

# No Apologies

## Eminem

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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