

Forgive Me Father

Fabulous

[Fabulous]

Yea

There's a lot of money over here

Ha Ha

That's word to Brooklyn

I'm back I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these niggas Maybe cause I'm eating And these bastards
fiend for my grub

I carry pumps like I serve gasoline to these scrubs

Have you seen my Aston leaning on dubs

And they can't afford chrome so they putting Vaseline on they hubs

I'm looking 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 moving so much cash and cream in the club

And don't pass my green on my bub

But I'm a fly niggag that don't do much to pull her and dick her

Everyday I'm popping a tab and pulling a sticker

Everyday I'm switching the tags and pulling up sicker

Every "K" I'm loading the mags with bullets to flicker

And I ain't hesitating homie I'm pulling 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 snicker Ye-Ye-Yea[Chorus:]

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

Poking 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 soap 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! [Chorus] I'm in a waggy with em 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
Getting stressed by these hotties is regular
I got a magazine to press to your body like editors
Test me somebody I'm begging 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 jobs bigger than Chris Rock front teef
I'm the nigga tearing the walls up in your miss in exchange for a small cup
Of the Cris
And while you at probation filling a small cup full of piss
I'm in a coupe with a roof that ball up like a fist (Catch up!) [Chorus] That's right I'll do it again nigga (yea)
I'm a motherfucking ghetto superstar nigga
Desert Storm Street Family we here (yea)
Young G's Salute (yea)
Get this fucking money man
It's a lot of fucking money over here (yea)
I don't know what the fuck you doing (yea)

Songwriters

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