T.I., Sorry (ft. Andre 3000)

[T.I.:]
My cup runneth over with pinot grigio, hold up
You bogus in the lambo if you ain't lifting the door up
You bogus poppin' pills if you ain't pickin the ho up
You bogus running out on your kids my nigga grow up
For God's sake, like a wedding, cutting large cake
For large stakes let the hammer bang broad day
Ay, nevermind what the blogs say
This what my mind and my heart say
My philosophy profit off of my properties
Get it, flip it, we got to be rich, that broke shit is obsolete
Possibly off of my rocker, watch how you watching me
Sophisticated, psychotic, fly as a pilot
Officially silent, all you wish you could get I got it
Unlimited titanium nigga, what's in yo wallet?
Out of gladiator college, I made it summa cum laude
While you clowns couldn't have got a cap and gown if you bought it
I parlay with Saudis, buying crude oil and diamonds
Hustle January, July, fly to Dubai
A broke nigga telling me 'bout how I'm dividing the pies
Like a blind nigga telling me it's an eye for an eye
Bullheaded and stubborn I be that way until I die
But find a nigga with more hustle then me I dare you to try
And according to the hand on my Audemar
It's my time to shine so fuck ya'll

What should I be sorry for
Who should I be sorry to /2x
The fact is you can't please everybody
You can't please everybody
What should I be sorry for
Who should I be sorry to

[T.I.:]
I grew up in the gutter, life a motherfucker
I get that why I don't trust a motherfucker
Seen a nigga snitch on they mom, shoot at they brother
Go to prison in love with a bitch and a nigga fuck her
I seen real G's destroyed by real suckers
Innocent ladies raped and defenseless babies abducted
Such a horrible truth, but you see it over and over
It's nothing, you numb to it and your heart grow colder
Pacify your pain with a chain and a Rover
Fuck it, justify your action by stacking your dough up
You show up with a brick of cocaine and baking soda
Just enough for me to blow up, nigga hold up
Switch the flow up, cause these niggas be snitchin' so much
I promise all they missing's the badge, coffee, and donut
Go to jail so what, never see my integrity perish
That ain't the Harris' way, study my pedigree
Promise I'm one of the only ones who keep it 100
Probably why I think they all out to get me, you can't convince me
Large money and fame will plant seeds of envy
To make my partners resent me enough to come and get me
Catch me slippin' and hit me, just like they did 50
Cause I'm in the position that he think he should be given
Listen, dawg, the fact of the matter is
I'm on a narrow path and we all can't travel

[André 3000:]
What it ain't, What it is?
Even if you gotta live
I learned that apartment is way more exciting than a big ass house on a hill
I used to be a way better writer and a rapper

When I used to want a black Karmann Ghia
Now a nigga speeding in a Porsche
Feeling like I'm going off a course
Cut these fuck niggas off
Nigga Tip in my life, scream that till I'm hoarse
Duck these get the fuck off me projectiles, bitch you ain't really got a choice
I'm living my life live yours
I don't even like rapping fast, but that's how the world come to me
Talk to me sideways nigga that's your ass
Slow it down, this that shit that'll make you call your momma
Say hey I'm sorry for begging for all them clothes you couldn't afford
And this the type of shit that'll make you call your rap partner
And say I'm sorry I'm awkward, my fault for fuckin' up the tours
I hated all the attention so I ran from it
Fuck it if we did, but I hope we ain't lose no fans from it
I'm a grown-ass kid, you know ain't never cared about no damn money
Why do we try so hard to be stars, just to dodge comments
And this that shit that'll make you call your baby mama
When you gone on half a pill, don't know why but that I did
Then you take a flight back to the crib, y'all make love like college kids
And you say all the shit you gon' do better, we can try this shit again
'Round the time the dope wear off, you feel stupid, she feel lost
That's that dope, I mean, I mean dopamine you think Cupid done worn off
Waiting in the hallway with her arms crossed
Her baby boy face full of applesauce
Maybe should have stayed but it ain't yo fault
Too much pressure, I fell off, I'm sorry
Was young and had to choose between you
And what the rest of the world might offer me, shit what would you do
Well I'd probably do it differently if second the chance
Only if some cool ass older man would've let me know in advance
This, this quarry, that is dug so deep in a father's chest
When he feel that he's broken up his nest
And he figured shit he was just doing the best that he could
Which end up being the worst that he could
And all some pussy nigga on the internet can say is that verse ain't good
It's boring - boring?
Really?

When I'm disgusted with this world and I can hardly breathe and
Told so many lies, don't know what to believe
I discussed it with this girl, and this is what she said
She said, "Lay down baby, baby, rest your weary head up"
I love these distractions but my mind don't wanna rest
But my body disagree so I laid up on her breasts, yes
"Ooooh, you are so fucking fine"
I woke up the next morning with new purpose on my mind

Ooooh, who pulls your ponytail
Who knows your body well

What should I be sorry for?
Who should I be sorry to?