

# No Apologies

Caskey

Whoa, no apologies  
I'm a smoker, see, I'm smoking broccoli  
I'm fucking two bitches and they not with me  
They eat each other's pussy while they smoking pot with me  
Yeah, I'm feeling so much blessings, must thank God on me  
Know some rappers out there wan' put that red dot on me  
But we show up at the spot and bring a lot of cheese  
We not whipping at the pot, just don't work logically

Destiny done called me up, this here my prophecy  
First time Birdman hit my phone, said, "Ain't no stoppin' me"  
Said, "You've been spazzing way too long  
Boy, come get down with the clique"  
I call Pimpin' up like, "What you think?"  
He told me, "That's the lick"  
I hit 305, I pour me a lil Duc' off at the strip  
I been rapping for a couple years, it feel like this a trip  
Y'all gon' lie about the bricks  
I don't do that shit, I could give a damn  
You acting tough, I'm just fucking hoes off Instagram  
I'm past the bar, haters talk, gotta get it, fam  
I'm in a Rolls, Royce, you a Honda Civic man  
What's your plan of action? I came in an Aston  
Got that AP on my wrist, it's classic  
You ain't hard, you plastic  
I'm Orlando Magic

No apologies  
All our dope sell and I'm smoking broccoli  
Know some rappers out there wan' put that red dot on me  
We just out here doing all that shit we gotta be  
I'm smoking big

Get the check, no apologies, whoa  
On my set, smoking broccoli  
Rappers dead, better body beef  
On my head, where I gotta be

Yeah, rappers hate, wanna pop at me  
But I left, out of the city there's a lot to see  
When I come back 'round, they always wanna rock with me  
I guess they realized all that hatin' ain't gon' stop a G  
You switched the sides, I could not believe it  
I'm with Baby on a yacht and your dot recedin'  
On the clock, yo' clock is ticking and yo' stock is bleedin'  
You was saying you was winning, I could not believe it  
I'm fucking 2 hoes at the same time at the telly, feel like Nas  
Got me a lil Cuban bitch, she import me cigars  
I'm burning so much money, someone go and get the guards  
I crashed up on a Gixxer bike, survived and beat the odds  
My old man told me that the only thing we got is scars  
So here I am with all of mine, I'm counting, living large  
I ain't even drop a mixtape, I was known for serving bars  
Had to get fucked over just to learn to read the clause  
But it's cool, I'm seeing stars

No apologies

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We just out here doing all that shit we gotta be  
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No apologies  
Smoking on that bag, no apologies  
Rappers tryin' to hate, no apologies  
All our dope is selling, I'm on broccoli  
Know some rappers wan' put that red dot on me  
You bragging 'bout that zip, that ain't a lot to me  
I'm smoking on that gas, no apologies  
Fuck you rappers out here tryin' to rock with me  
Just Keep Pushin' the squad, got a lot of cheese  
Legit Looks, Cash Money, every night with me