

# Wat's Wrong

Isaiah Rashad

Ah, ah, ah, ah  
Ah, ah, ah, ah

Cut my hair and bump my head and fell on top  
And run on sins, and front on friends  
If we don't win then pay your Tithes and mend your fins  
And we alright, the KO kins on big o' rims  
And LA hoes, if that ain't rolled up, I ain't go  
I ain't home, I ain't them, I ain't them  
No more ends and no more trends  
And photo tint and photo lens, notice this  
Pour this shit, bonafide, woe is me  
Bowl of grease, naked pimp, beamin' up, clean as fuck  
Other side chill for niggas, makin' life look clear for niggas  
Hill for niggas, tip top cliff for niggas, this the vision side to side  
So give the nigga, if we honest you gon' miss a nigga  
Twisted with 'em, this the isms  
See your bitch might kiss a nigga, which nigga? Get specific  
Big ass pot, wrist is glistened, your list is shit  
And your, if it isn't, let's call some titties and scar your face  
The robe of wrongs has caught a case  
Other niggas they mob like Cartise from far away  
All my niggas like "Calm down"  
Lovin' life above a reason, just can't find it like a dozen people  
Catch that vibe at night, and Bobby Whitney  
Get too tired to write and died in prison  
Felt like Rob tonight, lost my god tonight?

Oh sometimes I get so ahead of myself  
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles  
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my belt  
I need smoke just to exhale  
Oh and I get so ahead of myself  
But I'll make it out somehow  
So roll another, roll another one  
And put it all in the air now

How many souls do you touch a day?  
How many hoes do you fuck a day?  
How many flows do your thought convey?  
How many know you can't walk away?  
Depending on the way I feel, I might kill everybody around me  
Might heal everybody around me, how the wind blow  
Open your window, at the debris and never let me in  
I kick back with kick though  
Maybe if I could live a hundred years that be real?  
Pay me if Imma be rhymin' these homonyms  
Crazy my others, yeah, wait 'til my momma knew  
My daddy said a Mercedes had haunted him  
But now I got one, I'm ridin' shotgun  
With a three-piece chicken dinner and shot gun  
I bring your weekend to an end and pop one  
I'm in the deep end, boss nigga you not one  
And I believe in Kool-Aid and God's son  
Do you believe that Black man is our son?  
I made enough residuals to hide some  
I gave enough, my niggas know I divide some

I told Zay, I'm the best rapper since twenty five  
Been like that for a while now, I'm twenty-nine  
Any nigga that disagree is a fuckin' liar  
Pardon me, see my alter ego was Gemini  
He and I been around ever since Reagan was criticized  
Might stay in the Trump tower for one week  
Spray paint all the walls and smoke weed  
Fuck them and fuck y'all and fuck me  
I proceed my last check in proceeds  
To all the kids, the hood, the bricks, the books  
To fix the blocks we on to right my wrongs  
The word, to give the life we live as I get...

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Oh you got two Xannies, oh, just don't forget me  
Love me for the moment (all in the air now) hug me like a sibling  
We ain't that important, vice cops in the kitchen  
Grew with Apollonia (all in the air now) Rob was makin' chicken  
Beat me down, you beat me down, reorganize my face  
Now when I go home, I don't know what my fam gon' say  
They say it ain't love cause you bought flowers yesterday  
Thoughts was always cheap, cheap, cheap  
But now let's talk 'bout me, me, me, me, me  
Lately I been comin', this ain't goin' how I wanted  
When I pull up at your window, bitch come out, you hear that beep, beep, bee  
p  
Faithful as your EBT, closer than you momma can  
Anger when you rang up, I'm a dog but I'm gon' crawl again  
Freak me out, keep me out, why they always leave me out  
Niggas that been hatin' just can't wait to have my CD now  
Don't we look like CP and Nirvana on that keep me pound  
Please be down, I been more than late...

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All in the air now

I called to tell you the story of...when a few years, I gave my pops, uh, Ci  
lvia, Cilvia Demo and my pops said uh...he listened to it for about a week,  
came back to me said uh...dang boy, why...they talkin' 'bout he gon' run up  
in somebody house...he...he talkin' 'bout you?