

I Apologize

Tee Grizzley

Hit-Boy

Had to take my jewelry off for this shit, man
Na, na-na, na-na
Had to take money out pocket and everything, before I even start rappin'
Ooh yeah (Ooh yeah)
Just so I get that feel again, you know what I'm sayin'?
Na, na-na, na-na, na
Back to that grind and hunger
Not like everybody else lil' bitch (Ooh wee)

Last thing I dropped was some industry songs, I thought was gon' be lit
Now I know if I keep doin' that, I ain't gon' be shit (I tried it)
I can't make that shit stronger from drinkin'
All the people that relate to me, do not relate to Taylor Swift (Uh-uh)
So I apologize (Apologize)
For comin' to the studio and seein' dollar signs (Dollar signs)
Instead of bein' real with y'all, like how I'm traumatized (Traumatized)
The shit that happened to JB, hit me so hard, it made my mama cry (Damn)
Speakin' of my mama, yeah she still got a lot of time (Uh-uh)
Lost my great-granny, we knew she was almost out of time
I ain't cut them niggas off for nothin' they was out of line
Niggas rappers to the fans, have 'em singin' like Ty Dolla \$ign (Ooh yeah)
I ain't no rapper, I'm an artist
Done been in and out of jail, so I gotta be the smartest
Put some season like Loris
Put the guns down from my past, now I'm a target
Had to pick the guns back up, case they start sparking (Woo)
Real peace, I'm tryna get closer to it
I can't find that in money 'cause I be blowin' through it
Free my commissary niggas and that bitch goin' through it
Few M's in cash, bet you can't get to know me for it (Uh-uh)

The real side of me (Real side)
It's a broke me (Yeah)
And the rich me owe him an apology
Really I hit the lottery (I did)
And instead of being grateful
I just see people and let it bother me
Kylie made a billion, I'm failin' in life, I gotta be
She younger than me, so I'm 'posed to have more money logically
Do no start thinkin' like, that shit don't apply to me
Kylie Jenner came from millions, I come from poverty
Anybody born in the money they supposed to
You was gon' be dead at twenty, that's what they told you (That's what they said)
But instead you got rich and fucked all the hoes that hoe'd you (All of 'em)
Now it's time to make sure you don't go back to the old you (No you can't)

Now I understand (I understand)
I'm me, so I ain't nothin' like no other man
When they was buyin' fix and never wearin' clothes twice
I was at auntie house, tellin' Lau', "Give me everything you don't like"
What I got in common with these other rappers? Nothin', nigga (Nothin')
They make theyselves feel real by hangin' with bummy niggas
Pull up to the trenches, take some pictures, let 'em clutch the blicky
That's why I be irritated when I gotta fuck with niggas (On my mama)
I'ma tell you the truth (Man, the truth)

Ain't lettin' niggas get some money, all that other shit is stup'
I got bitches, got my niggas, I got millions in the stu'
Trade my mansion for a cell over some call, boy would you? (Boy)
But let you tell it, you quick to blast, gon' flip his ass
Only six packs (That's it)
Only [?] muscle (That's all)
Niggas ain't tryna make love, they 'bout to rape some
Hahahaha
That shit funny but it's true (Hahaha)
Better grow a brain 'fore it be you ('Fore it be you)
Better think 'fore you try to be cool (Tryna be cool)
Better look for some cameras before you shoot
I was that nigga before I had the cash (Yeah)
In the club with my bitch, still grabbin' ass (Come here)
God told me "Son I'm not sendin' you to Hell"
Even though I kill whoever caught 'em when I threw 'em shade (Amen)
Don't let this go over your head
I wouldn't told on nobody and I woulnd't go to jail, nigga (You hear me?)
Don't let this go over your head
I wouldn't told on nobody and I woulnd't go to jail, nigga

Na, na-na, na-na, na-na
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ooh wee
Na, na-na, na-na, na, na-na
Yeah
Oh yeah
Ooh yeah
Yeah (Yeah)