

Tyler, The Creator, Sorry Not Sorry

Pardon me, excusez-moi [I'm sorry
Yeah, I coulda made a better choice, I mean, what the fuck?
I'm sorry, I'm fuckin' sorry
Yeah

I'm sorry
I don't see you more
I'm sorry that the four minutes where you see your son could feel like a chore
Sis', I'm sorry I'm your kin
Sorry we ain't close as we should've been
Sorry to my old friends
The stories we coulda wrote if our egos didn't take then pen
Sorry to the freak I led on [Nah, for real, I'm sorry

Who thought their life was gonna change 'cause I gave 'em head on

But instead, I sped off, yeah, I know I'm dead wrong
Sorry to the guys I had to hide [Ooh
Sorry to the girls I had to lie to who ain't need to know if I was my the lake switchin' tides, too [Tides
Anyway, I don't wanna talk [Ooh
Sorry if you gotta dig for info I don't wanna give
So you stalk, make up fibs, just to talk about my private like 'cause you're weird [Uh
Met that girl this year [But], that's none ya biz
Give enough with my art, know your place
My personal space, y'all don't need to to be a part
I'm sorry I don't wanna link and small talk over dinner

I don't even drink, can't guilt trip me, I'm ice cold, roller rink
Nigga-nigga-nigga, read the room
Don't assume niggas is cool
Stay in your pocket, this is pool
Blah, blah, blah, blah 'bout trauma
You ain't special, everybody got problems, uh