

Confessions

Cam'ron

Father
Yes my son
Forgive me for I have sinned
Its been 21 years since my last confession
21? That seems like a very long time for
you to miss confession my son
Yeah, but I'm only 19
19?
Yeah
Thats interesting
Yeah, its like I just have these dreeeamz, and you know

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Yo father, where you wanna start
How I love ladies
Or how I'm slug crazy
Or how I'm a thug maybe
From a drug baby
I need more than just a slight high
I mean father I'm blind out my right eye
Don't mourn and cry
Cause we were born to die
So fuck mom and father cries
I was one never to bother guys
But when my girl got sadamized
I was dramatized
Shoved the dick down her throat and
Told her it was a taste test and
Take a deep throat so she wouldn't have to waste breath
I mean they fucked her and stuck her
I said man fuck a AIDS test
Cause I'm gon' go raw anyway
I'm one that like to chase death
But that guy, got to get him hit
Wild hairs and tattoos and spanish
Wait, wait, wait, who that description fit
Don't give me chrome for Jimmy Jones
My man with the crime sheet
But he kept talkin bout my girl was a dime piece
And she had a nice figure
Drove a nice Vigor
And for mr to bag her
That I had to be a nice nigga
Wait, wait, don't appall me yo
I can't jump to conclusions thats all we know
But his wife did use to call me yo
Now I roll for the hell
I'm sorry father
Let me go head and tell
How I really wanna be old in a cell
See my two year old nephew
I swear I was holding him well
Til he cried, and he cried, and he cried
I had to scold him and yell
Ya know one thing led to another
I said oh what the hell
Then I threw him against the wall

His parents I told them he fell
Thats why I'm going to hell
This shit ain't going that well
Too many things I did that aren't loose
Smoke and leaks like giving a car a boost
My grandfather got me mad
And I peed inside hid orange juice
And asked him if its tangy
When I'm angry
Then one day
When I thought it wasn't a sin left
I ran into my aunt
With the fat ass and the thin chest
I don't really wanna talk about it
Or get in depth
But father I'm gon' leave you
With this last word called incest

You know what I'm sayin'?
My son, my son, remember the words of the Lord.
Isaiah chapter 59, verse 1, behold, the Lords hands is not shortened,
that it cannot hear, but your enipirings have separated
between you and your God, and your sins hath speakath
boastfully, that he will not heal.

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
See father I lost my scruples
Went straight banoodles
When I raped that putu
And tried to turn the putu
Into, veh, Oodles of Noodles
Now I'm chased by the voodooos
See what that dust does
I love that Vanessa heffa
But I jerk off 'til I bust blood
Oh yeah I got my balls pierced
And my psychiatrist I ain't seen him all year
He.....

Hey little baby don't you cry
Mama gon' make sure you get high
Put that vodka in your milk
Make sure that your bottle filled

Oh that was just a little song my mother
Sang when she was stressed yo
I don't know why she got mad when I cry
If the bitch deaf yo
Who the F know
But death row
I'm coming by the inches
And them niggaz outside on the benches
Don't think that we in the trenches
Cause we got a 600
And we ride like the Princess
But my cousin Blood yo he died like the Princess
20 years old and dead
BMX days he played the front
I rolled the pegs
My girl wanna know why I'm cold in bed
Tellin' me to hold my head
Askin' why I scold my kids
Cause I don't want them little muthafuckas

To touch the drugs I sold and did
But fuck it I'll take my own life
And cut a vein Black
Why don't you do like the cartoons
And tie me up to the train tracks
Or fuck the glory
Why don't you drop me from the 6th story
That'll be a sick story
Wait, wait, wait, speaking of sick stories
Oh father don't start me tweakin
I don't wanna talk about that Sunday evening
That cold November weekend
When I had to grab that Deacon
And put him into my dungeons of heathens
And then in tongues I was speakin

Then I woke up to loud preaching
Oh thats just the Pastor
Flippin through the Bible
Reading the scriptures on the rapture
I guess it was my soul he was trying to capture
He missed me by a hairbone fracture
But he wanted to lay me down in a green pasture
But yet aiya
Still feel like I'm in a bed of fire
Like Jebaniah
Y'knaw I'm sayin cause
It's like Daniel trapped in a lion's pit
Father I feel like I'm dying quick
Thats why I ain't shit

So, could you just please fuckin' help me please?
My son, my son
Please
I understand that you're stressed my son, but
don't forget the words of the Lord my son, which reads...