

## Two Wrongs

Meek Mill

They say two wrongs don't make a right  
But if its my blood, someone has to die  
Cause in the street life you got to sacrifice  
Either my life or your life  
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But if its my blood, someone has to die  
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This is either my life or your life  
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Anybody trying to stop my shine got to get it  
I'll admit it  
If my life on the line then we 187 whoever I'm with it  
I'm talking about murder we did it  
And the nerve of you critics  
To think something of me and judge me if I shoot and murder these niggas  
They murdered my dad and converted me menace  
So when they come serve me my sentence  
I bet I won't tell them a word of my business  
I'll rot in that cell 'til they burn me my nigga  
And it hurt me my nigga to see my day ones acting thirsty 'bout bitches or m  
oney  
I cut off 'bout thirty of my niggas  
Had thoughts about murking my niggas  
Cause it be the closest of niggas that change on you quick and know most of  
your business  
I put this on Snupe ya the ghost of my nigga  
I would've rode hearse with you niggas  
So its either my life or your life  
If it don't go right, gun to your face so you know right  
I won't do you dirty, get hit with this four twice  
So pray up and hold tight my nigga

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Two wrongs, you lost me when you crossed me  
You put me in the feds arm reach  
Call from my home out in Palm beach  
They'll lay you in the wall of concrete  
My niggas ain't playin' games  
When you tellin' names that we sellin' caine  
We was gettin' rich, we was livin' good  
Robbin' hood that every ghetto bitch  
You know that its comin'  
You know that its karma  
Death before dishonor, I am your honor  
Nancy Reagan raised a monster

They say that Ronny armed the contras  
All that shit without a conscience  
So why would I should have a conscience?  
A generation livin' godless, could never make it out the darkness

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