

Dead Ass Wrong

Dae Dae

(We got London on the track)
That the check, we got check man
What you know about going at her?
Don't tell that ho your business
Don't tell that ho your business
Turn up

Dead ass wrong
Boy don't tell that ho your business, you dead ass wrong
You told that ho my business, bitch you dead ass wrong
You tried to fuck my partner, bitch you dead ass wrong
You can tell I'm in my feelings, bitch you dead ass wrong
But I'm going to get it together
And I done changed, I done changed
But you will dead ass wrong
I'ma get me some money and I'm scrape up every last change
But you will dead ass wrong

You all in my business
You all in your feelings
Cause I came out of trenches
And I made it, I done did it
I feel like you ain't fucking with me
There's no way you can get it
Cause I came out that mud
Oh, yeah-yeah-yeah

Go and get the check, go and get the money, never looking back
Tell them who you will, stand up like a man, never show no slack
Got to run up on 'em, got to turn up on 'em, got to show 'em who the man
Got to brush 'em off of me
All these cuban links, all these Rollies, gotta turn their lights on me
Nigga talking down, better bad, got the right amount on me
I'ma turn up on 'em every time I got the chance homie
Will I sign this deal or that deal? I never planned on it

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Remember them times on the balcony
Remember them times I was rapping to myself saying I was gonna do this shit
Remember them times I was trapping hard on boulevard trying to get it
Remember the times that UPS, I was sorry moving boxes
Now I'm on the charts and shit
Now I want a 'Rari
Shit fuck it, buy it tomorrow
Ain't no way in hell
I can fucking fail
This shit here so easy

I make this shit look easy
Patient, make you wait
Me I had to go
Patient made me late
I wanted more
Feel like I wanted it more
I feel like I put it in motion
I feel like I couldn't afford it
All the radio promotion
Whoever said I had to force it
This shit was blowing up anyway

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That shit dead, that shit dead, that shit dead ass wrong
That shit dead, that shit dead, that shit dead ass wrong
That shit dead, that shit dead, that shit dead ass wrong
(We got London on the track)