

Wat's Wrong (feat. Zacari & Kendrick Lamar)

Isaiah Rashad

Cut my hair and bump my head and fell on top
And run on sins, and front on friends
If we don't win then pay your Tithes and mend your fence
And we alright, the Kaio Ken and big old rims
And LA hoes, if that ain't rolled up, I ain't go
I ain't home, I ain't them, I ain't them
No more ends and no more trends
And photo tint and photo lens, notice this
Pour this shit, bonafide, woe is me
Bowl of grits, naked pimp, beamin' up, clean as fuck
Other side chill for niggas, makin' life look clear for niggas
Hill for niggas, tip top cliff for niggas, this the vision side to side
So give the nigga, if we honest you gon' miss a nigga
Twisted with 'em, this the isms
See your bitch might kiss a nigga, which nigga? Get specific
Big ass pot, wrist is glistened, your list is shit
And your, if it isn't, let's call some titties and scar your face
The robe of wrongs has caught a case
Other niggas they Mobb like Carter say from far away
All my niggas like "Calm down"
Lovin' life above a reason, just can't find it like a dozen people
Catch that vibe at night, and Bobby Whitney
Get too tired to write and died in prison
Felt like Rob tonight, lost my god tonight?
Oh sometimes I get so ahead of myself
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my breath
I need smoke just to exhale
Oh and I get so ahead of myself
But I'll make it out somehow
So roll another, roll another one
And put it all in the air now How many souls do you touch a day?
How many hoes do you fuck a day?
How many flows do your thought convey?
How many know you can't walk away?
Depending on the way I feel, I might kill everybody around me
Might heal everybody around me, how the wind blow
Open your window, at the debris and never let me in
I kick back with kick though
Maybe if I could live a hundred years that be real?
Pay me if I'mma be rhymin' these homonyms
Crazy, my other show went to my mom 'n' 'em

My daddy said a Mercedes had haunted him
But now he got one, I'm ridin' shotgun
With a three-piece chicken dinner and shot gun
I bring your weekend to an ending and pop one
I'm in the deep end, boss nigga you not one
And I believe in Kool-Aid and God's son
Do you believe that Black man is our son?
I made enough residuals to hide some
I gave enough, my niggas know I divide some
I told Zay, I'm the best rapper since twenty five
Been like that for a while now, I'm twenty-nine
Any nigga that disagree is a fuckin' liar
Pardon me, see my alter ego was Gemini
He and I been around ever since Reagan was criticized
Might stay in the Trump tower for one week
Spray paint all the walls and smoke weed
Fuck them and fuck y'all and fuck me
I proceed my last check in proceeds
To all the kids, the hood, the bricks, the books
To fix the blocks we on to right my wrongs
The word, to give the life we live as I get...
...so ahead of myself
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my breath
I need smoke just to exhale
Oh and I get so ahead of myself
But I'll make it out somehow
So roll another, roll another one
And put it all in the air now Oh you got two Xannies, oh, just don't forget me
Love me for the moment (all in the air now) hug me like a sibling
We ain't that important, vice cops in the kitchen
Grew with Apollonia (all in the air now) Rob was makin' chicken
Beat me down, you beat me down, reorganize my face
Now when I go home, I don't know what my fam gon' say
They say it ain't love cause you bought flowers yesterday
Thoughts was always cheap, cheap, cheap
But now let's talk 'bout me, me, me
Lately I been comin', this ain't goin' how I wanted
When I pull up at your window, bitch come out, you hear that beep, beep, beep
Faithful as your EBT, closer than you momma can
Anger when you rang up, I'm a dog but I'm gon' crawl again
Freak me out, keep me out, why they always leave me out
Niggas that been hatin' just can't wait to have my CD now
Don't we look like CP and Nirvana on that keep me pound
Please be down, I been more than late... Oh sometimes I get so ahead of myself
Feel like I'm runnin' in circles
Oh and I'm just holdin' onto my breath
I need smoke just to exhale
Oh and I get so ahead of myself

But I'll make it out somehow
So roll another, roll another one
And put it all in the air now

All in the air now Okay, I'mma tell you this story, man... A few years ago, I gave my pops, uh, Cilvia, Cilvia Demo and my pops said, uh... he listened to it for about a week, came back to me, said, uh... said, "Dang, boy, why... Zay talkin' 'bout he gon' run up in somebody house? He... he... he talkin' 'bout you?" (End)

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