

Jake One f/ Young Buck

"Dead Wrong"

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[Verse 1 - Young Buck] That was your last chance (yeah), now eat your last meal Your momma told you that your mouth gon' get that ass killed (alright ...) You done got yourself into some G shit Thought after Big and Pac, hip hop don't need this (NO! ...) I was wrong though, cause now it's on ho (on ho) You ain't ridin with him, what the fuck you on the song for? (you on the song for?) You just want to battle rap, see who got the best verse I just hope you got a strap, I'm a let that Tec burst (*brrrp*) Y'all know I ain't havin that, I got to check first See if it's some real beef (alright ...), before I put in work We are on the real streets and this is real life God if you hear me (HEAR ME!), don't let me die tonight I can see it clearly, they puttin +Prices On My Head+ (NO!) Their kids wear our shoes and they wives in our bed (YEAH!) Now they mad at us, cause they takin our picture So please Mr. Hater, can I have a word with ya? (can I have a word with ya?) [Chorus - Young Buck] Talk to me (YEAH!), tell me what is goin on Why are you hatin? (HUH?) Why you want to see me gone? Who got my back? (WHAT?) They just won't leave a G alone That's why I'm ridin with it, even though it's dead wrong (BLOW!) Talk to me, tell me what is goin on (YEAH!) Why are you hatin? Why you want to see me gone? (HUH?) Who got my back? They just won't leave a G alone (WHAT?) That's why I'm ridin with it, even though it's dead wrong (BLOW!) [Break 1 - Young Buck] You know your boy 50 Cent? He - dead wrong And that nigga Lloyd Banks, he - dead wrong Can't forget Yayo, he - dead wrong Niggaz know Young Buck, I'm dead wrong (COME ON!) [Verse 2 - Young Buck] Back to it, the same old shit (YEAH!) Another album out, it's more money to get (WOO!) The hood love a nigga, so they give me a pass (FO SHO!) I'm not like these other niggaz, I will blast (BOOM! ...) I know these rappers don't know me and I should laugh But ain't no way I'm a let these cowards cross my path (NAH! ...) We got animal instincts, nose of a +Blood Hound+ (Blood Hound) +I Smell Pussy+, I'll come and pull your panties down (panties down) A man found, dead with his eyes open (a ha ...) Oh you the man now, the whole world

know 'em Hate me, but you can't break me (what?) You
can't say we, do a damn thing free (free) Be about
yours (HEY!), cause I'm about mine (HEY!) See why you
bullshittin? You about to +Die Tryin+ (die tryin) Actin
like I won't walk out this booth and get 'em (alright)
Somebody tell the hater, can I have a word with him?
(word with him) [Chorus] [Break 2 - Young Buck] You
know the homie Spider Loc? He - dead wrong And them
boys Mobb Deep, they - dead wrong Can't forget M.O.P.,
they - dead wrong Yeah nigga, Young Buck, I'm dead
wrong [Outro]? *scratches repeated until the end*

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