

# 50 Cent, Ghetto Qur'an (Forgive Me)

[50 Cent talking]

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

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

One time

[Hook]

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

[Verse 1]

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 Rider 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  
Heart me in my heart to hear that nigga snitched on Pat, how he go out like  
that?  
Rumors in the hood was ?? 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 games who dealt with pies  
Like L-A-N-Y's, L got shot in the neck, then told us connect  
Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks  
Fuckin Dominicans, turned around and gave 'em more bricks

[Hook]

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[Verse 2]

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 Remmy 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 wips 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 Patty 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 VaTonne interior  
Might sound like I'm fantasizin, but son I'm dead serious  
Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to watch the money  
Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian  
FEDs couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

[Hook]

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[Verse 3]

Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was about yo  
The twins was some 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

[Hook]

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