

Jake One

"Dead Wrong"

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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
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?)

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!)

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!)

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)

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

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