

50 Cent

"Ghetto Qu Ran (Forgive Me Pt. 1)"

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(talking)

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Southside, what y'all niggas know about the dirty south?

One time

(Chorus)

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned

Over and over again, just to stay on top

I recall memories, filled with sin

Over and over again, and again

Yo, when you hear talk of the southside, you hear talk of the team

See niggas feared Prince and respected Preme

For all you slow muthafuckas I'm a break it down iller

See Preme was a business man and Prince was the killer

Remember, he used to push the bulletproof BM, uh huh

This here get ya seasick, I sat back and peeped shit

The roll with Easy Wider and they ain't get blunted

Had the whole projects workin for fifty on five-hundred

As a youth, all I ever did was sell crack

I used to idolize cat

Hurt me to my heart to hear that nigga snitched on Pap, how he go out like

that?

Rumors in the hood was Jes was snitchin

I ain't believe that, pa, he helped me cop my first GSX-R

Had the four-runner, the Z, the 5 and the 3

Used to drive his truck through the hood draggin jet skis

From Gerald Wallace to Baby Wise, don't be suprised

Of how freely I thought of names of guys who dealt with pies

Like LA and Wise, L got shot in the neck, then told his connect

Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks

Fuckin Dominicans, turned around and gave 'em more bricks

(Chorus)

That first verse is just a dose of the shit that I'm on
Consider this the first chapter in the ghetto's Quran
I know a lot of niggas that get dough like Bimmy and
Joe
And Prince and Rightous from Hillside with the mole on
his nose
Throughout my struggles through the hood, I started
learnin
Life's a bitch, with a pretty face, but she burnin

Man I'm a get cheese like Chaz then run through whips
like Cigar
Gamble all the time like country-curly head Prince and
Tata
Po-po under pressure too, they know what they facin
Go against crews like B-Bo and killers like Pappy Mason
A lotta niggas I know been corrupted since birth
Enticed to rob nuns for fun, for everything they worth
I know some cats that hail at old complexes like Cooley
Wall
Together niggas stand and divided they fall
Round here, shook niggas they keep it in motion
Come around here with your rollie you can get robbed
like Ocean
Lord knows, Tommy had loved and sold
Helicopters, Rolls Royces with Louie Vuitton interior
Might sound like I'm fantasizin, but son I'm dead
serious
Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to wash the
money
Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian
FEDs couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

(Chorus)

Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was
about yo
The twins was from queens but got crazy cream with
Alpo
Throughout my time I heard tales of Himey, Frenchy,
Jamaican Pauly, Ducky
Cally
Rodney Bump and Chick, shit
A lot a niggas flow the way I flow
but ain't been in the game all their life so don't know
who I know
Writin rhymes is the best way I express how I feel
If I ain't rich by twenty-six, I'll be dead or in jail
Comin up I heard sippin to much booze'll leave you
confused

And if you watch the news you see playas in this game
that lose
I'm forgettin Lefty and Jazz, Pretty Tony and Lance
Head Lou, Mel son, Troy and E Money Bags
And a conversation over shrimp and lobster
And Benny Hiners heard Chico stopped boxin, and
started robbin diners
Shout out to Clanvis and Clutch, Bob Dre, Black Will
If the flow don't kill you the Mac will

(Chorus)

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