

# 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)