

# Forgive Me (feat. Monica)

Jeezy

I been thuggin my whole fuckin' life  
One look at my babygirl I had to get it right  
Superman in these streets hey but you my kryptonite  
Im on this drink I'm on this smoke I'm going super crip tonight  
Something like a scientist, I mix it like it's antidote  
Then I sent that 8 ball down the block Scrappy Loc  
Rest in peace to Pookie Loc blame it on me never snitching  
Lord knows I ain't send the homie on no dummy mission  
Want to be like Uncle Wade can't believe I sold him crack  
Still a hero in my eyes he up in heaven tell him that  
Don't tell me how to raise my son just know he gone be a man  
If the scale of 1-10, know he gone be a grand  
Before I stand with flaw niggas I would rather stand alone  
Till I'm stand, on the top like what he standing on  
They say that I'm wishy washy ain't nobody perfect though  
They say Young you growing up hope they know you worth it though  
The shit I'm smoking on got me trippin' please forgive me  
The shit I'm sippin' on got me trippin' will you forgive me  
Look you in your eyes when I'm talking know you hear me  
Just listen to the words to the song I know you feel me  
Cause ain't nobody perfect in this world please forgive me  
Shit I'm smoking on got me trippin' will you forgive me  
Look you in your eyes when I'm talking know you hear me  
The shit I'm smoking on got me trippin' please forgive me I ain't them and they ain't me maybe  
that's the disconnect  
I do my tequila straight but I do not do disrespect  
You know I remind them though forgetful niggas they forget  
Before the deal I had a check and I put that on the set  
Breaking units down in fatty room, white mountains on the dresser  
'Give me Auntie Sarah when we fell out look I knew was stressful  
Wasn't for you I ride on them look we in a rival gang  
Screaming fuck the other side, guess that just a rival thing  
100 dollars re'ing up back then we always talked but since the fame ain't been the same  
Forgive me Mrs Brenda Ross, nah not your nephew acting like a rap nigga  
Like I ain't sit on your front porch talk shit and trap with you  
You asked me to help with your wedding, argument in front your kids  
Hurts me to the very day, lamest shit I ever did  
So please forgive me lil sister because I know I hurt your soul  
Your husband is a lucky man I hope he know you worth it though  
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The shit I'm sippin' on got me trippin' will you forgive me  
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