

Devin The Dude, Write & Wrong

(I think I'm ready, man
I'm ready to rap)
Nigga, you just talkin shit, man
I don't wanna hear that shit
(Hey, I'm ready, man)
Man, you been sayin that shit
(I'm ready to put it down)
Yeah, yeah...
(Show you that I'm down)
Ha-ha, alright, alright
We'll see, man
This ain't no game, though

(VERSE 1)

Here, smoke some of this weed, so you can feel fine
And you just might need a drink, you gotta think of a rhyme
We can make the beat slow, so you can speed up the flow
With some cool pimp shit about some weed or some hoes
Or supposed you do a song that you can jam with foreign dancers
Or some growin-up-hard shit with slim to none chances
Maybe a familiar tune people already heard
Let's call Morris, see how much he want for a bird
Or fuck it, fuck it, let's strictly go pop
Do anything for the women while mis-representin your block
You can be famous in public with the right music and subject
You can make millions, nigga, if you just make that million love it
Imagine, you havin world tours, gettin paid
Hoes throwin panties on the stage, gettin laid
You don't have a Benz, but if you get on the mic and spit it
You will have enough to get it, whatever you do, I'm with it

(CHORUS)

- All you gots to do is (write)
- Share your problems with the world, tell the story of your life
- All you gots to do is (write)
- And they'll be right by your side, everything gon' be tight

- But when you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna talk about ya
- When you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna criticise ya
- When you're wrong, muthafuckas gonna talk about ya
- When you're wrong...
-
- (Some tell you it's a art, some tell you it's a shame)

(VERSE 2)

Now just be real with what you say and put some feelin up in it
And since everybody's dyin, put some killin up in it
I be right here by your side smokin kill until you're finished
And if you get writer's block, then nigga, chill for a minute
And hold up, okay, I got a tight idea
Just rap like you mad, the baddest muthafucka out here
Then bitches will respect ya, niggas might try to check ya
Nuts, money didn't getcha while them laws steady fetch ya
But think about it - you got it? Then write it down
Try your best to remember, don't worry now on how it sounds
It's gonna be cool, and if you gonna keep rappin, it's on
Just sacrifice your life and leave your problems at home
Now there's a million muthafuckas like yourself think they deserve it
If they get it before they do, they got to get they hands dirty
So just study these lines and make sure you don't forget it
Get on the mic and spit it, whatever you do, I'm with it

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 3)

Now the world is your arena, and the panel of judges
Made up of pimps, players, sneaky bitches, con-men and hustlers
I don't know why, but to qualify you must become one of these
Make somethin happen with either rappin or sellin some cheese
What, you're scared? Nigga, shit, this ain't the game to be in
If you can't do for you and yours, then how you think you gon' win?
Now where your niggas at? Get em together, then flip
Now where them bitches at? Buy em whatever to sip
But see, you can't get player points taken away, so come real
Disregard people's emotions, give a fuck how one feels
And you can witness other brothers walkin in the same path
Wishin for champagne, caviar, and bubble bath
You see, ah, that's the life that I lead
And if you wanna follow a model, sit right by me
And I can pass you some weed, you fry it up, but let me hit it
But get on the mic and spit it, whatever you do, I'm with it

(CHORUS)