

Jim Johnston

"Forgive"

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I tell 'em welcome to the main attraction
Where these niggas let these bitches be their main
distraction
I've been known to make these white girls wet
And I could show you how these white girls stretch
No bit cramp, sunlight heated yoga
Just a stove in a pot and I need some soda
There's a party in my watch, I don't need promoters
Got the transparent hood, you could see the motor
Huh, apparently she's a deep-throater
And they tell me watch my language cuz I speak vulgar
In a cold so hot it's hard to come up
Tried hard to make the room before the girl left at sun
up
I swear to god, all the cars like I hunt up
They got the game now and gets us like 1 up
The game even, it ain't easy
I've seen niggas still lose the chip to San Seezy

Get on my knees and pray (knees and pray) day and
night
I move on, I make it right
The success don't come over night
We're vampires, we own the night
I came from nothing, now my money right
Turned up into something, now my niggas tight
This for my niggas, they never see the light
Just keep your head up, they here if something bright

It break my heart to see my man working 9 to 5
He was the man, you got the grams from a '95
As I recall, in my brand new 95's
'Nore the sweats, tryna get my hands on the pie
I cut the grams like a samurai
Had to know if was taking flicks like I'm camera shy
I used to make love to a Gemini
A couple friends of mine, they are now my frenemies
Want to see the enemy, I guess they are my enemies
Shit, but it's like a distant memory
Cuz, it's mazel tov in the world dog
In all the simplest problems you get hold off

Have your plans and the dogs get cocked off
Used to dribble through the night like a ball court
So I pay the lidder slight, bitch my own course
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Rune fast clear as the air that is blue
Took 'er to the roof with the aerial view
That's when she showed her venereal view
While I'm smoking loud like the stereo bloom
It's the glamorous life
Where we roll around with the hammers in sight
Cuz most niggas ain't seen a hundred grand in their
sight
Pop bottles in the club at a credit scammer's price
A gutter nigga made mills and burned 'em
Still got a couple mills burning
Iowa west told me 8 mill would turn him
So I burn another blunt, in my Ferrari wheels turnin'
I love a pretty bitch and some platforms
In the back of the back with the back drawn
Peter C's got 'er back warm
Hot Nelly CD, repeat action
I was just in the lobby with the Mag drawn
Having nightmares a nigga comin' back for 'I'm
But they say that's not like me though
Just like they said I'm not likely to blow

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