

Wrong

YoungBoy Never Broke Again

(D-Roc)

Look, shot the shit, just me and Ten
Shorty house, my big sister kid
Started off, I was broke as fuck
Now I came up and I'm millions in
Shorty whole world fucked up, he need all ends
Fuck a nigga whole world up, take his soul then
You love me? Bitch, you a fuckin' lie
Treated me bad once, you won me over and I don't know why
Give it one more chance, I tried, I tried
When grandma died, along my soul died
I'm a lonely child, now just tell me I ain't shit

I know
Let it out or be something wrong
Maybe I showed
That I don't need them around

Fucked up, wish I could call Rich
Fuck that, I don't know who my friend
Niggas been cliquin' up with niggas like they want it with me
All on my shit when I'm around, I got choppers in
And you ain't safe, bitch, no, I don't play, bitch
I take this cutter and cut up and shoot you in your fuckin' face, bitch
Niggas ain't been playin' 'bout shit, when I cry, you won't try again
I ain't got no purpose, so I'm gon' cut up for Big Dump, bitch
We see the enemy, then we dump, dope in my speakers and the trunk, bitch
And ain't no scorin', it's just for one
This for my youngins who see trucks and they run
This for that youngin had to take his partner life behind a gun
This for my mama and that trauma and that time that I done spun
Spinnin' on you bitch niggas and livin' like a rich nigga
KD can't walk, wish I could sit with him or fuck a bitch with him
She eat his dick behind and I kill her, my clique too official
Eighty things, no girl, it be all boy, serve it like that raw hard
I can't wait 'til Meech come home so he can get right back in charge
I buy that bitch new Chanel and a Rolls-Royce
If I grab that stick, I cause hell and it's over
And I'm dumb as shit, I done fell for this girl, God
I looked at my nigga Rich, he can tell
Slime gettin' high 'til I think I'm in heaven
'Cause everyone 'round do not fit me in hell
Hold up, that bitch don't want you, you gon' trap her
I been locked inside the stu' like a trapper
If we catch one of these rappers, we gon' wrap them
Seen that lil' boy, when I came home, I got after
You stupid bitch, Nike make you run way faster, should've had some
Now that's what you get from tryna take the title off of my drum
I was fumblin' with that chopper, I swung through, they said I had one
And my daddy gettin' on my ass 'cause he say we could just sent one
Hall of fame of manipulation in interrogation room
This shit we goin' through'll make you choose and want to break the broom
After all that I been through, it make you choose, I don't got faith in you
They laugh, but I ain't cool when I abuse, feel like I break the room
We argue as we feud sometimes I just plan on shakin' you
Battin' you and just handlin' you, turn you 'round and just do what I do

When I come through, I'll make a body fall
When I come through, lookin' out for all of y'all