

## Did Me Wrong

### A Boogie Wit Da Hoodie

I wrote this song for the last bitch that did me wrong  
I can't believe you 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 slumpin' 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, b  
aby  
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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