

Regrets?

Murs

How many situations in life have you regretted?
What did it take to make those changes?
Ayy, this some Mid City shit
Hey, Murs

See, I try to live this life without regrets
But shit, what's done is done, can't go back and change it all
And I've only just begun, to live this life
At 20 years old, and I know I'm makin' some more, mistakes
To hate myself for but I can't let it hold me down
Too many niggas walkin' 'round with that hip-hop
Coulda, woulda, shoulda, man how the fuck that sound?
Know we can all sit around reflectin' on life
Catchin' feelings and shit, but I get my ass up
And I deal with this shit, like it's 52 cars
Or if you was Carlos, standin' stagnant in one spot
Your soul starts to rot, wonderin' where yo' ass went wrong
When it's all meant to be
So I learn to appreciate the lessons life sent to me
And eventually it'll all fall into place
Like them sixty four college basketball teams
Or a track star, who falls in the race
And I'll bet the only thing that I'll live to regret
Is the day my lips first touched a cigarette
Old soul, melancholy, bet

How many, how many situations in life, have you regretted?
God, I don't know

Too many situations take place
I realise after the fact my actions should've been otherwise
Other times I knew the obvious thing to do
But fronted, so it came as no surprise
When afterwards, I was wishin' I had made the right decision
But I chalk it up as a lesson of livin'
Continuin' to build my thick shields of wisdom
Tryna avoid head-on collisions with regret
Now it's time I put my intellect in effect
Instead of makin' hasty choices, I'll listen to the voice inside
Tellin' me to keep my lines congruent
Gettin' into somethin' stupid and then...
And I knew it, it's plain
Step into the light
Out of the shade, nowadays
I keep mathematics displayed at all times
While strugglin' to solve this puzzle of the mind
Tryna keep the balance on the fine line

It's all over now
Prepare to meet your maker
Get punished for bein' a punk faker
Figured life was all fun & games, huh?
Burn in flames, another lost poor black folk's name
Are you ready for this? To actually decease?
How you've been judged for your mentality
Your actions, what you heard, what you ignored
Know you should've been prayin', but you're [?]

Sold your soul for a price so meagre
From a bird's eye view, it seemed that you were eager
To lose, trodden on a crooked path
Y'all niggas livin' for now
Don't fear another aftermath
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
When you're livin' your life, keep your soul over mind
Yeah, mind over body
Basic survival tactics, in my mind, I packed it
Never know what you got until it's gone
No excuses, you're on

Hahaha
Yo, straighten the fuck up, we're done
How many situations you ain't, in life, have regretted
Have you regretted what you have done?
I know this, have regretted