

Something's Wrong

Masta Ace

Yeah, big Strick, let's get it on...
Yo, last night I had a nightmare that I was wack
Nope, I'm sorry, it's that you said something dope
Fuck it, it don't matter, 'cause I know shit ain't really like that
'Cause if you said something dope, I know somebody else probably had to write that
You on the wrong song an' I'm on the right track
I hit the cypher, and you bounce talkin' 'bout "Strick, I'll be right back!"
What the fuck you comin' back for?
I pulled up to the front of the club and hurried and scurried up out the back door
Just in time 'fore your ass got a cracked jaw
Made 'cause I stack more, and what the Lakers sign Shaq for?
Incredible rhymers, what the hell am I sell crack for?
I'm real, you a actor, I'm hot, you just not a factor
You on some bound to do, I'm on some already done shit
I'll burn you with the same light you just lit up your blunt wit'
And I don't came wit' the style you probably 'bout to come wit'
You the opposite of smart faeces, get it? Dumb shit
Couldn't give a fuck who you run wit'
Or them niggas you 'bout to go get
Matter of fact, go get 'em, you'll just be layin' on the floor wit' 'em
Lookin' up at me talkin' 'bout: "Why you let the fo-fo hit 'em?"
I really don't know these niggas, I just did a show wit' 'em
Went back to the telly and I hit a couple of hoes wit' 'em
Met 'em at the studio an' just spit a couple of flows wit' 'em
Bought a bag of dro and just sat back and got high wit' 'em"
Oh yeah, that's good to know, now you 'bout to die wit' 'em
Head straight to the pearly gate, say hi to the big guy wit' 'em
Or take it to that other level, down with the devil and fly wit' 'em
Grumble and groan, piss and moan, boo-hoo and cry wit' 'em
At least go home and tell his momma bye bye wit' 'em (bye, momma)
'Cause duke, I'm the hottest nigga on earth right now
And bust my gun in nine months 'bout to give birth right now
Run all up in a nigga hood and take his turf right now
Nothing's what your life is worth right now
I've been in shit for too long, it's about time I burst
A & R's ready to quit 'cause they ain't find me first
Record labels ready to shut down 'cause they ain't sign me first
So let me stop right now 'cause I know y'all niggas be dieing to be writing
my verse

If y'all don't know how we get sent on
From twelve at night to the cracks o' dawn
Got girls in the back takin' off they thongs
Then feelin' that something's wrong!

If y'all don't know how we get sent on
From twelve a.m. to the early morn'
If you seen them things then blow ya horn
'Cause if ya not there's something wrong!

I came outta rap training camp as a reigning champ
An' lay motherfuckers down just like the pain of a cramp
I won't stop 'til I see my name and my face on a stamp
And y'all still won't be able to stick me or fuck wit' me
I'm 'bout to leave my mark on this game like a buck fifty

Took shots but I duck swiftly, you just missed me
Fuck Alice, ?????, Norton and fuck Trixie
I'ma fuck like it's my honeymoon 'til I touch sixty
You ain't a thug so don't try to get tough with me
If you think about tryna hit me, you'll get snuffed quickly
Deep down, hate Bobby Brown, but love Whitney
At times I wish it was O.J and the glove fit me
Then I wouldn't have to hear none of you wack niggas
Talk about how your crew's rich and you stack figures
In my hand's a chrome gun with a black trigger
I know you think your shit's big, but I pack bigger
Just ask your wife, 'cause I blasted her pipes
If I tell Strick to pass me a knife would you ask for your life?
You's a pussy, I can tell by your song
Homo/thug rapper, I can tell by your thong
Got sugar in your tank, you probably shit syrup
The world's about to see what it is when I hit Europe
And when I come back on for my birthday
I'ma do another video, too explicit to play

Ace, Zee, yo Strick, Bricks, Zee, Outsidaz, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah...
Niggas fear me like the fear of Aids
I take out pretty boys wearin' shades
Or thug niggas with they hair in braides
Then fuck yo' girl through that thing she wearing
Get her pregnant to leave that bitch a single parent
Got mad cars, you probably apin' in a Jaguar
Drunk at Justin's, while you hang out at a fag bar
Scared at jail, but at home you tryna rob
When you got inside you got sodomized by a lotta guys
Girls pile up in Young Zee room
I fucked the wives of about twenty ?brooms? on they honeymoons
We had a check sellin' bottles of rock
An' so much dope came we re-modelled the spot
That's why y'all cats spittin' ??????????
See you grinnin' when I stop and the rims keep spinnin'
Fuck with Zee I'll bash ya face
I'll fucks wit' Masta Ace, bitch