

Wrong Direction

Rittz

I feel like I've seen it all, you know?
I'm talkin' about big life, big space and
Beautiful women, all the money you can imagine
I haven't been anywhere in the world
Some countries I can't even name
If one thing stays the same
There's obviously more bullshit coming down

Feel the pain in my ink
Like you got it tatted on you for life
Picture me like we were talkin' on Skype
It's like we're walkin' on ice
Right where it's thin where we tendin' to step a lot
Fall in and you'll definitely die
Bet you thought you'd walk on water like Christ
Only you just as human as Mark Cuban
The only difference between you and him
Is improvin' your wealth and flyin' Delta
Be fly as hell if I flew on a private jet
But I can't let another person's life
Affect what I'm projectin' mine to be like
And who decides on these influencers
Taste makers were flavored like a Heineken Light
Little, if any, like a steak on the griddle at Denny's
It's hard to bring home the bacon
Workin' at Dilla's for pennies
Wendy's or Jimmy John's
Gettin' bitched out on your shift
Because some prissy mom specifically said
Extra pickles on a chicken sub
You ain't give her none
You bit your tongue so much the tip is gone
Wishin' that a lick would come
A quicker come up
Thinkin' about all the money you spend on liquor and drugs
It's down the drain like liquid plumber
Pick a number, if it's 1 you didn't win
If it's 8 then great, the shape is infinite
And the winner gets a prize, sike I'm lyin'
Rappers do it all the time to them
But y'all don't care, y'all just comment here
And one to follow there, really hopin' someone shares
Climbed from the bottom and now I'm smilin'
Just like a boss gettin' top in his office chair
Yea-uh yeah

Feel like I've done saw it all
But somethin' always come along
But one thing is for certain (Yea-uh yeah)
We're losin' our perception
The world we live in is burning
I think it might be turning in the wrong direction

I'm so solid that I'm solidified
I'm a monster, the Brian Bosworth of rap
Anything else is uncivilized
Like ordering endless fries for dinner

Before the menu gets passed around
Rushin' the person you sit beside
Who can't decide on what to get to hurry up
So hungry I'm sick inside, starving artist
Hard to ignore the stomach noises
Growling intensified
Similar to the lion inside of the MGM design
But this ain't cinema, I'm Simba from Lion King
Madonna sing just like a gust of wind
When it causin' the chimes to ring
A thousand pin drops
I told this girl I'm in town, to drop a pin now
Before I bounce or think I have to make a pit stop
Play with tits like I'm a four year old
Fuck your horoscope, Taurus or a Scorpio
Recording some porno gold on my phone
I post it but I don't know who it was
Love nudity more the average human being does
Yuh-uh yuh

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Wait a minute, hold the fuck up
What, you wanted one more?
Well first, let me give enough yours
To anybody who's ever said
Shut the front door
Tellin' me not to cuss
Because they young, spoiled brat of a kid's around
He might pick up more words he's too young for
I get it, he's a small child
Well tell him it's a man's world
I have an adult mouth
Why's everyone immature?
I guess because of online
You hit me up from before
You mad cuz my response time was a month
I hit you one time saying "Thanks so much!"
You hit me back and ask me
"Why'd it have to take a month?"
I hit your page, you're twenty-eight
At least I hate to judge
But you're way above the age of actin' lame
Cuz I was late to try to say "what's up?"
I'm on they neck like razor bumps
[?] plus
You bitches need to take a makeup brush
And shove it where the sun won't ever hit it
Where y'all won't ever get it
Like receiving the credit and being considered
The best that's ever did it
Yuh uh, yee-eahhhh

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