'll do it again nigga
(Uuh, yeah)
I'm a mother fuckin' ghetto superstar nigga
(Uuh uhh uh)
Desert storm, street family, we here
Yeah
(Uuh uh)
Young G's, salute
(Uu uh)
(Yeah)
Get this fuckin' money man
It's a lot of fuckin' money over here
(Yeah)
I don't know what the fuck you doin'
(Uuh, uuh, yeah)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/