

No Regrets (feat. Zeke)

Nipsey Hussle

Fuck this track you get your shit splat
Before you ever heard me rap, I had to spit crack
Slimey rocks crashed off they [?] shop
Doing numbers like Def Jam in the 90's but
Much to there surprise I'm the fuckin flyest
In the Chevy nigga playin Pac nigga "Still I Rise"
Blue rag around my forehead, code red
[?] red infultrate rap to take more bread
Quote it how you want, I just rolled a blunt
I'm sippin lean in first class gettin' my shoulders rubbed
Streets is talkin' so I'm listening with a loaded gun
Still all I hear is niggas sayin' I'm the chosen one
Champagne open one, watch it over run
I heard him say a drunk mind speak a sober tongue
We're still adjusting to the changes
I been gettin' money but it's different when you famous
There's been niggas famous but it's different when you bangin'
All these niggas hatin', all these police tryna hank you
What should you do? decisions your blood racing
Fresh out the count, trying to go platinum on probation
But no regrets my nigga just smoke break
Just soak it all out, double back from both angles
Artists that label, no favors, no thank you
Rap about it all just to [?]
Pull up in cars with blunts large like Jamaican
Sticky from bell sells white broads named Rachel
Never broke code and I never made statements on the rules
[?] all fall speculation
Greatness fooly, four words, self made salute me
A lot of niggas watching now prolly hate this movie, but fuck em
I'm so tired of the same discussion
I'm worth M's niggas ain't made nothin' No regrets now, I got it off my chest now
Since the womb, mama know I'm a special
That's prolly why she don't wanna 'notha level
Real never fall off, like fake bezels
Spirit over rebel, heart of a lion
All that's inside me, Is worth all this trying
Worth all this grindin'
Cause I'm from the hood and we ain't scared about dying

Just want my end
Success I just want my fair share in life
In that self made I ain't tryna hear life
Still proud of what I look at in the mirror life
Hyde Park hussle half baked on a Paris flight
I'm sippin' hot tea before I hit the stage
Earl grey, mother a pearl face
Forever I'm the flyest, we fuck on Chanel sheets
Count cash after shows, I spazzed on the globe
I passed all my goals, then I mapped out some more
On this never ending road I fix flats in the cold boy
Respect how I master my role, and I made it all happen alone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>