

# Fabulous, Forgive Me Father

[Fabulous]

Unh (uh-huh unh) yea  
There's alot of money over here  
(Hahahahahaha) Ha Ha  
Unh (unh unh unh) Thats word to Brooklyn  
I'm back I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these niggas

[Verse 1]

Maybe cause I'm eatin And these bastards fiend for my grub  
I carry pumps like I serve gasoline to these scrubs  
Have you seen my Aston leanin on dubs  
And they can't afford chrome so they puttin vasoline on they hubs  
I'm lookin for a girl with a ass like Trina to rub  
Take home and let her watch the plasma screen in the tub  
These niggas hate I'm movin so much cash and cream in the club  
And dont pass my green on my bub  
But I'm a fly nigga that don't do much to pull her and dick her  
Everyday I'm poppin a tab and pullin a sticker  
Everyday I'm switchin the tags and pullin up sicker  
Every "K&quot; I'm loadin the mags with bullets to flicker  
And I aint hesitatin homie I'm pullin it quicker  
So you can act tough After a few pulls on some liquor  
Got em pullin on niggas  
And they won't be goin nowhere for a while  
They might as well pull out a snicker Ye-Ye-Yea

[Chorus]

Forgive me father for I have sinned  
But look at all this money that I spend  
And look at all this jewlery that I'm in  
And look at all the places that I've been  
And look at all the women in those brims  
Look at the blue flames that I'm in  
I look at all the bullshit that theres been  
And if I had another chance I'd do it again

[Verse 2]

Anywhere the kid move you know the hammers'll be with me  
Pokin out the shirt like a Pamela Lee titty  
I went on tour brought the samples of D wit me  
Came back a month later bought a Lambo for three-fifty  
Think I throw you grams if you read with me  
Just because you see me on the camera with P. Diddy  
Dammit we P-driddy?? Now I got G with me  
Along with the third leg that I be rammin in these bitties  
I keep the revolver you hope my gun'll jam  
But with the soap its gonna blam  
The info put freckles on your face like Opie Cunningham  
Thats why I'm watched by the Feds and scoped by Uncle Sam  
Dope and hunn-ed (hundred) grams rope and hunn-ed grams  
At the same time our artist get to open Summer Jam  
Hope you understand or use better sense  
These niggas dont want no beef they want lawsuit settlements Nigga!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm in a waggy with em passin by ya  
With a baby girl who suck harder than Maggie on a pacifier  
What I'm smokin'll have you aggie as your last supplier  
When you can smell it through the bag you know that's some fire  
Gettin stressed by these hotties is regular  
I got a magazine to press to your body like editors  
Test me somebody I'm beggin ya

I got the gatling gun like Jesse The Body in Predator  
I'm a hustler I dont sling no rocks to the fiends now  
Got dudes who sit on corners like a boxer between rounds  
Any other dude who dish rocks want beef  
Cause I chop jobs bigger than Chris Rock front teef  
I'm the nigga tearin the walls up in your miss in exchange for a small cup  
of the Cris  
And while you at probation fillin a small cup full of piss  
I'm in a coupe with a roof that ball up like a fist (Catch up!)

[Chorus]

Thats right I'll do it again nigga (unh yea)  
I'm a motherfuckin ghetto superstar nigga (unh)  
Desert Storm Street Family (unh) we here (yea)  
Young G's Salute (yea)  
Get this fuckin money man  
It's alot of fuckin money over here (yea)  
I don't know what the fuck you doin (unh unh yea)