

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 shititis
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

.44 Mag's fascination

A taste for disaster and if that's the case then
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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

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