

Momma I'm So Sorry

Clipse

Gather around
Miami Vice, all my cocaine gringos, ya know
Miami Vice, Pusha spit this shit for y'all, here we go

Youngin' don't make my cells rise, I shoot you out ya chuckers
Pusha hear the whispers of all you mothafuckers
Papa said stay free of them suckers
Minus the wicked jumper, street balla like the rucker
Skip to my Lou if you lookin' for a couple, roosters in the duffle

Keep the hood screaming ?CaCa doodle doo fuckers?
Coke by the ton, rap niggaz I'm the one
With basic rhyme pattern, how the fuck you tryin' to jacka
Basic ass rappas, got 'em running for they life
I philosophies about glocks and keys

Niggaz call me young black Socrates, West Indies
Bitch drop to knees quick, what?
With dreams of being a rich man's bitch
Feel sorry for niggaz, pull triggers and they shit click
So many bullets jammed in my shit, should call me [Incomprehensible]
Shake the diamonds out my wrists

Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
I don't fear Tubbs and Crockett
Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
Got two hot rocks in my pocket

Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
Big home, palm trees and watches
Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
My only accomplice is my conscious

Youngin', learn from me, let's not be at odds
Were more like than not, 2 peas of a pod
Same hustle, 'cept my hustle now flows
I once gave it away, at 30 grams an O

That accounts for all them days in the cold
Feels like kissing cake mix, can't wait to lick the bowl
But it's a bigger picture, homes trust I done seen it
From Frankford to Colon, Oslo to Sweden

From Italy's Milan to the shores of Nepali
Now I consider Ferrarian Salvador dollies
I'm no longer local, my thoughts are global
That's why I seen distance, son expand ya vision

Even the [Incomprehensible] Norwegian women, blonde hair and blue eyes
I'm gettin' back with a vengeance
Whip it like they want me all attached to the kitten
And they wonder in these raps if I'm kiddin', huh

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My only accomplice is my conscious, uh

Miami Vice, sorry heavenly father, once again I hate to bother
It's P the evil creeper send some to the grim reaper
Meanwhile, me and my Mrs. like Soloman and Sheeba
Sign of the times her Emilio Gucci sneakers, huh

Ghetto literature, I damn near died from Bolivia
It don't take much to get rid of ya, it's a sin for ya
Better call the minister

I'm sorry grandmama for mistakes I have made
When I aired family business, how you put me in my place
Even my baby mama, I can't look you in the face
'Cause I can't do enough, you a symbol of God's grace

So I place you in the flower bed, porcelain shower heads
Throughout the house and keep the youngin's mouthes fed
And when I'm gone, I hope it is said
I gave structure to the youth by the example I lead, huh

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