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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