

Wat's Wrong (feat. Zacari & Kendrick Lamar)

Isaiah Rashad

[Intro]

Ah, ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah, ah[Verse 1: Isaiah Rashad]

Cut my hair and bump my head and fell on top

And run on sins, on friend on friend

If we don't win then pay your ties and mend your fins

And we alright, the KO kins on big o' rims

And LA hoes, if that ain't rolled up, I ain't go

I ain't home, I ain't them, I ain't them

No more ends and no more trends

And photo tint and photo lens, notice this

Pour this shit, bonafide, woe is me

Bowl of grease, naked pimp, beamin' up, clean as fuck

Other side chill for niggas, makin' life look clear for niggas

Hill for niggas, tip top cliff for niggas, this the vision side to side

So give the nigga, if we honest you gon' miss a nigga

Twisted with 'em, [?] the isms

See your bitch might kiss a nigga, which nigga? Get specific

Big ass pot, wrist is glistened, your list is shit

And your if, it isn't, let's call some titties and scar your face

The robe of wrongs has caught a case

[?] niggas they mob like Cartise from far away

All my niggas like "Calm down"

Lovin' life above a reason, just can't find it like a dozen people

Catch that vibe at night, and Bobby Whitney

Get too tired to write and died in prison

Felt like Rob tonight, whose my god tonight?

[Hook: Zacari]

Oh sometimes I get so ahead of myself

Feel like I'm runnin' in circles

Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my belt

I need smoke just to exhale

Oh and I get so ahead of myself

But I'll make it out somehow

So roll another, roll another one

And put it all in the air now[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

How many souls do you touch a day?

How many hoes do you fuck a day?

How many flows do your thought convey?

How many know you can't walk away?
Depending on the way I feel, I might kill everybody around me
Might heal everybody around me, how the wind blow
Open your window, at the debris and never let me in
I kick back with kick though
Maybe if I could live honey, would that be real?
Pay me if Imma be rhyming these homonyms
Crazy my others, yeah, wait 'til my momma knew
My daddy said a Mercedes had haunted him
But I ain't got one, I'm ridin' shotgun
With a three-piece chicken dinner and shot gun
I bring your weekend to an end and pop one
I'm in the deep end, boss nigga you not one
And I believe in Kool-Aid and God's son
Do you believe that Black man is our son?
I made enough residuals to hide some
I gave enough, my niggas know I divide some
I told Zay, I'm the best rapper since twenty five
Been like that for a while now, I'm twenty-nine
Any nigga that disagree is a fuckin' liar
Pardon me, see my alter ego was Gemini
He and I been around ever since Reagan was criticized
Might stay in the Trump tower for one week
Spray paint all the walls and smoke weed
Fuck them and fuck y'all and fuck me
I proceed my last check in proceeds
To all the kids, the hood, the bricks, the books
To fix the blocks we on to right my wrongs
The word, to give the life we live as I get...[Hook: Zacari]
...so ahead of myself
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my belt
I need smoke just to exhale
Oh and I get so ahead of myself
But I'll make it out somehow
So roll another, roll another one
And put it all in the air now[Verse 3: Isaiah Rashad]
Oh you got two Xannies, oh, just don't forget me
Love me for the moment (all in the air now) hug me like a sibling
We ain't that important, vice cops in the kitchen
Grew with Apollonia (all in the air now) Rob was makin' chicken
Beat me down, you beat me down, reorganize my face
Now when I go home, I don't know what my fam gon' say
They say it ain't love cause you bought flowers yesterday
Thoughts was always cheap, cheap, cheap

But now let's talk 'bout me, me, me, me, me
Lately I been comin', this ain't goin' how I wanted
When I pull up at your window, bitch come out, you hear that beep, beep, beep
Faithful as your EBT, closer than you momma can
Anger when you rang up, I'm a dog but I'm gon' crawl again
Freak me out, keep me out, why they always [?] me out
Niggas that been hatin' just can't wait to have my CD now
Don't we look like CP and Nirvana on that [?] pound?
Please be down, I been more than late...[Hook: Zacari]
Oh sometimes I get so ahead of myself
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my belt
I need smoke just to exhale
Oh and I get so ahead of myself
But I'll make it out somehow
So roll another, roll another one
And put it all in the air now
All in the air now[Outro]
I called to tell you the story of...when a few years, I gave my pops, uh, Cilvia, Cilvia Demo and my pops said
uh...he listened to it for about a week, came back to me said uh...dang boy, why...they talkin' 'bout he gon' run
up in somebody house...he...he talkin' 'bout you?

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