

# 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