

# Lil' Flip, So Wrong

(feat. Nate Dogg, 50 Cent)

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

So wrong  
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So wrong  
So wrong  
So wrong  
Life ain't what it used to be  
I got these coward niggas shootin' me  
So wrong  
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It just ain't the same no more  
A nigga trippin' and stressin' a whore  
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[Verse 1: Snoop Dogg]

I'm just sittin' back vibin' to some Al Green now  
10, 11, 12 years in the game and I came from the Seenile  
Got a gang of loved ones in the penile  
Fighting for lives everyday but meanwhile  
I see my life is sort of like theres  
Cause other than moms and Boo-Boo nobody else cares  
I know you think I'm tweekin'  
But the only time I get to see my kids is on the visiting weekend  
I ain't in no chains  
But sometimes I get tested by the places I hang  
And my game just banged on these niggas from the other side  
Now I got reprecussions  
Suckas is bustin'  
Talk is cheap  
And for some apparent reason the streets keep watchin' me  
Well watch me  
And watch ya back  
Pop pop I got ya that  
Ratta Tat  
Nigga I stay strapped

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 2: Lil Flip]

I'm not a role model but you know I got the title  
And I ain't no american idol  
I'm more like the american pimp its no lie  
so heres a slice of american pie  
They told me not to rap but I'm doing my thang  
I'm movin' my caine  
Got pink, red and blue in my chain  
Nigga I'm like a pimp writin' scripts  
I got hits nigga  
I fill the house with the bricks nigga  
We on the grind  
Got money on my mind  
My niggas puff pine  
Ya'll niggas sniff lines  
You do the crime you do the time thats what they told me  
I'm like LeBron my nigga you can't hold me  
My nigga I can't back down  
Get a brick and turn ya town into crack town  
I'm on the blocks with them blocks  
I don't run from the cops  
Dump the yay cause I got

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[Verse 3: Young Buck]

These niggas wanna see me dead  
Instead  
I'm gettin' this bread  
I'm not blue or red  
But I'll put two to your head  
They said I wouldn't make it to see 21 but I did  
The last homie that got killed I closed his eyelid  
Fuck friends cause in the end niggas turn they back  
Just cause I smoked a blunt with ya don't mean we cool like that  
And your hood ain't no harder than mine  
I put in more work than you on your own block I know that you lyin'  
I got one hand on the wheel other hand on my nine  
Bitch come down here to Ca\$hville I ain't hard to find  
My section is protected by Smith And Westons and Rugers  
A bunch of bulletproof vestes and some cold-hearted shooters  
Motherfucker

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

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[50 Cent:]

By the way you know my DJ, Whoo Kid?  
I get a phone call from these guys from 310  
You know out there in L.A.?  
You know I found out some new news about my DJ too  
Yeah hes gonna be the first DJ with a Bentley  
Its fucked up  
Ya'll niggas ain't got no money  
Ya'll need to get down with us  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
You know?  
The wolves  
Ya'll know what I mean?