# Wrong One

## Joe Budden

Let's get some shit out to the forefront
Better not talk behind the store front
You motherfuckers picked the wrong one
Big mistake, I think you niggas made the wrong one
These niggas talking about burners like we don't own those
Blasting this fully automatic, that's soul drums
You motherfuckers picked the wrong one
Big mistake, I think you niggas made the wrong oneThey say if money didn't change you, you ain't make enough
They say if you ain't down to bust then never say it's tough
Got a black bitch with a body, name her Nina Skill
Don't do the back and forth racket, but Serena will
There's some couple rules I'mma share with you two
Know, niggas gon' hate you for whatever you do
To let it off you gon' need a right hand and the right wrist
And using the beam mean there was a chance that you might miss
A nigga wanna send me a message, have it delivered to me
Ticket on the coupe, sheriff ain't even give it to me
They want me killed, I'm ready for it
Means I've written my will, so I'm ready for it
But I'm real so be ready for it
Cans and Desi's for sport
Camouflage and the cameras, some batteries, we ramming doors
We ain't amateurs at all
I flew but said my mans in the accord
That's tha plan moving forward
Til' I learn to get these hammers on board, dawg?Let's get some shit out to the forefront
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Big mistake, I think you niggas made the wrong oneTell them bitches they can all come
Three ain't mind sharing as long as I get them all to cum
One was an alcoholic, I swear she was drinking all the rum
Two live together Uptown, but be on Fordham some
Scooped them from the Bronx, in a small bed and breakfast fam
What was ironic was these bitches couldn't put egg to pan

[?] thing got naked to tan
Or maybe to skinny dip but she ain't wanna wear the pants
I mean I pulled up to the block, swore I was never Neverland
Hard wood all over the crib, stepped in the middle and
Gave her the "I've been missing you"-dick, she never left again
Now the bitch depressed again, I don't need the stress again
Steal from Rage might as well send it back
I got shooters everywhere, where you gonna spend it at? murder
Still a reason they made the dress code
Figure I ain't wanna spread bloodshed on nice clothes

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