

Right or Wrong

Skeme

Perc been calling my soul
And the paper keep calling my phone
Bitch keep calling me Too \$hort
She don't know that she don't even really know me
Middle of the summertime, LA in the heatwave
Niggas still play with this snow yeah, yeah
Nigga lives trap, that I know yeah, yeah
This the only life that I know
Until lil bro from the first [?] rolled down
Now I can't leave the house without gold on me
Sayin' how the streets filled up with geek, geeks
Same nigga, same G
Be the one told on ya
Lil nigga wasn't real good back then
But he seem to let the corner take a toll on him
Now we cold on him
Fuck around in these streets
Soundin' like bought every damn thing on my soul on 'em
Everything I rap to you is factual
Whatever I pop that's hot shit on the natural
Lil' bitch I grind like I skate, this ain't radical
I counted revenue straight off that avenue
Diamonds inside of that rollie gonna make a, make a funny face
and then laugh at you
I'm happy right now cuz I did what I had to do
You can make it out this bitch then try to make a way for them
Lil' niggas still make excuses on why they be mad at you
That's why I tell 'em
I don't give one fuck bout a pussy ass nigga or a pussy ass attitude
I caught and really got it on my own
Had to hustle late nights, early mornings
Tryna change, tryna grow
But still ain't grew out of this dough
Nigga play with me then I'm getting going, gone

Tryna figure out my rights from wrongs
I got tired of these nights alone
The only friend I have is the microphone
I live life in a microscope
They always ask me what I'm fighting for
The memories I have, I keep them close
I'm riding for this life
Right or wrong (How do I know what's right yeah, yeah)