

# No Apologies

## Bill Wood

In my mind I'm a fighter, my heart's a lighter  
My soul is the fluid, my flow sparks it brighter  
    But arsenic writer, often with arthritis  
    Carpel-tunnel, Marshal with start shitis  
Hard-headed and hot-headed, bull-headed and pig-headed  
    Dick-headed a brick, a big headache I'm sick  
    Quick with it for every lyric spit it  
There are 6 critics who wait, for me to slip with it  
    So quit this dynamite stick, bury the wick  
    It's gonna explode any minute, someone will tick  
    Lit it and its not Nelly, do not tell me to stop yelling  
    When I stop selling I'll quit so, stop dwelling  
    I am not failing, you fuckers are not ready  
    'Cuz I got jelly, like jizzin on your pot belly  
This is destiny, yes money, I'm off running, so get off of me  
    I'm not slowing the softening  
    No apologies, nah suckers I'm not sorry  
You can all sue me, y'all could be the cause of me  
    No apologies, y'all feeling the force of me  
No remorse for me, like there was no recourse for me  
    No apologies, not even acknowledging you at all  
    Till I get a call that God's coming  
    No apologies, laugh fuckers, it's all funny  
I can spit in your face while you're standing across from me  
    No apologies  
    My head hits the pillow, a weeping willow  
    I can't sleep, a pain so deep it bellows  
    But these cellos, help just to keep me mellow  
    Hands on my head, touch knees to elbows  
    I'm hunched over, emotion just flows over  
These cold shoulders are both frozen, you don't know me  
    I keep saying it, I can't stress it enough  
    So keep playing it and stand next to the subs  
        I choke mics like affixation  
When I'm strangling my own throat masturbating  
    Fuck yeah, I'm a basket case  
And I mastered this rap shit till my ass gets wasted  
    Till my assassination  
Till I'm slain 'cuz of some fags infatuation

A taste for disaster and if that's the case then  
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        No apologies, laugh fuckers it's all funny  
I could spit in your face while you're standing across from me  
    No apologies  
        This song isn't for you it's for me  
A true MC, it's what I do just to see if he still has it  
    And if his skills mastered  
He's able to spill raps long after he's killed that's a  
    Real MC got you feeling me  
        Whether willing or unwillingly, you still agree  
As long as there's still this hunger, and will in me  
    Then expect a longer life expectancy  
        I'd be a savage beast  
If I ain't had this outlet to salvage me  
    Inside, I'd be exploding soaked in self loathing  
And mourning so I'm warning you don't coax me  
    It's silly, but really its sheep in wolves clothing  
Who only reacts when he gets pushed don't we  
    Fool, the press blows up this whole thing  
It's stupid, they don't know' cuz they don't see  
That I'm wounded, all they did was ballooned it  
I'm sick of talking bout these tattoos cartoon did  
    That's why I tuned it out I'm sick of duking  
They can suck my dick while I'm puking, and you too you can  
    Expect no sympathy from me  
I'm an MC, this is how I'm supposed to be  
    Cold as a G, my heart's frozen it don't even beat  
        So expect no apologies  
        Expect no sympathy from me  
I'm an MC, this is how I'm supposed to be  
    Cold as a G, my heart's frozen it don't even beat  
        So expect no apologies