

# Write My Wrongs (feat. Kontra)

## Craw

[INTRO: CRAW]

You ever feel like, it's us against the world?

Yeah, me too[VERSE 1: CRAW]

Go ahead and collect that data,

I deliver it deliberate, obliterate the little bit of hate in my considerate,

It's just the way I was raised in the pit of the fall,

Consider it all, before I get a little bit too deep to come back,

Two feet to run back, I ain't one to quit man, you need to trust that,

Age ten here I am, diaper in my hand, kid in my lap, life in my hands,

Trying to raise my father's seed, but that don't bother me, I don't need apologies,

Eagerly leaving behind these demons of mine,

My mind is divided I try to fight it, but bothered by the violence seen as a kid,

Even at this rate, I can't fix the mistakes I made,

So pissed that I missed every sick day,

I ain't get a day off, I aint seen the sunshine, I ain't ever had a choice,

'Till I fucking rhymed,[CHORUS: CRAW]

This is what I see when the lights go off,

This is what I bleed when I bite my jaw,

This is what I feel when the mic turn on,

And my life get off so I write my songs,

This is what I see when the lights turn off,

This is what I get when I write my wrongs,

If I don't do this here then I might get soft,

And I might dissolve, so I write my songs[VERSE 2: CRAW]

They always ask me, Craw why'd you do that?

Why'd you have to fuck up the one thing you knew that, could help you,

You stupid, you fucked up, you crazy?

I don't know, maybe all of the above,

I'm a self-destructive villain,

Why you think I pick a career that give me one in a million chances to advance and really do this shit,

But we been beating the odds since my mother had cancer in her uterus,

This-this this is not a joke homie,

I'm not here for pussy, I am really broke homie,

I don't know how to do shit but rap tight,

So you better watch your back if you attack Mike,

I ain't giving props to these wack types,

And I don't really have time to smoke weed and bullshit,

My rent was due on the first and it's the fourteenth,

Plus I been taking care of them since I was fourteen,

So before you puff your chest out and spit that,  
I'd take a second, think why you on this path,  
And how hard you hit that, cause I'ma hit harder,

You came to kill but I came to slaughter[CHORUS: CRAW][VERSE 3: KONTRA]

Yeah, still gotta make it through setbacks,  
Sign of wetbacks, brought to prosper and can't forget that,  
For my family left back, feeling poverty's impact,  
Fuck the lottery, get cash, hustle jobs not a ten sack,  
Work hard to get that, I live modest and give back,  
Taught humility since a snotty kid and I been that,  
But what is this humbleness, or am I defending my pride,  
Cause I done chilled with legends and didn't even tell um I rhyme,  
So ahead of my time, lyrical fitness hella divine,  
I never want another responsible for getting my shine,  
So go ahead and ride an artist's dick and get in the line,  
Giving every known person in me a demo to get signed,  
When I'm wrecking the rhyme, I ain't trying to impress you with lines,  
I'm perfecting my mind, it keeps my chakras forever aligned,  
Still creep with graphic poster, geometric design,  
Reminds me when I was broke but still feeling everything's fine,  
I grind like I'm supposed to, you think everything's fine,  
Couldn't give back to the culture if you sent them your spine,  
Man you kids bark with chalk when you write your wrongs,  
We admit scars with bars and put our life in the songs,  
Writing the wrongs[CHORUS: CRAW]

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