

Momma I'm So Sorry

Clipse

(Gather round...)

(Miami Vice... for my cocaine dreamers... you know... Miami Vice)(...Pusha spit this shit for ya'll... here we go)(Pusha T)

youngin' don't make my sales rise, i'll shoot you out your chuckers
pusha hear the whispers of all you muthaf**kers
papa said they're free of them suckas,
minus the wicked jumpers, street baller like the rucker
skip to my loo, if you lookin for a couple, roosters in the duffle
keep the hood screamin', cock-a-doodle-doo f**kers
coke by the ton, rap niggas i'm the one
with basic rhyme pattern, how the f**k you tryin' to chatter
basic ass rappers got'em runnin' for their life
i philosophise about glocks and keys
niggas call me young black socrates, west-indies
bitch dropped her knees quick...
(what) with dreams of being a rich-man's-bitch
yo sorry for niggas pull triggers in their shit, clique
so many bullets changin'-my shit, call me lead fist
...shake the diamonds out my wrist

(Chorus)

Momma I'm so sorry, i'm so obnoxious
i don't fear tubs and croquet
Momma I'm so sorry, i'm so obnoxious
got two hot rocks in my pocket
Momma I'm so sorry, i'm so obnoxious
big whole palm trees and watches
Momma I'm so sorry, i'm so obnoxious
my only accomplish, my conscience(Gather around...)(Malice)
youngin' learn from me, let's... not be at odds
with more like than not, two peas of a pod
same hustle cept now my hustles now flows
i once gave it away, at 30 grams an O
that accounts for all them days in the cold
feels like kids 'n' cake mix, can't wait to lick the bowl
but it's a bigger picture, homes, trust i've done seen it
from frankfurt to cologne, eyes low to sweden
from italy's milan to the shores of napoli
now i consider ferrari and Salvador Dalis
i'm no longer local, my thoughts are global
that's why i seem distant, son expand your vision
even adored by Norwegian women, blond hair and blue eyes
i'm gettin' back like a vengeance

whip it like they want me all attached to the kitten
and they wonder in these rap if i'm kiddin(Chorus)(...Miami Vice...)(Pusha T)
sorry heavenly father, once again i hate to bother
it's p, the evil creeper, send some to the grim reaper
mean while, me and my misses, like solomon and sheba
signs of the times, hurte emmillo gucci sneakers
uh.ghetto literature, i damn near died for balliva
it don't take much to get ride of ya, if i sent for ya
better call the minister... uckk

(Malice)

i'm sorry grandmamma, for mistakes i have made
when i aired family business, how u put me in my place
even my baby mamma, i can't look you in the face
'cause i can't do enough, you're a symbol of god's grace
so i place u in the flower bed, porcelain shower head
throughout the house, and keep the youngin's mouth fed
so when i'm gone, i hope i gave structure to the youth
by the example that i led(Chorus)(...Miami Vice...)

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