

# Dead Wrong

ThouxanBanFauni

(LiqLiq play that fire)

(Yeah Pavé go ahead)

All my opps call me daddy, put em' in the dirt because they grounded  
All of my hoes say they love me but they don't, just around me  
All these niggas say they gang but they stab you in the back  
I could have that nigga dropped right now but so much guap get him whacked

Fucking with Cougars and Cheetahs, fucking with Tigers and Lions  
Turn my lil' hoe to a Zebra she got her stripes from fire  
You niggas ain't got no ambition, you eager but just be lying  
Most these niggas informants, most these niggas got wires  
She could be pretty and bad but if she broke, red flag  
Bitches be always mad, blame it all on they dad  
I'ma back stab my damn self but I still get that bag  
Baby got daddy issues, always calling me daddy  
Throwing it back, making it clap, I got that bitch in a wrap  
She hit a lick for me and she make that .45clap  
She do a whole lotta' things but I love how she count  
She do a whole lotta' things but don't ignore me bitch or you kicked out

All of my boys be running the streets, road running to your city  
Nigga we just came from South Memphis and then hit your bity  
My niggas in Alabama, next month for a show  
But we still moving them bowls and we sell it for the low  
We ain't gon' tex you, if we don't know you, fuck these niggas  
We gon' hack it, cut you down, throw them triggers  
All of your bitches be choosing, you know  
All of your hoes, your wifey, they show it  
All of my niggas they glow, icey, and we getting it making commotion  
Feel like Ludacris how I'm disturbing the peace  
Fauni be so so deaf, if you ain't talking about cash, Jermaine Dupri  
Always a clown in class, no really, I was down bad  
Adding up all my cash and racks, just bad at math  
Pockets need because they fatter than fat  
Niggas be goofy, gon' bring a knife to gun battle to stab my back  
Live by the code, got loyalty and morals, principles, won't fold  
You call that lil' boy your lil' brother shit get serious, he gon' crack

Don't tell me to tie my shoes, I keep Velcro with the strap  
You fucking with fakes, niggas you know fugazi, gotta' do better than that

Nicki Minaj with the Crocs, I make anything trend, anything pop  
All of these bitches some bops, I just want the throat, you can keep the body

Niggas be talking alot, til' we spin on they block like the 4th of July

Every day independence day, these ain't no fireworks, this the fye  
And you hit with the Glock, hell nah, fuck that shit, you get the chop

You a big opp to me, I'm a real big dog bitch you a Chihuahua  
but they not even there

Most these niggas just some pussies  
If you think these niggas get racks you dead wrong