

Rick Ross, Sorry (ft. Chris Brown)

She's just perfect in every kinda way
But I don't think I can handle her pain
So messed up and I'm too busy just running my game
Oh, girl after girl, mistake after mistake
I tried to change but they always around, pulling me down in bed
Gave you my word but they were just broken promises
Broken condoms, lipstick marks and unprotected sex
I feel like shit, you know I ain't shit

Sorry, don't turn back the clock
Baby I took advantage cause I knew you
Wouldn't believe it, so I used you
I'm sorry, oh I'm sorry don't make it right, I know

We at the crib, she got her legs wrapped around my waist
Conversation, she lick every tattoo that's on my face
Like a thug, I just wanna fuck on it, that's every day
Temporary separations, confessing my mistakes
She packed her bags and left me home and I'm still hurt
You knew shit, but she can't tell me that it's real first
A lot of lies apologised, the thirst real
When she hit this thinking to herself, "Damn this verse real"
Read about it Vegas, I made this with Merc
Send the bottles to her table then made love on the jet
Temporary thrills, all these women you think I told you
My feelings genuine, disregard what you see on blogs
I been a boss before I ever recorded Meek song
Mill and Cash on the gram, they trending meat chong
In the D in my G and he throwing that peace on
Every picture that you post we comment for this one

I'm just a typical ordinary nigga
But I know that I can't change for you
All this time I blamed you cause I know what I'm doing
Stabbing on your heart again, relationship ruined
I tried to change but I'm always out, fucking around in the club
Pieces of my love letter tore up from this break up
My worst nightmare went right in my back, I wish I could wake up
I feel like shit, know I ain't shit but I'm

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Like Jordan, baby girl you deserve a winner
Every day the diamonds on you get bigger and bigger
Hustle from my heart so every night I can deliver
Saying sorry, lean up, way up in your liver
Boss, the red bottom's got you walking funny
Get you an agent, she balling and all she talk is money
Take you shopping, baby boy ain't no salary caps
She get it popping so you better bring battery packs
Perfect time to relax
Nothing is perfect other than me and the perfect match
They all watch me cause the moves I make out they budget
Diamond digits, six figures on my shorty nugget

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