

No Apologies

Paul Wall

You gon' have to bring an army to take mine
Riding down grape vine
Strapped with that 8 iron
The only type of love I get is the fake kind
Forgave their ass for like the eighth time

It's no wait time
I had to let it go
And move on
Face drawn
Stay focused
Keep my mind on my own paper
Never worry 'bout the next man
Whatever way you make it work
That's the best plan
Never less than
Another just because of material things
It come and go just like the weather
It ain't what it seems
By any means
How we get it
We stick to the schemes
Team work is how to get the trophy
That come with the rings
Ghetto dreams
Think without the judgement
No matter how small the plans
They still might need adjustments
I grind without reluctance
Grow pockets with robustness
'Cause with the success comes the jealousy and abundance

Gotta stay shining
Gotta keep on pushing thriving
Things gon' all work out
Pushing no matter what comes my way
I know it will all work out

Now, I could sit here and tell you how I feel
But you don't really care
Fake friends said they supported
They wasn't really there
Fake bitches told me they loved me
And barely liked me
Fuck niggas tried to put salt in the game
Despite me

Look, I go through ups and downs
Like every person here
I had obstacles in my way
But fuck it I persevered
And what didn't kill me
Instilled in me
The will to push the pill
And still keep it trill
You feel me?

See, you can hate on motherfuckers
Just 'cause they're hiding
Do the same damn thing
And never get what they got
'Cause what's coming to you
Is coming to you--nobody else
Any other way leave you dusted and busted
And by yourself

So, you could diss me
But don't dismiss me
'Cause when it's over
You'll be missing
And guess who's left standing?
Just me
And my brothers Term and Paul
We got that fire
We burning ya'll
Without a motherfucking concern at all

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Gotta keep on pushing thriving
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Pushing no matter what comes my way
I know it will all work out

Swear shit

Back-2-back dutches
Back-2-back shots
Pain every day
Tears flooded like the watch
Pops died
Nothing could describe that pain
There's a hole in my soul
I could never fill again

Got this urn at the crib
We be chilling by the bar
Let my shorty kiss the urn
Treat the man like a star
Real shit
I be fucked up on a binge
Watch my life flash before me
Praying for my sins
Gotta take care of moms
And raise up the kids
Watch over the team
And homies doing bids
Full-time job
Tryna be a real man
Can't be reckless
Only women and kids can

Put my faith in God
Put my trust in me
I'm the only one who never let me down, it seems
Sipping Crown
I'm 'a drown
In my puddle of tears
Put a blunt in the air
'Cause life's never really fair

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Gotta keep on pushing thriving
Things gon' all work out
Pushing no matter what comes my way
I know it will all work out

Statik Selekt
Pushing