Fabolous, Forgive Me Father

[Fabolous]
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" 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)