Eminem, No Apologies

Verse 1:

In my mind I'ma fighter, my heart's a lighter
My soul is the fluid, my flow sparks it right up
An arsenic writer, author with arthritis
Carpal tunnel, Marshall will start shit-itis
Hardheaded and hotheaded, bullheaded and pigheaded
Dick-headed, a prick, a big headache - I'm sick
Quick-witted, for every lyric spitted,
There are six critics who wait for me to slip with it
So quick, this dynamite stick, bury the wick,
It's gonna explode any minute - some lunatic lit it,
And it's not Nelly, do not tell me to stop yelling
When I stop selling I'll quit so, stop dwelling
I am not failing, you fuckers are not ready,
'Cause I got jelly like (Beyonce's) pot belly
This is destiny, yes money, I'm off running
So get off me, I'm not slowing or softening

Chorus:

No apologies, nah suckers I'm not sorry,
You can all sue me, y'all could be the cause of me
No apologies, y'all feelin' the force of me,
No remorse for me, like there was no recourse for me
No apologies, I'm not even acknowledging you at all,
'till I get a call that God's coming
No apologies, laugh fuckers it's all funny
I could spit in your face while you're standing across from me,
No apologies

Verse 2:

My head hits the pillow, a weepin' willow
I can't sleep, a pain so deep it bellows
But these cellos help just to keep me mellow
Hands on my head, touch knees to elbows
I'm hunched over, emotion just flows over
These cold shoulders are both frozen, you don't know me
I keep sayin' it - I cant stress it enough,
So keep playin' it and stand next to the subs
I choke mics like asphyxiation,
While I'm strangling my own throat masturbatin' (ha-ha)
Fuck yeah, I'm a basket case and I mastered this rap shit,
'till my ass gets wasted, 'till my assassination,
'till I'm slain cause of some fag's infatuation
44 mag - a fascination, a taste for disaster,
And if that's the case then..

Chorus:

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Verse 3:

This song isn't for you it's for me - A true mc,

It's what he'll do just to see if he still has it
And if his skills mastered,
He's able to spill raps long after he's killed, that's a real MC
Got you feelin' me, whether willing or unwillingly,
You still agree, as long as there's still this hunger and will in me,
Then expect a longer life expectancy
I'd be a savage beast if I ain't have this outlet to salvage me
Inside, I'd be exploding soaked in self-loathing and mourning,
So Im warning you, dont coax me
Its silly, I'm really a sheep in wolf's clothing,
Who only reacts when he gets pushed, don't be fooled
The press blows up this whole thing - it's stupid,
They don't know cause they don't see that I'm wounded,
All they did was ballooned it
I'm sick of talking 'bout these tattoos Cartoon did,
That's why I tuned it out, I'm sick of dukin'
And they can suck my dick while I'm pukin',
And you too you can..

Outro: [X2]

..Expect no sympathy from me, I'm an mc,
This is how I'm supposed to be
Cold as a G, my hearts frozen it don't even beat
So expect no apologies