

No Regrets

DJ Kay Slay

Wave my hands about everything
Got no regrets about anything
If I did it all again wouldn't change a thing
We didn't know better man that's how we were raised
Or maybe we did but we didn't care
Still standing hear with my head in the air
Screaming its my life, its my life, its my life, its my life, its my life

My life my tale my story
Went from rags to riches and gutta to glory
I used to live in a duplex, sharing a bathroom
Barber college haircut, Caesar and half moon
Say mane I came from the bottom of the barrel
Christmas came around we couldn't even get a carroll
Birthdays came all a nigga got was older
And a mother fucking chip on my shoulder
Now I'm bigger and bolder
I understand the game that I'm playing in
Made my own lane that's the one that I'm staying in
Cleared my own path that's the one that I'm walking
And I could give a fuck what you talking
I'm rolling with Kay Slay, a.k.a. the Drama King nigga
And he already know the flow that imma bring nigga
NYC to PAT we stay connected
And you ain't gotta like it bitch but you gotta respect it

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How many bitches I'm talking exotic ones
Bank accounts in the Caymans yeah that's some tropic funds
No pun intended but your bitches unattended
As soon as you bought that wine I just crept up from behind
Yeah the cloth is Vera Wang, let's give a toast to my niggas who never sang
I sling game like Khaled waters his plants
All I do is equity deals, keep your advance
A few bundles will get the fiends to stumble
Grappling on the floor could only lead to gun pull
Okay, take notice that its the last Don standing
Trap star champion, rap star mansion
Go figure, how I do coke figures
And I got a following unlike most niggas
Crack niggas, ask niggas how I smack niggas
With the MAC fast 'cause I am what I rap, niggas

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King of all Kings, ruler of all rulers
Sitting on the throne surrounded by all shooters
Get money like Frank Matthews not Lucas
Riding right past y'all haters, y'all ruthless
Watching the world from a sky scraper view
If I ain't live at the fight then I buy Pay Per View
Might slide with your boo to a tropic island
Get off the block for a while cause the cops is wildin'
They want me locked up top or either Rikers Island
I been rocking Cuban links with the fat medallions
Been letting that hammer ring you better ask about him
I don't rock with cowards, I don't talk to police
And my main hoe wait when I walk in these streets
When it come to money man I'm getting hell of that
When you come to Harlem make sure you ask Gruff for a welcome mat
Nigga, yea

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