

God Forgive Us

Master P

God forgive us for cause we do not know what we do
We only do what we see
The Gift, all my real niggas out there
No Limit forever, man
I told you it ain't over, I made these niggas
I'm back to get what's mine
This my life ughh
This my life, nigga
No Limit forever
Boss of all bosses
Godfather of this shit, nigga

A little skinny nigga, call me underdog
Hangin' with my partners, parkin' our expensive cars
It's funny how the rock will change a nigga's life
Went to sleeping on floors to mansions fuckin' overnight
Took grandma to the church, had to pay my tithes
A hundred Gs to the preacher, should've seen his eyes
My auntie cry every time when she sees me strapped
But these niggas will kill you, life is just one trap
Keep my pistol cocked homie, I don't fuck with cowards
Took my bitch out the hood, here's a million dollars
Put my trust in god, and I love haters
Cause every time they talk, nigga I get paper
Watch your enemies, you even got to watch your friends
Peter told Jesus he love him, then he did him in
called this shit last year, man this shit funny
Real niggas will turn bitch over a little money
I thank God for my partner, my nigga Joey
Cause when I was hurtin', he ain't talk shit
He said kitchen dro' it

Yeah, let's make a toast to this real shit
And all the bullshit we had to deal with
Started off with crumbs we had to build bricks
I pray 20 years later that I'm still rich
Rollin' up swishas to this real shit
Still prayin' for the patience not to kill shit
Started off with crumbs we had to build bricks
It's no limit to this real shit

It's the untouchable, grew up on the Huxtable
So it's nothing for me to kick in the door and fuck with you
Tie you and your bitch up, then hop in the truck with you
You die on your way to the trap, the knife stuck in you
This next bar for Rihanna, I'm fuckin' you
Gangsta, hit it doggystle with Chris Brown bumpin' too
Love bitches, smoke weed, cut pies, sold dope
Drove 'raris, parked Masi's crooked on Appalachian slopes
Ey yo P they ain't seen a cold nigga like this, B
These are the memoirs of the gold rope
Hollywood never, them the white boys I sold coke
Crazy motherfucker, my conscious stream Four Loko
Ice-T in them bricks, I been fuckin' with CoCo
11 years old, I had a triple beam, before I had a G.I. Joe
Birds by the boatload, that bitch-life in a chokehold
It's hard to trust hoes, you see what happened to Ocho

Yeah, ain't no limit to this real shit
Mastering them Ps since 12, it's time to kill shit

Uh huh
Keep the credits rollin' nigga
This my movie, I'm the director
I told y'all niggas
Y'all have woke up the motherfuckin' sleeping giant