

**MF GRIMM****"I Rather be Wrong"**

Visit "[I Rather be Wrong](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse 1]

Few bullets hit the floor while flying through the air  
Billie Jean light up concrete, some die there  
Military weapons against stones, not fair  
Gun shots in the streets, whole block scared  
Niggaz tell you they love you right before they shoot  
you  
Hug your momma, cry at your funeral  
It's terrible, sinful, life here is pitiful  
God has a dark sense of humor, divine comedy  
Jokes on you, punch line is tragedy  
It's not what he say, it's how he deliver it  
Louis Armstrong gas me, said it was wonderful  
Bush lit the match, show souls are flammable  
Push me, don't, I'm close to the edge  
War, I keep falling but I'm laying on floor  
So deep, drowning but I'm not in water  
In Hell, inferno, inhale, breathe fire  
In Heaven, internally, exhale, leaven Lucifer  
Fail my objective, can never be president  
Although I have all the criminal qualifications  
So now I guess I'm just like Colin Powell  
Lack of real power and blood on the conscience  
Some Caucasians see black as being contagious  
Their children love us and now act the strangest  
Wish they could go back to days when they hang us  
Man them days they hung us is still among us  
We got fake revolutionaries trying to mislead us  
Won't bust they guns, in the head they just beat us  
Fight they own kind instead of ones who mistreat us  
Mechanicals for revolution Che Guevara never got 'em  
He couldn't be bought by the demons who shot him  
So don't give me that power to the people shit  
Unless you about the shit, too many niggaz died for it  
Old timers known how to spot who's legit  
Real bankers are pros and know who's counterfeit  
Do or live free lunch, that's who I roll with  
We out here exposing hoes and foes the way we should  
Living good, not giving back to the hood  
Shit changed, the Klan's black wearing hoods  
Prove me wrong, I wish brothers would

In this song, cause I rather be wrong

[Scratched chorus]

Situation is life or death

[Verse 2]

I learned the worse devil in the world's a black one  
They'll speak your language, talking slang son  
If detected, here's come another one  
Where these niggaz coming from?  
Bred with self hatred  
Eating master's scraps, feeling that they made it  
Black churches and buses fire bombed and raided  
Program American Hunger, so they ate it  
Cook grams iron chef, ghetto gourmet  
Slow jams, while get high forget problems  
No man's an island, but each one's a monster  
Shit ain't never gonna change, we can't solve them  
How can a nation build when they don't love each  
other?  
No promise land, only misery prolong  
But in this song I rather be wrong

[Scratched chorus]

[Verse 3]

Armstrong Williams endorsed Bush to kill millions  
Your skin is black, but for you I have no feelings  
Your fouls are flagrant, you secret agent  
I speak for a tribe still alive but lost  
Your ancestors will haunt you 'til you see the light  
Condoleezza Rice, how you sleep at night?  
I guess the devil tucked you in real tight  
Take a look in a mirror bitch you are not white  
What do they have on you?  
Something ain't right  
The vow taken by the president at the inauguration  
Never let this become a nigga nation  
But they're like roaches, plan B space station  
Just incase they get the heart, choose to fight  
And want a war, can't take it no more  
Make these niggaz literally reach for the stars  
Throwing rocks will never reach Mars, can't touch this  
Kill 'em off, see who survives the sequel  
It's un-American, niggaz will never be equal  
Fuck them juggaboos, they not even people  
It's not a myth; they're only three-fifths  
Ay that nigga lover, what was on his mind?  
Probably had nigga in him, knew he was they kind  
Now a nigga for life, that's why pennies don't shine  
Show nonbelievers matter's controlled by the brain

Grimm's David Blaine, for the world display pain  
All those multiple contusions and bruising illusions  
Magna Carta, OG Constitution  
Twelve fifteen, master plan for prostitution  
The king is a pimp wearing jewels to executions  
Father against son, that was the revolution  
We didn't matter, so please don't be flattered  
Africa was shattered, our blood was splattered  
I've died before so I don't fear  
Took two thousand years for a nigga to reappear  
Gotta kill me cause I'm powerful, I know the deal  
Memorize lines, go along with the script  
Will my execution make my people flip?  
Will disciples be trife and slip?  
Please come together all Bloods and Crips, make  
purple  
Save your people, they counting on you to kill  
yourselves  
It's time for us to make a change, I rather be wrong  
We now hanging ourselves  
There's no excuse no more, gotta come together  
Gotta get shit right, shit is too fucked up  
It's been fucked up for a long time man  
It's beyond color though, just need to get our heads  
together  
People don't realize what this world is for  
Shit ain't for us to fucking fight each other  
Motherfuckers think man, think  
Life is too short for this shit  
Running around in circles man, like rats in a maze

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