

I Did 'Em Wrong

Lil Wyte

Watsup Bitch, Watsup Hoe
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If you a killer motherfucker, bring your anna to my door
Is this shit you wearing, who am I talking to nobody knows
If you ridin with someone you know and they turn up this song
you ridin with a motherfucker that think I did 'em wrong.

consequences come to those who chose to fuck with lil wyte
not always physical sometimes mental and emotional right
I'll outsmart you in a fight and come back harder on the mic
theres an inner spiritual demon that possess me to write
now that I made all these moves
my music causing some havoc
this shit is pick me up so wat in the fuck did you expect god dammit?
as long as the beat keep on rollin, my pockets gonna get swollen
I know they hate me, they let me know the first time that I told 'em
I got a mind and it's focused
you got some serious issues
I got family friends, and fans and you ain't got no one to miss you
I bet you'll life gettin hard
you lived your life in a yard
Im for real I know theres something when you sold both of your cars
you mad at me cause I made it, I'm only havin some fun
see me on mtv yelling out who gives a fuck where you from
you might be tough with your gun but look for fun in saddham
doubt me now ?? I told you wyte was gon drop bombs....

yeah it's time to speed on up, we finna go into another motherfucker
galaxy nigga, bass check #2, BEEATCH

wake up bitch reality creepin around the corner
you so fucked up you couldnt be an organ donor
when I see you, I'm knockin yo head up off of your shoulders
you gon be like ah shit when you feel
these tiny boulders
you fuckin with the wrong one
the HCP cracker main, slap you man, stab you man
even quick to crack your brain
I ain't got no time for hatin faggots on the grind
keep on passin by cause I got something
you'll never fuckin find
this the realest of the real
hope you feelin it and if you dont
extend your arm and grab your remote
and turn down your radio
meanwhile, I'm gon give it raw
and write it as nasty as this shit can be
Its easy when you rappin over the hardest motherfuckin beats
I am not braggin, and I'm not big headed, nor am I conceded
but I'm proud of myself and the way I supposedly succeeded
you wanna bring it to my door
or be a bitch and catch me slippin
either way it goes this unit I'm grippin's gonna get you, pimpin