

# Can't Get Right

## Problem

Yeah  
Look  
It's Lefty Gunplay, look, what?

Strapped, I'm in the back  
Scat Pack with a mini MAC  
I jacked him, seven racks  
I met her in the trap sellin' crack  
Oops, it was 'contin, my bad  
Rolling out, Thailand  
Do a drive-by in the Lam'  
Beat it up, she work at Sam's  
Do your dance on my dick off a gram  
Masked up, seven chains in the set  
Ass up, face down, on the set  
Fuck a bitch, I be trippin' 'bout a check  
Runnin' up a bag Tuesday to Tuesday  
Smash a bad-ass bitch up in Tousse  
Think I'm Yatta, I'ma hit it off a D'ussé  
Do whatever you say, now we wearin' Dolce

Why they call you Lefty?  
I said I can't get right  
I said I can't get right  
Why they call you Lefty?  
I can't get right  
Get what? Can't get right  
Why they call you Lefty?  
I can't get right  
I can't get right  
Why they call you Lefty?  
Oh, what? I can't get right  
Oohwee, oh, what? I can't get right  
Why they call you Lefty?

Everybody tellin' me I'm back  
Gunplay, this that throwback  
Nick, nack, paddy whack, DoorDash  
Dope fiends noddin' off, Snorlax  
Make it rain on a stripper, check the forecast  
Lefty Gunplay fresh out the 4, man  
Court, man, in the morning  
Gunplay, you so boring  
Sixty thousand 'round my neck, that shit hit different  
10K, thirty minutes  
Penn State, state prison  
I wanna be a man, I promise I'ma listen

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I can't get right  
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