

# SORRY NOT SORRY - Tyler, the Creato Lyrics

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## "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'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 the pen

Sorry to the freaks 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  
Sorry to the girls I had to lie to  
Who ain't need to know if I was by the lake switchin' tides, too  
Anyway, I don't wanna talk  
Sorry if you gotta dig for info I don't wanna give  
So you stalk, make up fibs  
Just to talk 'bout my private life 'cause you 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 (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  
Sorry I'm not empathetic  
Sorry you think I'm pathetic  
Sorry I don't wanna bro down, sorry I don't know your pronouns  
I don't mean no disrespect, but, damn, we just met, calm the fuck down  
Oh, I'm out of touch and I'm a jerk?

A bank account could never match my worth (that nigga gettin' money, he a dick now)

Sorry Mother Earth, pollutin' air with chemicals and dirt

These cars ain't gonna buy and drive theyselves

What the hell you think I work for?

Not to not explore and stay the same

Sorry to the fans who say I changed, 'cause I did

Sorry you don't know me on a personal level to pinpoint what it is

Sorry to my ancestors (I'm so sorry), I know I'm supposed to fight (I know)

But this ice shinin' brighter than a black man's plight, I'ma make it right

In the meantime, I'll give some advice while these blood diamonds gettin' cleaned off

Nigga, fuck the price, spend it then, then again

I can't save niggas, I'm not Superman, but I could try

I'm sorry I'm pretentious

Sorry that the talent, knowledge, passion isn't missin'

Sorry when I talk my shit and I could back it up with confidence

It get you niggas trippin', man

Fuck the numbers, fuck a hook

You put me on a stage and I'll show you the difference

Let me see y'all hit a stage (no, y'all can't do it)

Let me see y'all write a page (y'all not gon' do it)

Let me see you make a decision I made

And claim that I don't know about minimum wage or Section 8  
Water in the ketchup bottle to stretch when niggas ate  
Gettin' pressed by niggas hoppin' gates  
Thinkin' it's normal 'cause you ain't supposed to make it past 18  
Or escape the Figure 8 cycle  
And I promise this is like a diet  
I'ma make a way and I did, did  
Feel good, work paid off, now we gon' celebrate  
But niggas claim you arrogant  
When they can't relate to moments of feelin' great  
So they aim, duck-duck-duck 'em  
Shot right back, buck-buck-buck 'em  
Sorry, not sorry (buck 'em, buck 'em)  
I got two words, fuck 'em  
Okay, cool  
And like that  
We really mean it this time  
I guarantee another era is upon us  
So once again, we gone

**For any correction please mail us at [showthelyrics1@gmail.com](mailto:showthelyrics1@gmail.com)**

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