

## Feltz & Gielz

### "Something's Wrong"

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[Strick]

Yeah, big Strick, let's get it on...

Yo, last night I had a nightmare that I was wack

Nope, I'm sorry, it's that you said something dope

Fuck it, it don't matter, 'cause I know shit ain't really like that

'Cause if you said something dope, I know somebody else probably had to write that

You on the wrong song an' I'm on the right track

I hit the cypher, and you bounce talkin' 'bout "Strick, I'll be right back!"

What the fuck you comin' back for?

I pulled up to the front of the club and hurried and scurried up out the back door

Just in time 'fore your ass got a cracked jaw

Made 'cause I stack more, and what the Lakers sign Shaq for?

Incredible rhymer, what the hell am I sell crack for?

I'm real, you a ac-tor, I'm hot, you just not a fac-tor

You on some bound to do, I'm on some already done shit

I'll burn you with the same light you just lit up your blunt wit'

And I don't came wit' the style you probably 'bout to come wit'

You the opposite of smart faeces, get it? Dumb shit

Couldn't give a fuck who you run wit'

Or them niggas you 'bout to go get

Matter of fact, go get 'em, you'll just be layin' on the floor wit' 'em

Lookin' up at me talkin' 'bout: "Why you let the fo-fo hit 'em?"

I really don't know these niggas, I just did a show wit' 'em

Went back to the telly and I hit a couple of hoes wit' 'em

Met 'em at the studio an' just spit a couple of flows wit' 'em

Bought a bag of dro and just sat back and got high wit' 'em"

Oh yeah, that's good to know, now you 'bout to die wit' 'em

Head straight to the pearly gate, say hi to the big guy  
wit' 'em  
Or take it to that other level, down with the devil and fly  
wit' 'em  
Grumble and groan, piss and moan, boo-hoo and cry  
wit' 'em  
Atleast go home and tell his momma bye bye wit' 'em  
(bye, momma)  
'Cause duke, I'm the hottest nigga on earth right now  
And bust my gun in nine months 'bout to give birth right  
now  
Run all up in a nigga hood and take his turf right now  
Nothing's what your life is worth right now  
I've been in shit for too long, it's about time I burst  
A & R's ready to quit 'cause they ain't find me first  
Record labels ready to shut down 'cause they ain't sign  
me first  
So let me stop right now 'cause I know y'all niggas be  
dieing to be writing  
my verse

[Chorus: Young Zee]

If y'all don't know how we get sent on  
From twelve at night to the cracks o' dawn  
Got girls in the back takin' off they thongs  
Then feelin' that something's wrong!

If y'all don't know how we get sent on  
From twelve a.m. to the early morn'  
If you seen them things then blow ya horn  
'Cause if ya not there's something wrong!

[Masta Ace]

I came outta rap training camp as a reigning champ  
An' lay motherfuckers down just like the pain of a  
cramp  
I won't stop 'til I see my name and my face on a stamp  
And y'all still won't be able to stick me or fuck wit' me  
I'm 'bout to leave my mark on this game like a buck  
fifty  
Took shots but I duck swiftly, you just missed me  
Fuck Alice, ????, Norton and fuck Trixie  
I'ma fuck like it's my honeymoon 'til I touch sixty  
You ain't a thug so don't try to get tough with me  
If you think about tryna hit me, you'll get snuffed  
quickly  
Deep down, hate Bobby Brown, but love Whitney  
At times I wish it was O.J and the glove fit me  
Then I wouldn't have to hear none of you wack niggas  
Talk about how your crew's rich and you stack figures  
In my hand's a chrome gun with a black trigger

I know you think your shit's big, but I pack bigger  
Just ask your wife, 'cause I blasted her pipes  
If I tell Strick to pass me a knife would you ask for your  
life?  
You's a pussy, I can tell by your song  
Homo/thug rapper, I can tell by your thong  
Got sugar in your tank, you probably shit syrup  
The world's about to see what it is when I hit Europe  
And when I come back on for my birthday  
I'ma do another video, too explicit to play

[Chorus]

[Young Zee]

Ace, Zee, yo Strick, Bricks, Zee, Outsidaz, yeah, yeah,  
yeah, yeah...  
Niggas fear me like the fear of Aids  
I take out pretty boys wearin' shades  
Or thug niggas with they hair in braides  
Then fuck yo' girl through that thing she wearing  
Get her pregnant to leave that bitch a single parent  
Got mad cars, you probably apin' in a Jaguar  
Drunk at Justin's, while you hang out at a fag bar  
Scared at jail, but at home you tryna rob  
When you got inside you got sodomized by a lotta guys  
Girls pile up in Young Zee room  
I fucked the wives of about twenty ?brooms? on they  
honeymoons  
We had a check sellin' bottles of rock  
An' so much dope came we re-modelled the spot  
That's why y'all cats spittin' ??????????  
See you grinnin' when I stop and the rims keep spinnin'  
Fuck with Zee I'll bash ya face  
I'll fucks wit' {\*scratches\*} Masta Ace, bitch

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