

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