

Did Me Wrong

A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie

I wrote this song for the last bitch that did me wrong
I can't believe your turned your back when I was all alone
The feds took my friends from me and I was on my own
They gon' try to take our swag, but they could never clone us
The richest in my family, at nineteen, I grown up
Niggas call for me and I don't even pick my phone up
Don't want no company 'cause lately ain't been feelin' no one
They plan on slumping' me, but comfortably, we keep it on us

I think of Butta every single time that I perform
And I put on different Saint Laurent for my cologne
It's hard to tell if niggas jealous if they never met us
I don't know if I should take a picture or put 'em on a stretcher
Headshot, you all alone, no time to send a message
When you feel it in your bones the only time you regret it
Highbridge, we got big swag, I know you big mad
Luckily it was a shit bag and not a zip bag
But fuck that shit, I wrote this song for the- ha
I wrote this song for the last bitch that did me wrong
Hate that I met her even though I know she knew me better
Everything Biggavelli, brand new Benz coupes
Can't even blame you if you cross me 'cause I sin too
I pray to God for all this money that I ran through
You think you shinin' in the light, well, bitch, I lamp too
Get a 'Mani, catch a flight right to Cancún
It was hard to ride the wave, but I swam through
On a PJ, me and all my damn goons
I'm so high, I feel like landin' on the damn moon
Baby, we ride, goin' back to back in Phantoms
I don't want you to call me crazy, baby, call me Hussein
The big body heavy, it needed two lanes
Two frames, Cartier glasses, I see right through things
One thing that you can never call me is plain, hey
Plain Jane Patek Philippe, it'll cost you everything
A-B-double O-G-I-E, OD Louis, baby
Ooh, she crazy, I'ma be DTB 'til I'm probably eighty
Probably cost me half a milli' and I go to Saudi, baby
I'm leaving on a jet plane and I don't know when I'll be coming back here, baby
It's not you, it's me, I started moving so toxic lately
Hoes and these streets got me so cold hearted lately
Too soon, this lifestyle too soon
And lil' mama said it was too soon to get that two-tone
Cuban link, yellow and white or the rose gold
Got you them precise cut diamonds, they got a ringtone
And I got Murder Bravado up on my legs, ooh
And that SF90 ain't got no legroom
She broke my heart into pieces like it was a pencil
Quit showin' off and let me fuck your friend soon
I keep a tooly on my waist like a utensil
I put them rocks around your neck just like a flintstone
We started off with True Religions with the Balmain
Wanna be different, I say Lanvin, you say Lanvin

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