

So Not Sorry

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(Turn me up)
(B-B-Bankroll got it)
Let's do it, huh
Yeah, huh, huh
The fuck wrong with these niggas, Jason, man?
Huh, huh
These niggas can't
These niggas be tryna pop it like I pop it
They can't rock it how I rock it
These niggas ain't me, let up

Holdin' that bag, young nigga gon' fuck around and buy the Jazz
Young nigga rock out
Bitch, I pop out with two belts on top my pants (Yes)
Girl, I'm outside, right now, holdin' on a coat, playin' football with one h
and
I'm ready to go, get it started (I'm ready)
I'm the reason the bases is loaded and stands (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm ready to go up with lil' shorty (I'm ready)
I'm a gangster, I got her apart of the payin' (Payin', payin')
I click it, go Lambo for 'Rari (For 'Rari)
In it, smokin' on dope, but I'm changin' the steerin' (The steerin')
I up it and hit with the forty (I hit)
And them pussies was talkin', them niggas done ran
Lil Top, ridin' with a strap and a sack, okay (Okay)
Pussy nigga cap, get shot in his face
I want you to tell 'em I'm raisin' my rate (Rate)
Refill that drank in my soda, the Fanta is grape (Yeah)
Play and the bitch get hit with a Drac' (Boom)
Knockin' 'em out of the way, let's do it (I knock 'em)
Walk in your state with that fire, huh
Pussy ass nigga, let's play (Get to it)
I'm switchin' the shoes on the ride
He changed on the chains, I'm never gon' change
Bae got money that's makin', she want me to wait
She part of my name, these bitches insane
I'm plannin' on curin' all the pain
That's a hundred K on top of the ring (The ring)
I'm in back of the Rolls, just maxin'
Everything that I'm giftin' these bitches extravagant
She plan on havin' it
Grabbin' the back and I'm tappin' it, smashin' it
Get in it, get in it, get in it (Get in it, get in it, get in it, yeah)
Top, this bitch like my car
I'm 'bout Tezzy swervin' on the block, watch out for the cops
And I got these young niggas strapped up for my opps
In Paris, I'm kickin' my pimpin'
It's France, we stuffin' these bitches in back of the car
My fragrance, she smellin' it, she know I'm the man
I pull out them bands, she ready to start
Nigga get hit with a stick, shootin' on top my knees, I'm at that boy
Slimier than a bitch, she was playin' 'round, actin' cool, I broke her heart
I hit the button on 'em
Box on the back of the Glock, I'm ready to start
I'm ready to swerve on 'em
I just triple crossed 'em, sorry, but not sorry

Huh, woah
Huh, woah
Bitch, I'm sorry, but not sorry
Huh
Yeah, yeah
Bitch, I'm sorry, but not sorry (Slimeto)
Bang, bang (Ayy, AI)
Haha
Bitch, I'm sorry, so not sorry
Lil Top, Lil Top
I'm sorry, but not sorry