

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

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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