

# I Did 'Em Wrong

Lil Wyte

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What's up bitch, what's up ho  
What's up bitch, what's up ho  
What's up bitch, what's up ho  
What's up bitch, what's up ho  
What's up, what's up bitch, what's up, ho, ho  
What's up, what's up bitch, bitch, what's up, ho, ho  
What's up bitch, what's up, ho, ho  
What's up bitch, what's up, ho, ho If you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to my door  
Is this shit you wearing, who am I talking to nobody knows  
If you ridin' with someone you know and they turn up this song  
You ridin' with a mother fucker, they think I did 'em wrong If you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to my  
door  
Is this shit you wearing, who am I talking to nobody knows  
If you ridin' with someone you know and they turn up this song  
You ridin' with a mother fucker they think I did 'em wrong Consequences come to those who chose to fuck with  
Lil Wyte  
Not always physical, sometimes mental and emotional right  
I'll outsmart you in a fight and come back harder on the mic  
There's an inner spiritual demon that possessed me to write  
Now that I made all these moves, my music causin' some havoc  
This shit is pick me up so what in the fuck did you expect, god-dammit?  
As long as the beat keep on rollin', my pocket's gonna get swollen I know they hate me, they let me know the  
first time that I told 'em  
I got a mind and it's focused, you got some serious issues  
I got family, friends and fans and you ain't got no one to miss you  
I bet you'll life gettin' hard, you lived your life in a yard  
I'm for real, I know there's something when you sold both of your cars  
You mad at me 'cuz I made it, I'm only havin' some fun  
See me on MTV yellin' out, who gives a fuck where you from  
You might be tough with your gun but look for fun in saddham  
Doubt me now, I told you Wyte was gon' drop bombs If you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to my door  
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 door  
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 If you ridin' with someone you know and they turn up this song  
 You ridin' with a mother fucker, they think I did 'em wrongYeah, it's time to speed on up  
 We finna go into another mothafuckin'  
 Galaxy nigga, bass check No.2, yesWake up bitch, reality creepin' around the corner  
 You so fucked up, you couldn't be an organ donor  
 When I see you, I'm knockin' yo head up off of your shoulders  
 You gonna be like ah shit, when you feel these tiny boulders  
 You fuckin' with the wrong one, the HCP cracker main  
 Slap you man, stab you man, even quick to crack your brain  
 I ain't got no time for hatin' faggots on the grind  
 Keep on passin' by cuz I got somethin' you'll never fuckin' findThis is the realest of the real, hope you feelin' it  
 and if you don't  
 Extend your arm and grab your remote and turn down your radio  
 Meanwhile, I'm gon' give it raw and write it as nasty as this shit can be  
 It's easy when you rappin' over the hardest mother fuckin' beats  
 I am not braggin', and I'm not big headed, nor am I conceded  
 But I'm proud of myself and the way I [Incomprehensible] succeeded  
 You wanna bring it to my door or be a bitch and catch me slippin'  
 Either way it goes this unit, I'm grippin's gonna get you, pimpin'If you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to  
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 You ridin' with a mother fucker, they think I did 'em wrongWhat's up, what's up bitch, what's up ho  
 What's up, what's up bitch, what's up ho, ho  
 What's up, what's up bitch, bitch, what's up, what's up ho, ho  
 What's up bitch, what's up ho, ho  
 What's up, what's up bitch, what's up ho, ho  
 What's up bitch, bitch, what's up ho, ho  
 What's up, what's up bitch, what's up ho  
 What's up bitch, what's up ho, ho

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