

No Shame... No Regrets

Emilio Rojas

[Verse One: Emilio Rojas]

Everybody swore that last year was mine, everything was lined up
Thought that I would sign to MMG and join the line up
Thought that I would go to Universal out with Nigel
Hit me and then he acted all bitchy but never mind 'em
I went to Violator, took a couple meetings
Started fucking with Chris Lighty 'cause he could see it
And we were working with 'em on this tape that we releasing
Then he took his own life the day that we were supposed to meet up
Rest in peace, rest in peace, I'mma get it
For the simple fact that a legend'll believe
I'mma get it 'cause me winning's the only way I'mma grieve
And this year, all my people gon' eat
And they gon' see that I'm the best in my era, the best in this era
You dickriders really that impressed with this era?
There hasn't been a classic album yet in this era
Matter of fact, I don't have any respect for this era
On my second passport with no deal, I'm so real
I tell you hoes how a duffle bag of dough feel
And this year, I want a hundred grand a show
Yeah, I'm about to call up Mitch, I see him and I let him know
That the show price rising, verse price rising
Shining so much that I ain't gotta buy diamonds
Brighty on my wrist and I ain't even fucking wind it
So I check my phone if you ask me what the time is
I been to Paris, been to London, been to Barcelona
I lost some family to guns, some to carcinoma
I lost some family to greed and ambition
And I lost a lot of money paying for my ex tuition
But the only thing she learned is I will not be burned
Went from telling her "I love you" to "give the homie a turn", right?
I'm not concerned with your lists or your ratings
'Cause rappers gotta die 'fore you say that they the greatest
So we be getting high, lying low
What you consider living, we thinking is dying slow
You be chasing women I ain't even tryna know
Over vixens, over hoes, some bitches overexposed
Now I'm sitting on a flight out, living in the night
And the minute that I land, I'm hitting women in the Heights
For the right amount of money, homie, any wrong is right
And I ain't never ran away from a fight, hell no
I'm from the murder capital of New York State
Where they don't murder for capital, they murder for play, right?

I ain't patient, I don't never stay and wait
And my guilt and loyalty, they got an expiration date, yeah
[Break]

[Verse Two: Emilio Rojas]

Young and Latin, bringing the back of the map in
With a lot of my people up out of the evil
They riding around in the Aston with the cash all in the back end
With a bad chick with an accent and I been in the middle
Of getting and never again am I never gon' have shit
No shame, no regret and I've never been living in debt
And I've never been given respect and I've never been willing to bend
Or bid to pretend to getting ahead and get into bed with them
In the hopes to getting the dough to give them my rent
I turn my drug dealer friends into art dealers
And I'm the king, kiss the ring, you could start kneeling
And we be in the fucking city, cars squealing
Off in the convertible Beamers that got the hard ceiling
Yo, fuck a rubber, I'mma feel her when I bang her out
I'm saving money, I'm investing in my back account
I'm in Caracas in the Winter, I be tanning now
While all you bitches do is stand around
And I ain't never going broke, I'm never going broke
Once my lady get that Birkin, she ain't never going coach
Fuck a yes man, all we ever say is no
Ain't no stopping us when everything a go, yeah

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