

The One About the Misfit

Marty

Wastin' my twenties on this God thing
It's what they tell me, like they wanna make my mind change
God saves, just don't question His time frame
Supreme hoodie, pull the strings to cover my face
I been treatin' these planes like it's a bed
Missin' birthdays and Facetimin' instead
I lie about what I do when they ask me
Sometimes I think my family is happier without me, me
I haven't been myself in weeks now
I'm runnin' by myself in these streets now
No apologies for bein' me now
Only makin' songs if I'm killin' every beat now
I never live by the compliments
Twenty-seven, unmarried, still livin' at my father's place
I promise to take care of them when I get rich
These record execs look like Harvey Dents
It's a new era of the misfit
Everything switched, rather be happy than get rich
And growin' up, to me, is like a death wish
Gave my purity away, I wish I woulda kept it
Only makin' songs that I like
It's a REM, It's not real, it's just highlights
And rappers talkin' crazy about my life
When I see them in person it's, "Whaddup?", high five
They like, "Why you make these silly songs?"
Cause I'm bored of everything that my city does
I don't make songs for the radio
Cause I don't talk about pretty women and dealin' drugs
So shoutout to suburbia
If you're ain't from here, chances are we never heard of ya
It's like I was raised in the old school
Where haters talk about you like they know you, you
I probly shoulda died in '02
Labels sayin' that we killin' things, I'm like, "Oh, shoot!"
I'm 'posed to, I'm goin' postal
And if you need some dope music we the go to
The Social Club boys are in the buildin'
Dad's Puerto Rican and my mom's side's Sicilian
Which means when I'm talkin' they assume that I'm yellin'

I wanna shift culture for all my independents
This is the land of the free
Anti-Christian celebrity
Those bright lights weren't meant for me
My God's not dead and He still reigns supreme
Close my eyes, I see stadiums
Performin' when nobody was payin' 'em
Thank God his parents never stopped prayin' for 'em
The world didn't understand him, so instead they hated on 'em
The misfit

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