

# 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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