

## **X-Raided "Eternally Unforgiven"**

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[Intro]

Bloc Star, Bloc Star  
Bloc Star, Bloc Star, Bloc Star  
Yeah, Grown mans music bitch  
Bloc Star, Bloc Star, Bloc Star  
Yeah, Grown man music

[Hook]

Long as the world is spinnin  
Whether I'm dead or livin  
I'll be hated forever, Eternally Unforgiven  
For all the times I commited sins  
Misery never ends  
Havin visions of the flames my soul will be burnin in  
I'll be turnin in my grave, Unable to find peace  
With people prayin that I rest in grief  
Let it be  
Long as the world is spinnin  
Whether I'm dead or livin  
I'll be hated forever  
Eternally, Eternally Unforgiven

[Verse 1]

While pregnant with me  
Mama rubbed her stomach at night  
When I was born  
She said she knew I would be somethin in life  
Mama told me I was a gift to the whole world  
Cause she pushed me out and had a nut  
That made her toes curl, Yeah  
She said Look at his pretty eyes  
What a beautiful smile  
He's a bouncing baby boy  
What a beautiful child and he hardly ever cried  
So cute and peaceful  
Until he turned 16 and started shootin people  
Now he's murderin innocent folks and bangin his gang  
Garden Blocc Loc's, Deuce-Four  
Slangin his caine, Schemin to it hide from mama  
Believin the drama is painful  
A demon in the streets  
At home he's mama's little angel

I'm the opposite of Nas  
Nefarious, X-Raided  
I'm hell's son  
Till God's kingdom or hell comes  
I'll drop bombs  
I'm the Spawn, Lucifer in my mom  
BlocStar Entertainment.com, Welcome  
It was 1991 when I came to the game  
And I was ill before Cypress Hill was insane in the brain  
Let me explain the real  
Give you a little history about the sicness  
And what it was really meant to be  
Now what it meant to me  
It was gangsta, Shit so pure  
It was sick with no cure, Literally  
Wasn't no middle with me  
And to spit it, You had to live it, Represent it with me  
Hear the genesis, Reminisce with me  
The trinity in the beginning  
It was Sicx, Lynch and me  
Lynch was in the Gardens  
Sicx stayed in the middle of The Creek  
When I was freestylin to Dr. Dre instrumental beats  
I was rhymin about car chases and nines sprayin clips  
When Scarface was a Geto Boy and his mind was  
playin tricks  
When Pac was doin the humpty dance with Digital  
Underground  
I was bangin Blocc Crip, Puttin niggaroos underground  
By the time I met Sicx  
I was sick with the spits  
He introduced me to Lynch  
We started producing the hits  
That "Niggaz in Black EP" and endangered "Nigga  
Deep"  
In 1991 we hit the streets in Sicx's Caprice

[Verse 2]

South Sacramento, California  
Garden Blocc, On Florin Rd. in the Tower Records  
parkin lot  
We hit the neighborhoods where niggaz like to spark  
the glocks  
And if they hated, Stomped 'em out if they was hard or  
not  
And I was 16, Havin wicked and sick dreams  
And witnessin Crips schemes on missions to get cream  
Seein apartment managers evictin indigent fiends  
Whose kids will never know what legitimate innocent  
means, scream  
Elicited by sick scenes

It was live and explicit and as vivid as visions on split  
screens  
In the Cadillac Apartments on Stockton & Riza Way  
Where old man from PJ was slingin 3 Ki's a day  
Where all the G'z would stay when they came to Sac  
from East L.A.  
And all the G'z would say that I would be a G someday  
Cause I was down for the gun play  
Raised and squeezed the K  
And instead of savin me  
Mama getting on her knees to pray  
When Brotha Lynch told me to chill  
Sicx told me deal  
The homie C-Bo told me to get scrill for studio time  
The only homie in the crew to ever tell me the real was  
Big Tony  
He told me to be true to the rhymes  
But I was youthful and blind  
Black Market gave me a deal  
Told me to build but homie I was out of my mind  
J-Dogg and Slim handed me nines and they trained me  
to kill  
And that's what I did, The truth is deeper than you can  
define  
Why should I lie when it's evil and the truth is divine?  
I don't write fiction, nigga  
All I do is shoot from the mind  
My addictions to benjamins, liquor, cars and chronic  
Fuckin bitches when I should have been at Enharmonic  
layin vocals  
Instead of runnin the streets sprayin the .44  
What can I say? Forgive me God, I was just loco  
I heard J-Dogg was murdered by the Meadowview  
Bloods  
Niggaz hit their hood at 2 in the morning to settle it  
cuzz  
Kicked the door down, Pitch black, Entered the house  
Saw it on the news the next night  
Injured a spouse, Died at the scene  
Cried and screamed the night that I'd seen all the  
reports  
Somebody's mama died  
In the course of gang bangers seekin revenge  
Cockin them hammers, It was a woman, A grandma  
Shot in her pajamas, Arrested at trial  
God, I was just a child  
With a talent to rhyme because God blessed the child  
It was an accident, An absolute tragic event  
Didn't even know she was dead 'til after the hit  
I could never kill a niggaz mama, man  
They're all that we've got

I swear to God, On the Blocc  
I did not fire that shot  
But I'm responsible, So I accept responsibility  
I'm a product of society and my moms stability  
Rather the lack there of  
I'd sacrifice my life  
And give anything to be able to go back there, cuzz  
To reverse the slug, Reverse the spurts, Even if it hurts  
God, Reverse the blood and reverse the hearse  
God, Reverse the curse and rebirth the her  
I mean it all, I didn't even have to rehearse a verse  
Screamin Lord forgive me  
All the bangin that I did  
Hey, All of the pain that I inflicted as a kid  
Hey, Judgment day  
Consider this before you curse me  
I was only a child, So Lord have mercy  
Forgive me, All the bangin that I did  
Hey, All of the pain that I inflicted as a kid  
On my judgment day  
Consider this before you curse me  
I was only a child, So Lord have mercy

[Talking]

When I was a child, I thought as a child  
When I became a man, I put away childish things  
Ya heard, No more games, man  
Bloc Star, Homie  
No more games

[Hook]

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