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, whats up bitch, what's up, ho, ho
What's up, whats 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, hoIf 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 wrongIf 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 wrongConsequences 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 swollenI 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 bombsIf you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to my 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 my door
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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 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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