The Kid LAROI, Sorry

Well, my first time, let's see

Woke up with the sun today, it's another sunny day
I went past my mama crib, 90210, L.A.
But that shit six months ago, I'm set for life, yeah, some would say
But every day, I wake up scared that it could be taken from me
I'm not givin' nothing back, I got used to gettin' paid
But no one ever told me what I had to sacrifice for fame (Yeah)
I'm just tryin' not to go insane
But I got all this weight on me and I just wanna run away (Yeah)

I don't wanna hear from you, I'm losin' my temper now
Get the fuck up off my phone, I don't wanna hear from ya
Went to Mexico for like six days
Came back and now I still feel the same way

Fucked up, in pain
Like, why the fuck I spent a hundred fifty on this plane?
Like, why the fuck I spent two hundred sixty on these chains?
Like, how am I so paranoid? I bulletproofed my range
Shit don't make no sense
I mean, the pressure's immense
I'm nineteen tryna navigate money and stress
Weird industry friends and my family life is intense
And my girl is always upset 'cause I'm always fuckin' workin'
Shit, I expect some respect
Can't even go on the 'net without someone goin' for my neck
I forget that I'm blessed
I pray to God, I hope it's a test
'Cause I've been givin' so much, I don't know what I got left

Hold on, baby, check the score
Why the hell you talkin' for?
How many weeks on Billboard?
Top ten, like forty-four, um
That's just one song and plus my albums, there's a couple more
Walked in Louis, bought the store
Model bitch, she love couture
All that sneak dissin' on the internet, you must be bored
Want my reaction, but my time some shit you can't afford
I paid like way too much for these diamonds, these bitches ain't floored
I wake up and thank the Lord
Brand-new drink, I sip and pour it up

Uh, I do not really give a fuck
Maybach truck, I pulled it off and I'm sorry
And I do not really give a fuck
When I get high, I just get stuck and I'm sorry

(I am, I am, I am)
(I am, I am, I am)
(Sorry, sorry)
(Sorry)