

# Dead Wrong

Kid Ink

(Benjamin and Pil)

Sorry if you feel like I was dead wrong  
I'm just tryna keep my head on, ayy  
Know we made it through the bad zone  
I don't wanna hear no sad songs  
Sorry if the shit I say is dead wrong  
It's the part that we ain't plan on, ayy  
Ain't a lap, bitch, this a marathon  
But I ain't gon' be playin' fair long

Came into this shit without no big homie (Woo)  
Watch 'em disappear, they couldn't bet on me  
Made it to the top, but shit was real lonely  
Ain't nobody show us nothin', engine still roarin'  
Where the pressure? I don't stress it, never see me foldin'  
Bustin' down the zaza, I gotta keep it rollin'  
Yeah, twistin' up, but the bitch straight  
We already made a million of a mixtape  
World tourin', label askin' how we doin' this  
Never had no handouts, had to prove this shit  
Yeah, I made a couple moves I wouldn't do again  
Please forgive me for my foolishness, still new to this

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Get that shit by any means, yeah  
Got a family and some kids to feed  
On the way, I ain't mean to make no enemies  
You ain't gotta say it, I can feel your energy, ayy  
Interviews, playin' politics, I'm tired of this  
Tried to put me on the shelf like some condiments  
I just got up off the phone with my bottom bitch  
Told that nigga let it go and keep it bottled in  
Niggas act like they don't know, but that's a big bluff  
Watch 'em come right back around like they missed us  
I ain't trippin', knew this shit was just a hiccup  
Now the clip fully loaded, got this shit tucked

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