

Wrong Crowd

Skizzy Mars

Live and love
Crash and burn
Smoke a spliff,
Take some painkillers
Try to get your mind right
Think about it, light another take your time
And when it's light out
I just stay inside and make a rhyme
Recite in front of the mirror
I'm staring at my reflection
I'm searching for a suggestion
Screaming at all of the girls
That never gave me attention
Irony now that I'm paid
Bitches pay me attention
I'm making my teachers proud
Drinking I'm underaged
Those teachers were two-faced
So now I'm teaching the lesson
Jeans saggin', they say that first impressions
Last the longest
Well to be honest, man
We living for the moment
That's that Grey Goose that Dom P, patron and
We prolly won't recall this
Recall this in the morning
But fuck it though,
My bucket list consists of getting money, fucking hoes
A young kid with a ton of goals, a misfit

That's why my jeans so tight
Sometimes I do wrong, but I mean so right
I'm always chilling with the wrong crowd
I'm always hanging with the wrong crowd

I can never be what I need to be
So I don't really care what they think of me
I'm always chilling with the wrong crowd
I'm always hanging with the wrong crowd

Uhh, you see my crew's a lot of savages
A lot of rude
A lot of crude
A lot of flat out bad kids
Who don't give a fuck about the aftermath of their actions
In the cut
Blowing kisses out the ass, laughing
Man these jeans cost a lot
Fourth quarter, tied game

You know he forced the shot cuz
I can't trust these niggas with my destiny
Especially, cuz I know I'm destined for better things
Grab some friends
Her, her, baby not you
Migration season I'm the one they flock to
Foul play, got a nigga on the look out

So I keep one eyebrow raised just like the Rock do
Can you smell me dog?
Smell this kush man
It smelling hella strong
Quiet kids smoking loud
With some nudy's on
You prolly couldn't fuck with what I'm smoking on
What I'm smoking on

Couple motherfuckers that I call my friends
A couple young ladies that I'll never call again
I'm always chilling with the wrong crowd
I'm always hanging with the wrong crowd

Days go fast and the nights move slow
Even before music I was living on the road
I'm always chilling with the wrong crowd
I'm always hanging with the wrong crowd