Two Wrongs (feat. Guordan Banks & Pusha T)

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 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 This is either my life or your life Either my life or your life Either my life or your life 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 money

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

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

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

This is either my life or your life

Either my life or your life

Either my life or your lifeTwo 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 croncrete 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' guardless, could never make it out the darkness 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 They say two wrongs don't make a right

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