

Cclipse, 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 vengeance

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

(Chorus)