

Dead Wrong

Brisco

You don't know
Brisco! Baby Soulja!

And I'm dead wrong, and I know it
But a real nigga trying to stay focus
Bitch I'm dead wrong
I know I'm dead wrong

Look head bobbers, daddy smokers and 40 folders
Cutting olders, some of these niggas west golden
Got to heat the dough, and bitch I still off to the westside
So I can take my arms and legs, and bitch you still gonna get cut thighs
Fighting for different thesis and 4 different cities
Brother got killed and still ain't learned my lesson, bitch I'm with it
It came to me bottom murder, bitch I don't know who did it
Boy the real I took, boy this shit getting dead serious
My baby momma got us all out, now she thank she the shit
I kept us up in the morning, bitch I'm taking your shit
Cause after all I did, ain't thank for it
And after all I did, ain't gonna treat me like this

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When Maxi came a lifestyle, my baby Soulja got a 100 on them right now
Feed the vultures, the shop open
Papi heat me off the chest
Stack it up, and settle down on Marvin Creek
The voice of a legend, the bull of a pit
Running to them cars, I hit my verse clean
My uncle full of shit, my attitude stand off
I waited til he running me a blocka
I ran off, it's a dirty game so I play
This ain't a trap, got a quarter we gonna make it
Yeah! And after all I did, you gonna take me like this
After all I did, they gonna shit on Bris

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I put my hand on one of my favorite rappers
Yeah! I wanted to let me know it was one of the biggest cappers
(Ooh) I get why real niggas hated me
I finished my success niggas hate to see
You put your mind on your money, and your money where your mouth is
Cause these fuck niggas try to swish cheese your outfit
I put a hole in my brother like, nitto did G
While he pleaded like niggas, CMB
I get the walls, all he had the creek
And it was by the 4-3, hold that to my Z-O-E
You know that press won D, couldn't get the ups on me
So I bet

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Let's get it now