

# I Did 'Em Wrong

Lil Wyte

Watsup Bitch, Watsup Hoe  
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If you a killer motherfucker, bring your anna to my door  
Is this shit you wearing, who am I talking to nobody knows  
If you riding with someone you know and they turn up this song  
you riding with a motherfucker that think I did 'em wrong.  
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  
theres an inner spiritual demon that possess me to write  
now that I made all these moves  
my music causing some havoc  
this shit is pick me up so wat in the fuck did you expect god dammit?  
as long as the beat keep on rollin, my pockets 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  
Im for real I know theres something when you sold both of your cars  
you mad at me cause I made it, I'm only havin some fun  
see me on mtv yelling 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....

yeah it's time to speed on up, we finna go into another motherfucker  
galaxy nigga, bass check #2, BEEATCH

wake up bitch reality creepin around the corner  
you so fucked up you couldnt be an organ donor  
when I see you, I'm knockin yo head up off of your shoulders  
you gon 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 cause I got something  
you'll never fuckin find  
this the realest of the real  
hope you feelin it and if you dont  
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  
Its easy when you rappin over the hardest motherfuckin 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 supposedly 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