

# 50 Cent, Ghetto Quran (Forgive Me Pt. 1)

(talking)

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Southside, what y'all niggas know about the dirty south?

One time

(Chorus)

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned

Over and over again, just to stay on top

I recall memories, filled with sin

Over and over again, and again

Yo, when you hear talk of the southside, you hear talk of the team

See niggas feared Prince and respected Preme

For all you slow muthafuckas I'm a break it down iller

See Preme was a business man and Prince was the killer

Remember, he used to push the bulletproof BM, uh huh

This here get ya seasick, I sat back and peeped shit

The roll with Easy Rider and they ain't get blunted

Had the whole projects workin for fifty on five-hundred

As a youth, all I ever did was sell crack

I used to idolize cat

Heart me in my heart to hear that nigga snitched on Pat, how he go out like that?

Rumors in the hood was ?? was snitchin

I ain't believe that, pa, he helped me cop my first GSX-R

Had the four-runner, the Z, the 5 and the 3

Used to drive his truck through the hood draggin jet skis

From Gerald Wallace to Baby Wise, don't be suprised

Of how freely I thought of names of games who dealt with pies

Like L-A-N-Y's, L got shot in the neck, then told us connect

Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks

Fuckin Dominicans, turned around and gave 'em more bricks

(Chorus)

That first verse is just a dose of the shit that I'm on

Consider this the first chapter in the ghetto's Quran

I know a lot of niggas that get dough like Remmy and Joe

And Prince and Rightous from Hillside with the mole on his nose

Throughout my struggles through the hood, I started learnin

Life's a bitch, with a pretty face, but she burnin

Man I'm a get cheese like Chaz then run through wips like Cigar

Gamble all the time like country-curly head Prince and Tata

Po-po under pressure too, they know what they facin

Go against crews like B-Bo and killers like Patty Mason

A lotta niggas I know been corrupted since birth

Enticed to rob nuns for fun, for everything they worth

I know some cats that hail at old complexes like Cooley Wall

Together niggas stand and divided they fall

Round here, shook niggas they keep it in motion

Come around here with your rollie you can get robbed like Ocean

Lord knows, Tommy had loved and sold

Helicopters, Rolls Royces with Louie VaTonne interior

Might sound like I'm fantasizin, but son I'm dead serious

Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to watch the money

Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian

FEDs couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

(Chorus)

Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was about yo

The twins was some queens but got crazy cream with Alpo

Throughout my time I heard tales of Himey, Frenchy, Jamaican Pauly, Ducky

Cally

Rodney Bump and Chick, shit

A lot a niggas flow the way I flow

but ain't been in the game all their life so don't know who I know

Writin rhymes is the best way I express how I feel

If I ain't rich by twenty-six, I'll be dead or in jail

Comin up I heard sippin to much booze'll leave you confused

And if you watch the news you see playas in this game that lose  
I'm forgettin Lefty and Jazz, Pretty Tony and Lance  
Head Lou, Mel son, Troy and E Money Bags  
And a conversation over shrimp and lobster  
And Benny Hiners heard Chico stopped boxin, and started robbin diners  
Shout out to Clanvis and Clutch, Bob Dre, Black Will  
If the flow don't kill you the Mac will  
(Chorus)