

## Lil' Wyte "I Did 'em Wrong"

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What's up bitch, what's up ho  
What's up bitch, what's up ho  
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If you a killa mother fucker, bring your anna to my door  
Is this shit you wearing, who am I talking to nobody  
knows  
If you ridin' with someone you know and they turn up  
this song  
You ridin' with a mother fucker, they think I did 'em  
wrong

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Consequences come to those who chose to fuck with Lil  
Wyte  
Not always physical, sometimes mental and emotional  
right  
I'll outsmart you in a fight and come back harder on the  
mic  
There's an inner spiritual demon that possessed me to  
write  
Now that I made all these moves, my music causin'  
some havoc  
This shit is pick me up so what in the fuck did you  
expect, god-dammit?  
As long as the beat keep on rollin', my pocket's gonna  
get swollen

I know they hate me, they let me know the first time  
that I told 'em

I got a mind and it's focused, you got some serious  
issues  
I got family, friends and fans and you ain't got no one  
to miss you  
I bet you'll life gettin' hard, you lived your life in a yard  
I'm for real, I know there's something when you sold  
both of your cars  
You mad at me 'cuz I made it, I'm only havin' some fun  
See me on MTV yellin' out, who gives a fuck where you  
from  
You might be tough with your gun but look for fun in  
saddham  
Doubt me now, I told you Wyte was gon' drop bombs

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Yeah, it's time to speed on up  
We finna go into another mothafuckin'  
Galaxy nigga, bass check No.2, yes

Wake up bitch, reality creepin' around the corner  
You so fucked up, you couldn't be an organ donor  
When I see you, I'm knockin' yo head up off of your  
shoulders  
You gonna be like ah shit, when you feel these tiny  
boulders  
You fuckin' with the wrong one, the HCP cracker main  
Slap you man, stab you man, even quick to crack your  
brain  
I ain't got no time for hatin' faggots on the grind  
Keep on passin' by cuz I got somethin' you'll never  
fuckin' find

This is the realest of the real, hope you feelin' it and if  
you don't  
Extend your arm and grab your remote and turn down  
your radio

Meanwhile, I'm gon' give it raw and write it as nasty as  
this shit can be  
It's easy when you rappin' over the hardest mother  
fuckin' beats  
I am not braggin', and I'm not big headed, nor am I  
conceded  
But I'm proud of myself and the way I  
[Incomprehensible] succeeded  
You wanna bring it to my door or be a bitch and catch  
me slippin'  
Either way it goes this unit, I'm grippin's gonna get you,  
pimpin'

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