

I'm Not Sorry

Mike Stud

I've been drinking
I've been smoking
I'm not thinkin' about tomorrow
Pass the bottle
I'm in trouble
Okay I know, but I'm not sorry
No I'm not sorry
I said I'm not sorry
No I'm not sorry
So pass me that liquor
Been a long day, girl I need a pick up
Too drunk to drive, send a cab to come and get us
Woke up wearing two different shoes like a kicker
So take me back to SoHo
3rd street and Bowery
But I don't really know though
Sorry I'm not sorry
Cause I can't go home yet
My credit card's at the bar and I don't know where my phone's at
Yeah, alright, we be gettin' reckless, drunk textin', up late, fuck breakfast
And don't it feel good not carin about shit
But I know tomorrow they gon' hear about this
And we stumblin' home
You can tell me that is wrong but I know
Nanananana
Na na na na na
Nanananana
Na na na na na I just wanna be me
Not the people on the radio or the tv
Same kid that made his first song back in D.C.
And never lost sight of all that, word to Stevie
Now everything is blurry
Vision used to be 20/20, Katie Couric
Now it's not doe
Cause I'm faded on that whiskey and got all my homies with me, everybody getting trippy, turn
up
And don't it feel good not carin' about shit
But I know tomorrow we gon' hear about this
And we stumblin' home
You can tell me that is wrong yeah I know but So turn up
Hit the bar, kill the scene, I call that murder, now word up
So bring another round bartender

Cause all the best nights are the ones we can't remember
Ones we can't remember
Cause all the best nights are the ones we can't remember

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