

Clipse, Momma I'm Sorry

(Pusha T)

Miami Vice, all my cocaine gringos...
Ya know...
Miami Vice, Pusha spit this shit for yall..
Here we go..

Youngin don't make my sales rise
I shoot you out ya Chuckers
Pusha hear the whispers of all you motherfuckers
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 philosiphies about glocks and keys
Niggas 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 niggas, pull triggas and they shit click
So many bullets jammed in my shit, should call me lead-fist
Shake the diamonds out my wrists..

(Pusha T) (Chorus)

Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
I dont fear Tubbs & Crockett
Mama I'm so sorry, I'm so obnoxious
Got 2 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 consious

(Malice)

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 a 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 Frankfurt to Cologne, 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
Thats why I seen distance, son expand ya vision
Even adored by Norwegian woman, blonde hair and blue eyes
I'm gettin back with a vengence
Whip it like they want me all attached to the kitten
And they wonder in these raps if I'm kiddin...huh..

(Chorus)

(Pusha T)

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 dont take much to get rid of ya, it's a sin for ya

Better call the minister...eucgk..

(Malice)

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
Cuz 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 mouths fed
And when I'm gone, I hope it is said
I gave structure to the youth by the example I lead..huh..

(Chorus)