

# No Apologies

Eminem

In my mind I'm a fighter, my heart's a lighter  
My soul is the fluid, my flow sparks it right up  
Arsenic writer, author with arthritis  
Carpal tunnel, Marshall will start shit-itis  
Hard headed and hot headed, bull headed and pig headed,  
Dick headed, a prick, a big headache I'm sick  
Quick witted, for every lyric spitted there are six critics  
Who wait for me to slip with it, so quick  
This dynamite stick buried the wick, it's gonna explode any minute  
Some lunatic lit it and it's not Nelly  
Do not tell me to stop yelling, when I stop selling I quit  
So stop dwelling an' I am not felling  
You fuckers are not ready, 'cause I got jelly, like (Beyonce's) pot belly  
This is destiny, yes money I'm of running  
So get off of me, I'm not slowing or softening

[Chorus]

No apologies, nah suckers I'm not sorry  
You can all sue me, y'all could be the cause of me  
No apologies, y'all feelin' the force of me  
No remorse for me, like there was no recourse for me  
No apologies, not even acknowledging you at all  
'Til I get a call that God's coming  
No apologies, laugh fuckers it's all funny  
I can spit in ya face while your standin' across from me  
No apologies

My head hit's the pillow, a weeping willow, I can't sleep, a pain so deep it  
bellows  
But these cellos help just to keep me mellow, hand's on my head, touched kne  
es to elbow  
I'm hunched over, emotion just flows over, these cold shoulders are both fro  
zen, you don't know me  
I keep saying it, I can't stress it enough, so keep playing it and stand nex  
t to the subs  
I choke mic's like asphyxiation when I'm stranglin' my own throat masturbati  
n'  
Fuck yeah I'm a basketcase and I mastered this rap shit, 'til my ass gets wa  
sted,  
'Til my assassination  
'Til I'm slain 'cause of some fag's infatuation  
Fourty four mags a fascination, a taste for disaster and if that's the case  
then

[Chorus]

This song isn't for you, it's for me, a true MC  
It's what it do just to see if he still has it  
And if his skills mastered  
He's able to spill raps long after he's killed, that's a real MC  
Got you feelin' me, whether willing or unwillingly  
You still agree, as long as there's still this hunger and will in me  
Then expect a longer life expectancy  
I'd be a savage beast if I ain't have this outlet to salvage me inside  
I'd be exploding soaked in self loathing an' mourning  
So I'm warning you, don't coax me  
It's silly, I'm really a sheep in wolf's clothing

Who only reacts when he gets pushed, don't be fooled  
The press blows up this whole thing, it's stupid  
They don't know 'cause they don't see that I'm wounded  
All they did was ballooned it  
I'm sick of talkin' 'bout these tattoos Cartoon did  
That's why I tuned it out, I'm sick of dukin'  
An' they can suck my dick while I'm pukin', an' you too, you can

[Repeat x2]

Expect no sympathy from me I'm an MC  
This is how I'm supposed to be  
Cold as a G, my heart's frozen it don't even beat  
So expect no apologies