

# I'm Sorry

Tom MacDonald

Honestly, y'all have been killing my confidence  
All of the negative comments and gossip  
It's hard to imagine the stress that I'm under  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry for all of this  
I'm sorry for spitting the truth  
Sorry for dissing that dude  
Sorry for missing the point of the criticism  
I was blinded by diamonds and loot  
I apologize to all you guys  
Y'all were right, I was out my mind  
I went too far, I did too much  
The haters were right when they said I suck  
I did my best, it did nothing for me  
I gave my guts and got lost in glory  
I'm standing here while you sit before me  
There's nothing left but to say "I'm sorry"

Sorry, that doesn't bother me  
I don't owe anybody an apology  
I don't have no regrets in my biology  
Reload and shoot for the stars, y'all look like astronomy  
No one as hot as me, copy me commonly  
Wannabes, y'all are so shockingly comedy  
Carry the weight of my songs all on top of me  
I will not break, I'm not made outta pottery  
Bury your bodies on acres of property  
Place 'em at angles like sacred geometry  
Done with the modesty, everything I drop is quality  
Promise, like honestly, follow me  
I ain't gonna stop with the hits, come rock with the kid  
On the block like Pac would've been  
I'm a god with the pen, no concept of quit  
Got guap 'cause I'm awesome at this  
Underrated, overpaid, they hate it  
Complicated calculations made to rake the paper  
Razor-sharp like blades in Freddy versus Jason  
Angels in my heart and Satan in the basement  
Brains and handsome face is what has made me famous  
Great imagination, fatal combination  
Labels holler daily, I've been on vacation  
Basic translation is "I don't give a fuck"

Sorry, I got a point of view  
It's like a pistol you don't wanna point at you  
Y'all are annoying, dude  
Y'all are like rats racing in a gas-chamber, y'all can't avoid the fumes  
Y'all in a cage locked  
My deranged thoughts are like Ray Charles  
Waving chainsaws get your brain chopped  
Into eight parts, take your face off  
Hit the graveyard on my days off  
I just cock, aim, and I spray shots  
'Til your legs lock and your veins pop  
In a day's work, y'all get laid off  
My girl shot every single fucking video  
My heart wrote every single fucking song  
Y'all aren't my children, my kids would be indigo

Obviously, I'm a fucking god  
Rock with me, awfully cocky  
Cock at the goblin? Shotgun and coffee  
Slaughtering lots and I'm offering coffins  
To anyone caught talking sloppy about me, yeah  
Come rock with the kid, young, popping and rich  
Got dollars, I'm copping the drip  
I'm donning the armour and authoring honour  
While bombing the targets that karma has missed, hey  
Y'all don't comprehend I'm often on the mend  
I'm depressed a lot, I've wrecked a lot of people who were friends  
I've been anxious, I've had breakdowns that were all inside my head  
I regret a lot of things, now I won't stop 'til I'm avenged

Knock knock, who's there?  
Y'all fucked around and let death in  
I'm John Lennon, I'm Michael Jackson  
I'm Cobain, I'm Zeppelin  
Your best friends are dead ends  
Your best bets are far-fetched  
You're next-best, I'm a gold trophy  
Your death threats were ghost stories