

# You Was Right

## Lil Uzi Vert

[Intro]

Hit it from the back watch a nigga bless you  
Crying in my arms like a nigga wrecked you[Hook]  
Ya alright, alright, alright  
You was right I was wrong  
Ya I should've never ever took her home  
Ya I should've just boned  
Ya fantasy on my phone  
Ya hit it from the back watch a nigga bless you  
Ya crying in my arms like a nigga wrecked you  
Talking about a broken heart running to the restroom[Verse 1]  
Looked at my momma just like we rich  
Looked at my bitch now we rich  
Said we ain't got no minor setbacks  
Counting all that money told that nigga just to bet that  
I know that you ain't got it boy why you ain't just say that  
They see I got this money now his bitch like I said that  
I don't pay that hoe no mind I been had that  
When I saw my girl ya you know I had to bag that  
And before me fuck niggas ya they had that  
Five niggas in including me I had to back back  
Try to diss me I take it to your family  
I fuck your sister then make sure that she vanish[Hook](x2)  
Ya alright, alright, alright  
You was right I was wrong  
Ya I should've never ever took her home  
Ya I should've just boned  
Ya fantasy on my phone  
Ya hit it from the back watch a nigga bless you  
Ya crying in my arms like a nigga wrecked you  
Talking about a broken heart running to the restroom  
Ya alright, alright, alright  
You was right I was wrong  
Ya I should've never ever took her home  
Ya I should've just boned  
Ya fantasy on my phone  
Ya hit it from the back watch a nigga bless you  
Ya crying in my arms like a nigga wrecked you  
Talking about a broken heart running to the restroom[Verse 2]

Even though we in the same room  
You just locked the door so I had to text you  
Like bae unlock the door I got to use the restroom  
Like I don't want to war want to caress you[Hook]  
Ya alright, alright, alright  
You was right I was wrong  
Ya I should've never ever took her home  
Ya I should've just boned  
Ya fantasy on my phone  
Ya hit it from the back watch a nigga bless you  
Ya crying in my arms like a nigga wrecked you  
Talking about a broken heart running to the restroom

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