Sorry Not Sorry

Bryson Tiller

Fight!
Hey
God damn... I'm winning
God damn! I'm winning
Got money now you done switched up on meI used to think about how you would act
When a nigga got money
Now you done switched up on me
Now you wanna say "what's up?" to me
Okay so now you wanna make love to meGirl if you don't get the fuck from me
I know you thought we had something special
But you don't mean nothing to me
Girl I'm sorry you not the one for me
Just be honest, girl what you want from me?
This ain't nothing new, keep it so 100
I can't let none of these niggas get one up on me
I go by God Tiller, you better run from me
Give hope to my niggas, them niggas blood money
Adios to them bitches, can't get a hug from me
I'm high on life, that's what it does for me
My numbers going up, I feel a buzz coming (one up)Young nigga, young nigga
Your friends bad too?
Then tell 'em come with you
And we like, bitches with they own shit
We don't like gold diggersGirl if you don't get the fuck from me
I know you thought we had something special
But you don't mean nothing to me
Girl I'm sorry you not the one for me
This the shit I don't condone
Cheating on your man but you can get it if you want it
Looking for a bad bitch, I finally found a culprit
Nigga taking shots, and I'm back check the postage, yeah
Hey now nigga, why won't you shut up?
This the motherfuckin' 502 come up
And every time I'm back in the city
Every bitch with a hidden agenda run up (cause I'm on, nigga!)Young nigga, young nigga
Your friends bad too?
Then tell 'em come with you
And we like, bitches with they own shit
We don't like gold diggersGirl if you don't get the fuck from me
I know you thought we had something special
But you don't mean nothing to me
Girl I'm sorry you not the one for meEvery nigga did you wrong, except for me

I'm next to blow and so you should've been next to me
Say you love sick, girl I got the remedy
I'll give you long dick and longevity
Don't settle for less or for infidelity
Niggas ain't built like me
He can't bag and pipe and leave that pussy killed like me
Or even keep the business behind his lips like me
I got a hundred fucking problems
Good brain, am I fucking with a scholar?
Woodgrain, I'mma grip it when I whip it
If I take a shot and brick it, I'mma flip it
Thankful for my papa, nigga taught me how to get it
Gotta make sure my brothers is eating I'mma split it
If she throw that pussy at me I'mma hit it
Pen Griffey, but she won't get a penny, no
(Boy if you don't get)Young nigga, young nigga
Your friends bad too?
Then tell 'em come with you
And we like, bitches with they own shit
We don't like gold diggersGirl if you don't get the fuck from me
I know you thought we had something special
But you don't mean nothing to me
Girl I'm sorry you not the one for meHey
God damn
We don't like gold diggers...
God... damn I'm winning
Oh no!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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