

Wrong 4 dat (ft. Keith Murray)

Redman

This is WKYA, We Kickin Yo' Ass radio
All you motherfuckers out there that want to get down with the pound
put your motherfuckin' pounds up, and start bustin' the motherfuckers
Am I too loud for this motherfucker? Turn me down a little bit
Yeah yeah yeahYo, first of all I'm a grown-ass man, pay my own bills
Stated own real, haters gon' feel
Direct Syndrome, mouth with cold tongue
You bounty hunters be on the chase for Joe Young
I won't slip, keep pink slips to my car
I'm raw like sushi bars on bougie broads
I retrieve the money, dawg labrador
Ray Charles can see it, and Stacy Lattisaw
You get mashed out, cause your bird is peckin'
Don't be the next vinyl cut to Urban Legend
I can feel where you at, when I pound you up
You out of town coke rhymes, oh you clowns is up
My crew stay in the truck, can't fit in the Porsche
If you bitches ain't happy, then get a divorce
I'ma do what I want, cause my time is now
Grab the whole rap game, and divide it downIf I want to roll a Jeep with a seat out the back
Bitch feet out the back, system beat out the track
Am I wrong for dat? (If that's what you like)
Dawg, am I wrong for dat? (Hey, I guess not)
Yo yo, if I walk into the club with my hand on my snub
Beatin down security cause I don't give a fuck
Am I wrong for dat? (Mmm mmm)
Dawg, am I wrong for dat? (Say what)I copped the whole box, went half with Reginald
Hollow tips infrareds and clips came free
And you ain't gotta believe me, fuck bein' nervous
Far as I'm concerned they're at your funeral service
What do we have here? Snitch in despair, shoot off his ear
Have his whole body shakin' in fear
Stormtrooper fires throwin' lashin' out flames
A few ashes, when they analyze your remains
I live in the streets, reside with the toolie
I kill you like it's part of my religious duty
Street sweeper thug keeper sweepin' thugs under the rug
Even females who think they thugs
Trigger the release of adrenaline

When I'm gangsta-trippin' like the Bloods'n'Crips'n'them
Unleash the matter of energy, killin' 'em
Why'd you do it? Because I wasn't feelin' them! If I ride through the hood, smokin' a ounce of haze (uh-huh)
with a shabby haircut, pants I wore for days
Am I wrong for dat? (I don't think so)
C'mon bitch, am I wrong for dat? (Say what)
Yo, if I want a fat chick that keep her toes done (uh-huh)
When they playin' my song ass spill out the thong
Am I wrong for dat? (Got that big ass)
Am I wrong for dat? (Tchk, no) I gotta, bang the boogie to that bang bang pussy
To that bang to the pussy the beat, beat
And if yo', bitch ain't sippin' that Cristal shit
Then she might be leavin' with D, D
I got a hairy-ass chest, like Austin Powers
That bitch that "Stan" drowned, I fucked around with her
Act like a man, stand on your own two
Doc takin' it all, fuck who it belong to

Songwriters

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