

Wrong Right

42 Dugg

Money, power, and respect
Make me mad, I'm spendin' a dollar, bitch, on Neff
Louis V bag, 300 cash in a compressor
Put 50 on all sixes on niggas, Geeski will tell ya
Bitch, I'm feelin' rebellious, these niggas kill me
I don't give a fuck how it really sound, I don't feel them
Patek Pressies and Millys, paid two, three, and a nickel
Diss me, we'll blitz you, tell me how much it's takin'
Uncle real magician, ain't there, shit, he'll make it
My young killas go crazy, I need to see niggas' statements
I lost a million in Vegas, I'm gamblin' with my life
Can't believe it wasn't sealed, now I know it ain't a pint

Wrong, right
I pray my niggas live a long life
And I don't even smoke, but I'm with all the shit
So many of my bros probably hate that I'm rich, hate that I'm lit
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And I don't even smoke, but I'm with all the shit, with all the shit
I'm still with all the shit
Free my niggas

Duffle bags full of cash
A million in the stash, I'll make you niggas mad
Remember me doing bad, gamblin' with my last
Who helped me, nigga, who? Quarter million in juice
Fuck squashin', I'm tryin' to shoot, Momma, this shit for you
Can't imagine livin' without you, I just cashed yo house
The road ain't that big, I'm holding it for your kids
Got me cryin' all night, like damn, this really life

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