

Still Ain't Forgave Myself

T.I.

(Still ain't forgave myself, damn
It's a lotta fucked up shit that go down man,
You don't even know the half)

Man I been in and outta trouble since an adolescents
Spoiled rotten, dead fresh, wit no daddy present
I got two uncles, Quint and Man and they keep me straight
7 and 8, I'm counting money while they moving weight
My daddy send me clothes and always tell me come and see him
I say alright but still I feeling like my momma need him
They sending letters home from school, nobody read mines
And plus my uncles, doing 10 years F.E.D. time
Then I started rebelling, began crack selling
The littlest thing on the corner wit a Mac 11
After school I hear my momma holla homework
I say alright ma, but look I got my own work
Started interacting wit fiends at the age of 13
Now my momma finding rocks in my socks, glocks in my toy box
Like damn, why do trouble come to me like this
But on the real, it ain't even have to be like this (fuck)

Mistakes made on this road to wealth
I still ain't forgave myself
Hey, what I am today
I made myself but I still ain't forgave myself
For running to the grave getting closer to death
I still ain't forgave my self
For anyone who ever wondered how I felt
I still ain't forgave myself

At 14 man, thought I knew everything
I'm slanging slabs, trapping hard, moving heavy Cain
I bought an '85 cutlass on some dane-a-danes
Now I'm the shit, huh, the motor blew in 30 days
Hardheaded man I ain't listen to anything
I'm getting money so, I'm right and I got plenty game
Besides why I need school, I'ma be rapping momma
If that don't work, then I guess I'ma be trapping momma
But hey I promise I'ma make it cause I'm damn good
I'ma get us out this hood and off these can goods
School just a white man game, and it's ran good
At 16, here's my introduction to manhood
Blue lights behind me, damn what I'm gonna do
Cause I got 2 pounds of weed and a 3.80 too
I guess everything'll be alright if I just keep it cool
How ya doing officer, what ya mean why I ain't in school
Can you search the car? Yea but, I rather that you didn't
Besides it's just a waste of yo time cause ain't nothing in it
(Laugh) I guess that's when I seen, that I ain't know shit
When stuck in a place wit freedom I ain't gone get (Damn!)

Mistakes made on this road to wealth
I still ain't forgave myself
Hey, what I am today, I made myself
But I still ain't forgave myself
Guess these the chances ya take, when dealt the cards I was dealt
But I still ain't forgave myself

For anyone who ever wondered how I felt
I still ain't forgave myself

Outta all the niggas I was wit when I was doing wrong
3 in the fed, 1 doing life, and 2 dead and gone
Knew there was more to life than selling blow and chopper busting
But what's the good in knowin' better if I ain't tell 'em nothing
I knew I coulda told Cap not to kill shawty
Put down the gun, get in the car let 'em live shawty
You'll probably get locked up, and I'll probably have a deal shawty
Naw, I ain't scared, I'm just telling ya like it is shawty
Could of told Endae, Quint, and Kern, man ya covers blow
Leave that country town alone, y'all needa come back home
Bankhead and J-Rue, I just feel like if I was wit 'em
They would of never got killed that night if I was 'em
Seem like I could of done mo', said mo'
Why all my partners gotta be dead or in the fed for??
All the time, I just wish that y'all could ball wit me
Sometimes at night I close my eyes, and dream that y'all wit me (damn.)

And even though they say I can't blame myself
I still ain't forgave myself
For all the mistakes made on this road to wealth
I still ain't forgave myself
What I am today, I made myself
But I still ain't forgave myself
For anybody who ever wondered how I felt
I still ain't forgave myself

And yea they say I can't blame myself
But I still ain't forgave myself
For the mistakes made on this road to wealth
I still ain't forgave myself
Guess this the chance that you take, when dealt the cards I was dealt
But I still ain't forgave myself
For anybody who ever wondered how I felt
I still ain't forgave myself (Ain't Forgave myself)

Yea, for anybody who ever wondered how I felt
anybody who ever wondered what's wrong wit me, here it is,
3 16's of what's in the heart of T.I.P.
This song is dedicated to everybody who ain't here wit me
Cap, damn, you fucked up shawty, but when you get out
if I live to see it, its gone be on again ya know what I'm saying
And we ain't gotta worry bout going to jail shawty we legit now
Ya know what I'm saying, Cern, Quint, Endae, y'all gone get out man
and when you do I'll be there shawty, always
Bankhead, J-rue, I'm sorry man, some shit I can't change
When I get up there, we gone ball again, open the gates shawty let me in,
we gone ball. J-Rue man I know money ain't worth a friend shawty,
I fucked up bad man, I still ain't forgave myself
My momma, sorry I ain't graduate but
hell we rich now it don't matter. My uncles shit,
it don't matter either, y'all back.
Well hell, My Lil' boy (music stops)
you better not do the same shit I did
or I'ma whoop yo motherfucking ass