

Do No Wrong

Hustle Gang

Do no wrong, do no wrong, can't do no wrong
Do no wrong, do no wrong, do no wrong, can't do no wrong
Do no wrong, yeah no matter how you feel, can't do no wrong
Do no wrong, do no wrong, do no wrong, do no wrong, do no wrong
Me and my kin do no wrong
Me and my kin do no wrong (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Go and ask the city for the song
Me and my kin do no wrong, do no wrong

I just recreate it when I'm on, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sat back and contemplate it, when I'm on, yeah, yeah, yeah
I just did this shit just how I want
The only way I knew that, was when I'm on, yeah, yeah, yeah
Scan off with the latest
Pool party with the A-list
Feeling so innovative
Breaking bread with familiar faces
Surrounded by all my day ones, only way that I feel the safest
Alexander MCQueen, Rick Owens, Vera Wang, no laces
I'm picking up the tab, quick payment
I'm tryna make it out of the basement
Another headshot for a racist
A bad thot running 'round the bases
It's all your fault, you ain't save her
They joined our side, could you blame her?
How we livin' changing
It ain't been same since we came in

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Yeah, uh, tryna roll me up a L
Tell the bitch, give me a backwood
Tryna get a little head
Ooh, ooh, ooh, that's good
You want war with Dro, you gotta take me tho
13 hoes in my ratio
All I want is Felacio (That's head)
Hoe sit down, Maceo
Top 5 and I'm not dead
Drop head and then drop it
I ain't pimping, bih excuse me
Hoe, you must've been mislead (Hold up)
While I'm sipping this Cognac
Switch shirts like I'm Kanye
You smoke too much, give my blunt back (Give it)
ATL, we won't stand that
Your bitch bad, we extend that (Fuck her)
Pocketbook, we extend that
We gon' drag the hoe up and down, side to side and front to back
Walk around with them Louis on

Bryce, get your boy groupie home
Tech Nine out with that cooler on me
Bow bow, get it moving homie

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Hold up, hold up, turn up at Follies, turn up at Follies
Turn up at Magic, turn up at Magic
Ain't nun' but exotics, ain't nun' but exotics
Guns in my palace, guns in my palace
Nothin' but hundreds, nothin' but hundreds and thousands, I stack it
Ten thousand, I stack it and holler my gunner
Holler my gunner, stay on automatic, stay on automatic
But we don't give no damn, don't give no damn
Don't give no fuck, don't give no fuck
Pull up on your block, pull up on your block
And wet that hoe up, and wet that hoe up
In a new Bentley truck, a new Bentley truck
Pocket full of that lumber, full of that lumber
Soon as I pull up, your hoe wanna give me her number
Dropping the top on my dawn (Yeah)
Look like we dead in the summer
Long live Peanut Da Don
We come from the trenches, the gutter
Yeah, another shoutout to my brother
Making a sucker take cover
Quarter million, we stuff in the duffle
We can't do no wrong, 'cause they love us
The city, they love us, for real

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