

## Sorry

T.I.

My cup runneth over with pinot grigio, hold up  
You bogus in the lambo if you ain't lifting the door up  
You bogus poppin' pills if you ain't pickin the ho up  
You bogus running out on your kids my nigga grow up  
For God's sake, like a wedding, cutting large cake  
For large stakes let the hammer bang broad day  
Ay, nevermind what the blogs say  
This what my mind and my heart say

My philosophy profit off of my properties  
Get it, flip it, we got to be rich, that broke shit is obsolete  
Possibly off of my rocker, watch how you watching me  
Sophisticated, psychotic, fly as a pilot  
Officially silent, all you wish you could get I got it  
Unlimited titanium nigga, what's in yo wallet?  
Out of gladiator college, I made it summa cum laude  
While you clowns couldn't have got a cap and gown if you bought it  
I parlay with Saudis, buying crude oil and diamonds  
Hustle January, July, fly to Dubai  
A broke nigga telling me 'bout how I'm dividing the pies  
Like a blind nigga telling me it's an eye for an eye  
Bullheaded and stubborn I be that way until I die  
But find a nigga with more hustle then me I dare you to try  
And according to the hand on my Audemar  
It's my time to shine so fuck ya'll

What should I be sorry for  
Who should I be sorry to  
What should I be sorry for  
Who should I be sorry to  
The fact is you can't please everybody  
You can't please everybody  
What should I be sorry for  
Who should I be sorry to

I grew up in the gutter, life a motherfucker  
I guess that why I don't trust a motherfucker  
Seen a nigga snitch on they mom, shoot at they brother  
Go to prison in love with a bitch and a nigga fuck her  
I seen real G's destroyed by real suckers  
Innocent ladies raped and defenceless babies abducted  
Such a horrible truth, but you see it over and over  
It's nothing, get numb to it and your heart grow colder  
Pacify your pain with a chain and a Rover  
Fuck it, justify your action with stacking your dough up  
You show up with a brick of cocaine and baking soda  
Just enough for me to blow up, nigga hold up  
Switch the flow up, 'cause these niggas be snitchin' so much  
I promise all they missing's the badge, coffee, and donuts  
Go to jail so what, never see my integrity perish  
That ain't the Harris' way, study my pedigree  
Promise I'm one of the only ones who keep it 100  
Probably why I think they all out to get me, you can't convince me  
Large money and fame will plant seeds of envy  
To make my partners resent me enough to come and get me  
Catch me slippin' and hit me, just like they did 50  
'Cause I'm in the position that he think he should be given

Listen, dawg, the fact of the matter is  
I'm on a narrow path and we all can't travel

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What it ain't, What it is?  
Even if you gotta live  
I learned that apartment is way more exciting than a big ass house on a hill  
I used to be a way better writer and a rapper  
When I used to want a black Karmann Ghia  
Now a nigga speeding in a Porsche  
Feeling like I'm going off a course  
Cut these fuck niggas off  
Negative in my life, scream that till I'm hoarse  
Duck these get the fuck off me projectiles, bitch you ain't really got a cho  
ice  
I'm living my life live yours  
I don't even like rapping fast, but that's how the word come to me  
Talk to me sideways nigga that's your ass  
Slow it down, this that shit that'll make you call your momma  
Say hey I'm sorry for begging for all them clothes you couldn't afford  
And this the type of shit that'll make you call your rap partner  
And say I'm sorry I'm awkward, my fault for fuckin' up the tours  
I hated all the attention so I ran from it  
Fuck it if we did, but I hope we ain't lose no fans from it  
I'm a grown-ass kid, you know ain't never cared about no damn money  
Why do we try so hard to be stars, just to dodge comments  
And this that shit that'll make you call your baby mama  
When you gone on half a pill, don't know why but that's how it is  
Then you take a flight back to the crib, y'all make love like college kids  
And you say all the shit you gon' do better, we can try this shit again  
'Round the time the dope wear off, you feel stupid, she feel lost  
That's that dope, I mean, I mean dopamine you think Cupid done worn off  
Waiting in the hallway with her arms crossed  
Baby boy face full of applesauce  
Maybe should have stayed but it ain't yo fault  
Too much pressure, I peel off, I'm sorry  
Was young and had to choose between you  
And what the rest of the world might offer me, shit what would you do  
Well I'd probably do it differently if second the chance  
Only if some cool ass older man would've let me know in advance  
This, this quarry, that is dug so deep in a father's chest  
When he feel that he's broken up his nest  
And he figured shit he was just doing the best that he could  
Which end up being the worst that he could  
And all some pussy nigga on the internet can say is that verse ain't good  
It's boring, boring?  
Really?

When I'm disgusted with this world and I can hardly breathe and  
Told so many lies, don't know what to believe  
I discussed it with this girl, and this is what she said  
She said lay down baby, baby, rest your weary head up  
I love these distractions but my mind don't wanna rest  
But my body disagree so I laid up on her breasts, yes  
Oooh, you are so fucking fine

I woke up the next morning with new purpose on my mind

Ooooh, who knows your ponytail  
Who knows your body well