

# 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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