

## Regrets

MoneySign Suede

(I get my work from a narco)  
It's all about the money, nigga  
No cash, all you niggas really  
Look

I don't wanna hit no party, let's make money instead  
I don't wanna be your friend, shit, you might be a fed  
Shit, I might go to hell 'cause I love my dead  
I'm talkin' dead presidents in my pocket, bread  
I swear to God that bitch annoyin', but she give good head  
Niggas soak up the game, niggas fake, that's what I said  
If you don't know me, Parkside is what I rep  
I be thinkin' 'bout mistakes, I be thinkin' 'bout regrets

All I know about is pain and hate  
It's like I suffer back-to-back everyday  
I hope you niggas soakin' up my game  
I know I'm blessed, but the devil tryna play  
I don't want you in my life, I just want you in my bed  
Fuck it, let's go eat, I look fly, so put on a dress  
I look fly, I don't try, I got no one to impress  
I don't even like to flex, I had nothin' back then  
I ain't had nothin', had to get my paper up  
I just wanna count, keep countin', fuck a papercut  
I'ma keep goin', keep goin' 'til I make her nut  
Shorty say she love the way she live 'cause I make it fun

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You know, I can't be the only one thinkin' 'bout regrets, you dig?  
And mine a lot of fuck shit  
I just be thinkin' and shit  
I swear I be rappin' 'bout real shit, niggas rappin' 'bout fuck shit  
That's on God  
Ayy, you ain't gotta like me, nigga, just respect me  
Parkside baby, ayy  
Parkside baby, ayy  
Ayy, ayy, ayy  
Ayy, ayy, ayy