

# 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 me I 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 me Girl 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 diggers Girl 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 diggers Girl 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 Every 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 diggers Girl 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 Hey  
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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