

I'm Sorry

Tom MacDonald

Honestly, y'all have been killin' my confidence
All of the negative comments and gossip
It's hard to?imagine?the stress that?I'm under
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm?sorry for all of this
I'm sorry for spittin' the truth
I'm sorry for dissin' that dude
Sorry for missin' the point of the criticism
I was blinded by diamonds and loot
I apologize, to all you guys
Y'all were right, I was out my mind
I went too far, I did too much
The haters were right when they said I s---
I did my best it did nothin' for me
I gave my guts and got lost in glory
Standin' here while you sit before me
There's nothin' left but to say "I'm sorry"
Sorry, that doesn't bother me
I don't owe anybody and apology
I don't have no regrets in my biology
Reload and shoot for the stars, y'all look like astronomy
No one as hot as me
Copy me commonly
Wannabes, y'all are so shockingly comedy
Carry the weight of my songs all on top of me
I will not break I'm not made out of pottery
Bury your bodies on acres of property
Place them on angles like sacred geometry
Down with modesty
Everything I drop is quality, promise
Like honestly follow me
I ain't gonna stop with the hits
Come rock with the kid
[Unlock?] like Pac woulda been
I'm a god with the pen
No cops at the crib
Got guap 'cause I'm awesome at this
Underrated, overpaid, they hate it
Complicated calculations made to rape the paper
Razer-sharp like blades and Freddy versus Jason
Angels in my heart and Satan in the basement
[Rains down?] hands and faces what has made me famous
Great imagination, fatal combination

Labels on the daily
I've been on vacation
Basic translation is:
"I don't give a f---!"
Sorry, I've got a point of view
It's like a pistol, you don't want the point at you
Y'all are annoying, dude
Y'all are like rats racing in a gas-chamber
Y'all can't avoid the fumes Y'all in a cage locked
My deranged thoughts are like [Ray Charles?]
Waving chainsaws cause yo' brain chopped into 8 parts
Take yo' face off Hit the graveyard on my days off
I just c---, aim, and I spray shots
'Till yo' legs lock and your veins pop
In a day's break y'all get laid off My girl shot every single f----- video
My heart wrote every single f----- song
Y'all aren't my children my kids would be indigo
Obviously I'm a f----- god Rock with me
Awfully cocky
[C--- at the goblin?]
Shotgun and coffee
Slaughtering lots
And I'm offering coffins
To anyone caught talking sloppy about me
Yeah Come rock with the kid
Young pop in the rich
Got dollars I'm coppin' the drip
I'm dawning the armour
And authoring honour
While bombing the targets that karma has missed Hey
Y'all don't comprehend often on the [med?]
I'm depressed a lot
I've wrecked a lot of people who were friends
I've been anxious
I've had breakdowns that were all inside my head
I regret a lot of things
Now I won't stop 'till I'm avenged Knock knock, who's there?
Y'all f----- around and let death in
I'm John Lennon, I'm Michael Jackson
I'm Cobain, I'm Zeppelin
Your best friends are dead ends
Your best bets are far-fetched
You're next-best, I'm a gold trophy
Your death-threats were ghost stories

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>