

Misunderstood (feat. Young Thug)

D.R.A.M.

[Intro: DRAM]

Hey

Looking, oh, hey [Verse 1: DRAM]

I know you working hard but how you gon' figure me out? Hey

Always running your mouth

Never know what you talking about, hey

Look, what's there to figure?

When you speak of that nigga that you can't understand

And now I'm all on the road

Running 100 miles an hour, not even which way to go

Look, if I don't know myself then tell me how do you know?

I've come to prove and show you niggas that I'm trained to go

Look, uh, uh, uh

But what's there to figure?

When you speak of that nigga, you don't understand

[Verse 2: Young Thug]

But fuck it, I flood this with these bands

Do a drive-by, fly-by leave your were you staying

I just bought an AP, it's cleaner than stainless

I was I could tell him but he duckin' dangerous

He ready for popping off and all he ain't scared of us

He say he ain't no snitch but he tired of tellin' us

I flood that bitch with Gucci she stand from the ceiling up

Fuck the cops, they killing us

They kids are not real as us

But what's there to kill about

When these bitches and niggas

They want (?)

Dat-dat I can fuck any bitch in here without paying

Hey, yeah, where my phone at? Call lil Tar I need some xannies

I want these poor niggas to complain

I want these fake robbers to keep laying

And he ain't want these fake bitches to keep singing

Think they baby is mine like they gon' get a dime

We'll work it out with time

I want yours cause you got mine

Yeah-yeah-yeah, it ain't nothing to talk about

So I'm like what's there to kill about

When these bitches and niggas, they want (?) [Verse 3: DRAM]

As I revisit what I made for you to listen to
I get into my zone and let go, that's the ritual
Ask but when I mention you, not having clues and being fool
Darling to this one trick pony, thought I'm not the dude
And you can be a local heathen to the son of satan
I give it up to him who praises and that's all I'm saying
I made a killing for a better life
Remember once and I'll forget it twice
Took advantage over night
I pray to God and hope I'm moving right
I pray on y'all to quench my appetite
Told you that my screws ain't tight
I had to buckle down and focus cause I almost lost it
I was hemorrhaging in the red and I could not afford it
Niggas tried to appropriate me, I could not go for it
I'm talking mine, I'm claiming mine, bitch I go Narcos for it
They gon' make me glow up, I got no choice I'm saying
But what's the point of saying if you still won't understand?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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