

# Father Forgive 'Em

Rockie Fresh

[Intro:]

Father forgive 'em cause these niggas know not what  
they do

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[Hook:]

My niggas hustled and then we made it through  
We tried to tell 'em but they act like they ain't have  
a clue

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[Verse 1:]

Damn this shit feel like I'm in outer space  
Idle when I keep my pace  
I'm cruising this is not a race  
Feeling like my nigga Meek, these dreams the only thing  
I chase

Been here for a minute while the people just arriving  
late

My key is low, my blunt banging like an 808  
Sick and made Husain Bolt still out of shape  
Ricky love the fans, you should see he dropped another  
tape

I was on Greene Street, flying out all the bait  
Mercy me I could of did better on that mercy beat  
But still push the Mercy when I travel through Miami  
streets

So elite, 800 dollar Jordans on my feet  
My team is on a winning streak, we the ones to beat  
Yeah

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

They see me pull up on the same clean  
My chick thick and my clique full of young kings  
Word around is we looking like the dream team  
The word around is we looking like the dream team  
We got the gold medals, the Lamborghini pedals  
The all gold Rolly, diamonds in the bezel  
We on another level but of rich ass rebels  
And ever since we touch the riches we won't let go  
I hear you talking shit but what's the fucking purpose  
Does it make you rich, well what's the fucking purpose  
These dishes dirty I'm tired where's the damn detergent  
We came a long way from the bottom that's for fucking  
certain

[Hook]