

# 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 thems 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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