

So Wrong

Young Buck

So wrong
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Life ain't what it used to be
I got these coward niggas shootin' me
So wrong
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It just ain't the same no more
A nigga trippin' and stressin' a whore
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I'm just sittin' back vibin' to some Al Green now
10, 11, 12 years in the game and I came from the Seenile
Got a gang of loved ones in the penile
Fighting for lives everyday but meanwhile
I see my life is sort of like theres
Cause other than moms and Boo-Boo nobody else cares
I know you think I'm tweekin'
But the only time I get to see my kids is on the visiting weekend
I ain't in no chains
But sometimes I get tested by the places I hang
And my game just banged on these niggas from the other side
Now I got reprecussions
Suckas is bustin'
Talk is cheap
And for some apparent reason the streets keep watchin' me
Well watch me
And watch ya back
Pop pop I got ya that
Ratta Tat
Nigga I stay strapped

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I'm not a role model but you know I got the title
And I ain't no american idol
I'm more like the american pimp its no lie
so heres a slice of american pie
They told me not to rap but I'm doing my thang
I'm movin' my caine
Got pink, red and blue in my chain
Nigga I'm like a pimp writin' scripts
I got hits nigga
I fill the house with the bricks nigga
We on the grind
Got money on my mind
My niggas puff pine
Ya'll niggas sniff lines
You do the crime you do the time thats what they told me
I'm like LeBron my nigga you can't hold me
My nigga I can't back down
Get a brick and turn ya town into crack town
I'm on the blocks with them blocks
I don't run from the cops
Dump the yay cause I got

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These niggas wanna see me dead
Instead
I'm gettin' this bread
I'm not blue or red
But I'll put two to your head
They said I wouldn't make it to see 21 but I did
The last homie that got killed I closed his eyelid
Fuck friends cause in the end niggas turn they back
Just cause I smoked a blunt with ya don't mean we cool like that
And your hood ain't no harder than mine
I put in more work than you on your own block I know that you lyin'
I got one hand on the wheel other hand on my nine
Bitch come down here to Ca\$hville I ain't hard to find
My section is protected by Smith And Westons and Rugers
A bunch of bulletproof vestes and some cold-hearted shooters
Motherfucker

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By the way you know my DJ, Whoo Kid?
I get a phone call from these guys from 310
You know out there in L.A.?
You know I found out some new news about my DJ too
Yeah hes gonna be the first DJ with a Bentley
Its fucked up
Ya'll niggas ain't got no money
Ya'll need to get down with us
Ya know what I'm sayin'?
You know?
The wolves
Ya'll know what I mean?