

# Correct Me If I'm Wrong

Paul Wall

Correct me if I'm wrong  
These days hard to tell who to trust  
These days hard to tell who to trust man  
Correct me if I'm wrong  
Staying true to yourself is a must  
Staying true to yourself is a must man  
Correct me if I'm wrong  
I don't want the fame I just want the bucks  
I don't want the fame I just want the bucks man  
Correct me if I'm wrong  
In the end we all end up dust  
In the end we all end up dust man  
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Riding down the boulevard clean than a bitch  
Everyone waiving at me taking my pic (taking my pic)  
They so called want to be my friend: they not slick  
If my pockets wasn't thick they would be gone quick  
Hit the left lane tipping as I tap that blinker  
With a bad mamacita crawling slow on the feeder  
Saw jack boy creeping with a side eye  
Cup colors look similar to tie-dye  
Big time that's not fat  
Roll'-ie on my wrist (my wrist)  
Boys talking down I got haters in my mix (my mix)  
Made a lot of profit  
On that swish  
But there's too [?] broke for most so they pissed man

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Back when I was broke it was all good  
Nobody jealous when you poor it was understood  
I never had to watch my back for a hater  
Nobody envious when you ain't got no paper  
But I could sell water to a rain cloud  
Now I got that bread everybody got their hand out  
I got a good heart I tend to try to help them, (try to help them)  
Lord help them running game on me ain't helping  
As soon as I leave they talk down every time  
They point out my flaws but they don't mention my grind  
Fake friends turn foe at the drop of a dime  
But really they just want what's mine

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