

Wrong One (Feat. Wordsworth)

Marco Polo

"Don't get me wrong"
"Yo, don't get me wrong"
"After this you're good as gone" "What up? I ain't got no pity for y'all
No mercy, misery was spitting these bars
If you caught a jaw for being as stupid as you lyrically are
Most of the crime in the city be solved
Busy I get it, street smart, gritty and witty
EMC click, hit every city as if
The bigger I get, not physically but mentally fit
My ego gotta be shipped just to go on trips
I'm easily likable once you see what I can do
Talk about me like Jesus in Bible school
You trash, your LP and EPs recyclable
You albums should be burnt to a CD-Rewritable
Why would you think of approaching Words
I know you heard, seen in stores, so control the urge
In my own lane causing other roads to merge
Hear the [?], clear the way when the chauffeur turns
I'm ready at all times (all times)
So if you want yours come and get mine
All y'all get in line
No fear over here, I'm aware of you
I'm not scared of you, nah
I'm prepared for you
From the streets to the stage
You picked the wrong one
Tryna get you a name
You picked the wrong one
Must have made a mistake
You picked the wrong one
You had the right idea
But you picked the wrong one
I go on tour and my whole squad comes
We go places so far we send postcards from
This is just my beginning so I know y'all done
I'mma flood the whole scene till the Coast Guard come
Don't y'all run, trying to escape is pointless
My boys is everywhere that light and noise is
So come out the dark from hiding

I see you, my psychic count carats, that mark a diamond
I'm climbing the charts, you slidin'
My promo van scares y'all like the narc's inside it
Brain ain't strong without a heart providin'
Your boats inside of where sharks residing
Don't seem sensible, ain't got a hint or clue
Since you intentionally dispensed what I meant to do
Interviews askin' who do I listen to
No one but me, who you came to see
Don't get me wrong, my history is centuries long
So don't try to off me just to get you on
No sign up or filling out an entry form
What you envy will wind up eventually pawned
Smooth jazz, paycheck, rip it's gone
Whatever asphalt, grass, or cement we on
At any event performed
Done before the fans even walked through the door
To have their tickets torn
You picked the wrong one, wrong time, wrong person
Wrong window, wrong door, wrong curtain
Flip how I spit every song, no cursin'
DJs think they're playing the wrong version
So get it correct, 'cause it the wrong tree you're barking up
Turn that tree into your coffin like a carpenter
Keep your mouth shut, voice preserve
When I talk it's never the wrong choice of words
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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