

## Sorry But I Had To...

Tory Lanez

His hair, wack, his gear, wack  
His jewelry, wack, his foot stance, wack  
The way that he talks, wack  
The way that he doesn't even like to smile, wack  
Me, I'm tight as fuck  
Look

All I'm catchin' is niggas on Twitter, dissin'  
And talkin' lies on they lives  
I can't recognize my ex-twin in full disguise  
Since I went independent, these niggas want my demise  
But I am yeast to the bread, my nigga, watch me rise  
I'm watchin' niggas analyze me, how you protectin' me?  
But made this whole plan to fry me?  
Since the event, you never called me but you can't deny me  
If you got shot from behind, how can you identify me?  
It's funny how you got these lil' fufu, four plaque, lil' ju-ju niggas talkin' Zulu  
I coulda made the shooters make a movie like it's Hulu  
But who's these new niggas, talkin', boppin' and poppin' shit  
But got less than four accomplishments? I got way more to lose than you do  
Uh, watchin' the industry try and ho you  
Asian Doll talkin', but shawty, I don't know you  
I never met you, nor have I heard a song  
And nor have I seen billboards  
See your name in any cert or song from out your catalog  
Oop, the hat is off  
Behind that tatted skin, you battered with scattered scars  
But I still respect and help you  
Just don't treat me like you see me out in public  
And I said, "Fuck it," and tried to disrespect you  
JoJo, that was a bozo move  
You tryna take me off a song that got you the most views  
Got mad love for you, though, your label, they confused  
They spent fifty on my feature, they fifty K in the lose right now, yeah  
Nigga, play me, nigga, play me 'til the day I get to save me  
I'm watchin' mad face and y'all niggas is movin' shady  
Delusional, like  
Like how that 1942 from Kylie house still got you talkin' crazy  
Fuck a hail or handshake from niggas  
The past months, the energy been mad fake from niggas  
But I'm lifted up, bring Saran Wrap, talents gifted up  
And if I drop this shit for a second, I'm back to pick it up  
Unapologetically, jumped inside a pool and Kylie's face was lookin' heavenly  
And though I'm innocent, they got this picture painted heavily  
I pray that God remember me, faith done turn all my situations to a melon tr ee  
Uh, J.R. Smith, it's the pot that piss  
And you the last cat that should talk about some shots that hit  
'Cause your performance and percentage, player  
Rollin', ridin' benches, nigga, I'm from the trenches, nigga  
You the type to buy a chick a eighty and ya still won't get a inch up in her  
Yeah, I'm at they head, sprayin' hard like a spritzer, nigga  
Baggin' niggas' ex bitches off a Insta' picture  
Toes rufflin' through the sand like a Kingston nigga  
Yeah, contradictions in your lines  
With domestic pride crimes, we still have yet to find mines

Any time I brought these bitches up, you stressed it five times  
How you try to kill the cat and then forget them nine lives?  
I know it so well, I know these niggas so well  
Jealous feelings, niggas best at catchin' like they Odell  
It's rap niggas out here tellin' Megan she should go tell  
But she won't tell the truth 'cause I'll be kicked up in my hotel  
When the spiteful live shiesty, it's real trife  
You niggas playin' Instagram, I'm playin' real life  
Think I'm finna talk about a open case just for some likes?  
I promise we done worked too many nights  
Please, talkin' nights, we worked on a wage, flippin', turn through the page  
We got Bun B on live sayin' I should burn in a cage  
In these times of Black lives, he sayin' I should turn to slave  
If \*\*\*\*\* heard that, then my nigga would have a rage right now  
No diss to Pimp and Bun, but you made "Big Pimpin'," son  
Pourin' champagne on women faces while they flick they tongue  
I'm too young to give you lessons, but I'd like to give you one  
Please stay the fuck up out my case, I ain't convicted, son  
Chance the Rapper (Mmm, mmm), too irrelevant  
I replaced his line with, "My chain lookin' Heaven-sent"  
Next line, next line, 'cause momma always told me, "Don't you chew that food  
unless you would eat that shit for a next time"  
I made too much money with Roc Nation  
For niggas to be thinkin' I can't correlate the fact that it's only niggas o  
ut your roster hatin'  
Contemplatin' these thoughts in my head  
Like, "How the fuck these niggas callin' me, threatenin' me not to make no s  
tatements?"  
Huh, the nerve nowadays  
I'm hittin' certain niggas with the swerve nowadays  
Gimme one DreamDoll hit record (Mmm), I'll wait  
Ayy, Masika, this your chance, you in every Twitter debate  
And every Shade Room comment like common sense ain't common sense  
Like we be needin' your two cents and all your vents  
Fakin' a kidnappin' for your OnlyFans  
And tryna front like missin' kids was your intent  
If that's the type of shit you teachin' Khari, then you should sit in a pen'  
And watch people disagree in the end  
You try to make it facts, but it's a L-I-E in the end  
Oh, it ain't funny when it's your turn  
When spectators got they lighters out with gasoline and wantin' yo' burn  
Fuck a caption, this is facts with no cappin'  
When Michael Jackson, Prince got they masters back, what happened?  
Tory Lanez got his masters back just now and look what happened?  
And Chris Brown, a Black man that changed his life for the right  
And still, Black Twitter findin' ways to tear him down and bring him back in  
A rapper catch a domestic, y'all start to talk that action  
I feel like Famous Amos after all that happened  
They want the downfall of every Black man, but I ain't goin'

They can't stop me, they can't stop, mmm  
They can't stop me, they can't stop  
They can't stop me, they can't stop, mmm  
They can't stop me, they can't stop  
It's like, it's like, you gotta take into account  
Most of these niggas got my number, like  
You coulda called me, like  
You know what I'm sayin', like  
In the most sincere way, you coulda asked, like, nigga, like, "What happened  
? Did you do it?"  
You know, even that woulda been straight to me, you know what I'm sayin', li  
ke  
I guess I'm just different

But it's all good, nigga, I'ma continue to shine  
You niggas could never stop me, nigga  
You'll never put my back against the motherfuckin' wall, nigga  
As long as my toes in the sand on God's green Earth, nigga  
I wear the crown, shinin' notoriously and gloriously  
I'm on a whole 'nother set of time, nigga, Super Saiyan five, nigga  
Come out swingin', like Broly, you niggas'll never stop me, nigga  
'Cause every time y'all niggas throw somethin' at me, nigga  
I keep rising', I never stop, I never back down, nigga  
Back to the wall, I stand tall, nigga  
Forever Umbrella, uh, uh, Tory, Canada  
They can't stop me, they can't stop, mmm  
They can't stop me, they can't stop  
They can't stop me, they can't stop, mmm  
They can't stop me, they can't stop