

## **FORGIVE ME**

By Antonio D. Murchison

I know I put you through a lot, late nights on the streets  
You used to beep me nine eleven tellin' me to come eat

I was a hard head growing up puffin on weed  
Standing on the block with heat drinking liquor and throwing up

I never realized all the pain that I caused  
I got put up outta many schools, making you lose jobs

Forgive me for my acts, you did the best that you could  
I got excited by the rocks and the glocks in the hood

And I apologize for bringing raw dope in your house  
Bagging grams while the law kept scoping the house

I never thought that I would see a day locked on the shelf  
And leave you all alone on the streets to fend for yourself

And my father, he got caught up with the dopes and cops  
Then you found a new friend now I'm calling him Pops

I remember me and you, no heat on the top bunk  
Rats all around we layed down till the sun up

The food stamps, blue and brown off to the corner store  
To satisfy our hunger always knowing we wanted more

You kept us strong through those hard times and I love that  
I didn't know back then, I was like, "fuck is the grub at?"

I started out small time stealing from stores  
To felonies, attempted murder, poppin' nines and forty fours

I know you used to sit back like when will it all end  
I don't run the streets no more, the thugs within

I know you hated getting that call when I got shot  
From the doc, and those collects when I got locked

I can still see your smile, you was proud of me  
When I came from Victor Cullen with my G.E.D.

I was a lifeguard for a minute, bringing in spinach  
Then my man copped some weight and I was right back in it

But through all the ups and downs just know that I love you  
Denise Murchison I'll put no one above you.

