

By Mistake

Young Dolph

Memphis Mafia, mane

Remix!

Skrt, skrt, skrt, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Skrrrt...

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Mmm-hmm, yeah

Paper Route, let's get it

Run up on this fire, and get burnt lil' nigga (fire)

Spent a half of million just on furniture nigga (damn)

Paper Router business, it don't concern you lil' nigga (watch out)

Be careful who you call your friend, they turn on you nigga

I'm DUI right now, I don't belong behind the wheel (woah)

One thing about it, I'ma get money long as I live (woo)

I can't stop at that red light, I can't keep going, I don't yield

I can't do that deal if it ain't more than 10 mil'

Oh shit, got them M's and now he lit

100 thousand dollar investment, I invest on my wrist

All she do is run her mouth, tell that bitch to suck a dick

I was born a superstar, so I put one on my fist

I just smash, I don't kiss (nah)

Hit the gas, I'm in the wind

Hate to brag, but I'm the shit (hah)

Got some head when I was 6

I threw 30 in Magic (Magic) do that make me a trick? (what?)

House on the lake, but I don't even know how to fish (damn)

Mothafuck the laws, fuck the law, fuck the law (fuck em all)

Flyin' down Elvis Presley in the race car (boulevard)

I been drinkin' raw, drinkin' raw, drinkin' raw (raw!)

White girl with me, and she look just like a Barbie Doll

I just walked in Barneys, spent a 40 by mistake (racks)

I just walked in Barneys, spent a 40 by mistake (racks!)

I just walked in Barneys, spent a 40 by mistake (stacks)

If I take you out, bitch that's a million dollar date

I just stepped in Barney's, bought your shawty by mistake

Dinner with the mayor, that's a thousand dollar plate

Million dollar deals, billionaire ideas

My driveway so long I gotta drive to check the mail

These niggas don't want no smoke

Clown ass nigga, you a bozo

Countin' this money by the boatload

Last thing I need is a broke hoe

Look inside the foreign, all white just like the pope

Pulled up in that Phantom, she look like she seen a ghost

Patahh

Mothafuck the lizohs

Glock in my drizohs

Praise your boulevard, your hoe tryna get my bizohs

Hustle never fall off

We beefin', make no call off

Until one of these bullets out this draco knock your shit off

Slap the forty crossed his head, I'm takin' errything

Jewelry in that murse, full of bands and some Mary Jane

Virgin to these streets, so I had to pop that cherry, mane
Gangsta Memphis, kill or be killed, so it's ready aim fire
Nig gon die, bullets gon fly, momma gon cry
Nig gon try, empty that clip yo head off like a samurai
Money to the sky, meet that knot
Most you niggas be soft like pie
Leavin' you niggas ass wet like pussy cause we ain't gon stop to you niggas
ass die
Eee!

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If I take you out, bitch that's a million dollar date

Yeah, mane, yeah
Yeah-ayayay...
Hey, mane, it's Dae, mane
Yeah, mane, yeah-ayayay...
Ayayayay...
Yeah