

# Unorthodox (ft. Example)

## Wretch 32

Wretchroboy  
You know we make examples  
We're history's booth  
This is a future cutYeah  
I gotta good heart  
I born on beat that's a good start  
I had a feeling I'll pass push pass  
So now I feel like I'm the reason I should last  
I move like my ish don't stink  
Gotta em all in a trance no hypnosis  
This is all from the heart impro no script (yeah)  
I'm just about writing it down  
So now I don't sleep man I miss those nights  
Take planes like trains I don't miss no flights  
I'm the type of guy that would have no life  
Just so I could shine like disco lights  
And I sound sad but I'm happy  
And the only plans to stay scatty  
Unorthodox I make the bar so I call the shotsWe don't follow no crowd  
They follow us  
Don't follow no sound  
It follows us  
Don't sit in hell  
Look down that wishing well  
Unorthodox we call our own shotsYeah  
I gotta good vibe  
I ain't trying to be bait with my hook lines  
I had a feeling could fly  
Before I hopped on a plane or I knew sky  
Yeah  
I'm a good guy and if you heard otherwise its a true lie  
I'm hype I don't do shy  
I bark up every tree and I do bite  
Yeah  
I'm only playing  
We all got freedom of speech  
I'm only saying  
I ain't got time for beef I'm on the way in  
So the 8th day of the weeks my only lay in

And I sound sad but I'm happy  
And the only plans to stay scatty  
Unorthodox I make the bar so I call the shots We don't follow no crowd  
They follow us  
Don't follow no sound  
It follows us  
Don't sit in hell  
Look down that wishing well  
Unorthodox we call our own shots No one can hold us down again  
No one will touch our crown again  
No one can hold us down again (no way)  
No one will touch our crown again We don't follow no crowd (no way)  
They follow us  
Don't follow no sound  
It follows us  
Don't sit in hell  
Look down that wishing well  
Unorthodox we call our own shots  
We don't follow no crowd  
They follow us  
Don't follow no sound  
It follows us  
Don't sit in hell  
Look down that wishing well  
Unorthodox we call our own shots  
No one can hold us down again  
No one will touch our crown again  
No one can hold us down again (no way)  
No one will touch our crown again

Songwriters

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