

## Devin

### "Write & Wrong"

Visit "[Write & Wrong](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(I think I'm ready, man\*  
I'm ready to rap)  
Nigga, you just talkin shit, man  
I don't wanna hear that shit  
(Hey, I'm ready, man)  
Man, you been sayin that shit  
(I'm ready to put it down)  
Yeah, yeah...  
(Show you that I'm down)  
Ha-ha, alright, alright  
We'll see, man  
This ain't no game, though

Here, smoke some of this weed, so you can feel fine  
And you just might need a drink, you gotta think of a  
rhyme  
We can make the beat slow, so you can speed up the  
flow  
With some cool pimp shit about some weed or some  
hoes  
Or supposed you do a song that you can jam with  
foreign dancers  
Or some growin-up-hard shit with slim to none chances  
Maybe a familiar tune people already heard  
Let's call Morris, see how much he want for a bird  
Or fuck it, fuck it, let's strictly go pop  
Do anything for the women while mis-representin your  
block  
You can be famous in public with the right music and  
subject  
You can make millions, nigga, if you just make that  
million love it  
Imagine, you havin world tours, gettin paid  
Hoes throwin panties on the stage, gettin laid  
You don't have a Benz, but if you get on the mic and  
spit it  
You will have enough to get it, whatever you do, I'm  
with it

All you gots to do is (write)  
Share your problems with the world, tell the story of

your life  
All you got to do is (write)  
And they'll be right by your side, everything gon' be  
tight

But when you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna talk about  
ya  
When you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna criticise ya  
When you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna talk about ya  
When you're wrong...

(Some tell you it's a art, some tell you it's a shame)

Now just be real with what you say and put some feelin  
up in it  
And since everybody's dyin, put some killin up in it  
I be right here by your side smokin kill until you're  
finished  
And if you get writer's block, then nigga, chill for a  
minute  
And hold up, okay, I got a tight idea  
Just rap like you mad, the baddest muthafucka out here  
Then bitches will respect ya, niggas might try to check  
ya  
Nuts, money didn't getcha while them laws steady  
fetch ya  
But think about it - you got it? Then write it down  
Try your best to remember, don't worry now on how it  
sounds  
It's gonna be cool, and if you gonna keep rappin, it's on  
Just sacrifice your life and leave your problems at  
home  
Now there's a million muthafuckas like yourself think  
they deserve it  
If they get it before they do, they got to get they hands  
dirty  
So just study these lines and make sure you don't  
forget it  
Get on the mic and spit it, whatever you do, I'm with it

Now the world is your arena, and the panel of judges  
Made up of pimps, players, sneaky bitches, con-men  
and hustlers  
I don't know why, but to qualify you must become one  
of these  
Make somethin happen with either rappin or sellin  
some cheese  
What, you're scared? Nigga, shit, this ain't the game to  
be in  
If you can't do for you and yours, then how you think  
you gon' win?

Now where your niggas at? Get em together, then flip  
Now where them bitches at? Buy em whatever to sip  
But see, you can't get player points taken away, so  
come real  
Disregard people's emotions, give a fuck how one feels  
And you can witness other brothers walkin in the same  
path  
Wishin for champagne, caviar, and bubble bath  
You see, ah, that's the life that I lead  
And if you wanna follow a model, sit right by me  
And I can pass you some weed, you fry it up, but let me  
hit it  
But get on the mic and spit it, whatever you do, I'm with  
it

Visit [Devin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.