

Sorry Not Sorry

Fabolous

I'm way too different to treat the same
You still playing I already beat the game
I'm not with the breakup the make up shit
I'm on some wake up and cake up shit
So no apologies just a pile of G's
Make stacks for my niggas all my power G's
Tryna to kick I don't like your soccer
Curve a chick like a lipo doctor

I used to think about how you would act
When a nigga got money
Now you done switched up on me
Now you wanna say "what's up?" to me
Okay so now you wanna make love to me

Girl if you don't get the fuck from me
I know you thought we had something special
But you don't mean nothing to me
Girl I'm sorry you not the one for me

Just be honest, girl, what you want from me?
This ain't nothing new, keep it so 100
I can't let none of these niggas get one up on me
I go by God-Tiller, you better run from me
Give hope to my niggas, them niggas love money
Adios to them bitches, can't get a hug from me
I'm high on life, that's what it does for me
My numbers going up, I feel a buzz coming (one up)

Young nigga, young nigga
Your friends bad too?
Then tell 'em come with you
And we like, bitches with they own shit
We don't like gold diggers

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This the shit I don't condone
Cheating on your man but you can get it if you want it
Looking for a bad bitch, I finally found a culprit
Nigga taking shots, and I'm back check the postage, yeah
Hatin' ass nigga, why won't you shut up?
This the motherfuckin' 502 come up
And every time I'm back in the city
Every bitch with a hidden agenda run up (cause I'm on, nigga!)

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Look, you could've been and you would've been
You get it now but you never understood it then
News bulletin yup all our bullets tins
I'mma pull a Benz up
Pocket full of bands
What's up with them get back texts
Yes we wasn't working out time to get back flexing
Same phone who's this ya I switched up on you
What happened to old boy, oh he bitched up on you
Now she want to ride stick, tryna witch up on you
When I do want to cut I hit Rich up on you
He came through with Tiller, I'm posted with killer
Hit [?] like I'm with the young nigga young nigga
And now it's T R A P S O U L, with the boy who rap soul
[?] in the winter like Thanksgiving dinner
Like it's Christmas spirit got a gift with lyrics
You niggas stay far from me 'til your bitch get near it

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It get to a point that you know
You get money it's like what is you doing it for
So when you find somebody special it's like
They become your motivation behind what you do
You know what I'm saying (ya)
You got a lady or you got kids (Of course)
You know what ever you got
That become your motivation (ya)
You know what I'm saying
(Motivation is key it makes it a whole lot easier
Of course when you have somebody that is doing the same thing
Or even just grinding just as hard it's really it's something it's)
So what's your motivation
(You)