Ice Berg "The Wrong One"

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[Hook]

I call it a party, it's women and marijuana I ain't tryina have no problem, but I ain't scared of no drama

I swear I'm loving the vibe, so please don't try to kill it If you ain't ready to ride, then mind your fucking business

I'm the wrong one to fuck with I'm the wrong one to fuck with

Just know I am the shit, and ahm You might as well just call it quits Cause I'ma fuck with your boo, yeah And I know you mad as fuck, I'm winning fool Oh, but I can't live my life, when I stunt I don't even try Nigga it's just my life, you think I'ma quit, lick 9 Try something it's click click 5, Nigga fell me though, my eyes they will kill me for The mind got a real deep glow, don't get me wrong But you might not fit in this zone, If your chips ain't quit this long My cash retarded, and my weed be astronomic And most of the girls I fuck don't ask for much But pass the chronic And I know that the maine ones hating It's the main ones at the bottom Steady worrying bout what I'm making When they ass ain't got a dollar, I'm sorry

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Anybody wanna motherfucking die, come see I Me, I, bb nigga, that's right, still rocking these wings nigga I got a glock 45 that I just got extended I got a splat with a really nice engine I got a sleep that's with things Now that bitch spit funny, and some jeans that will get out and hit you I'm talking anytime, anywhere If this bitch jam, fuck it, we ride with a spare Live house bitch, I'm tied to myself Live house bitch, come fly with the real They hate me and my team is winning this race You play is gonn be some kill in the day I hope that you don't get in the way Of these killers that's getting that cake I go so hard, I can't sleep and when I do Probably dreaming bout my bread, hoe I wake up, hit the streets, with a waist full of heat On the hunt for them all green dead folks I turn up, real talk, these hoes gonna need ear plugs for real I'm in the cut, me and my dogs Just imagine when we gonna get us a couple millions

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