

Two Wrongs

Meek Mill

They say two wrongs don't make a right
But if its my blood, someone has to die
Cause in the street life you got to sacrifice
Either my life or your life
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Cause in the street life you got to sacrifice
This is either my life or your life
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Anybody trying to stop my shine got to get it
I'll admit it
If my life on the line then we 187 whoever I'm with it
I'm talking about murder we did it
And the nerve of you critics
To think something of me and judge me if I shoot and murder these niggas
They murdered my dad and converted me menace
So when they come serve me my sentence
I bet I won't tell them a word of my business
I'll rot in that cell 'til they burn me my nigga
And it hurt me my nigga to see my day ones acting thirsty 'bout bitches or m
oney
I cut off 'bout thirty of my niggas
Had thoughts about murking my niggas
Cause it be the closest of niggas that change on you quick and know most of
your business
I put this on Snupe ya the ghost of my nigga
I would've rode hearse with you niggas
So its either my life or your life
If it don't go right, gun to your face so you know right
I won't do you dirty, get hit with this four twice
So pray up and hold tight my nigga

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Two wrongs, you lost me when you crossed me
You put me in the feds arm reach
Call from my home out in Palm beach
They'll lay you in the wall of concrete
My niggas ain't playin' games
When you tellin' names that we sellin' caine
We was gettin' rich, we was livin' good
Robbin' hood that every ghetto bitch
You know that its comin'
You know that its karma
Death before dishonor, I am your honor
Nancy Reagan raised a monster

They say that Ronny armed the contras
All that shit without a conscience
So why would I should have a conscience?
A generation livin' godless, could never make it out the darkness

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