Misconception Pt. 2 (feat. W.L.A.K.)

Lecrae

"Misconception Pt 2"
(feat. W.L.A.K)
One woman in my living quarters
And I ain't throwing dollars to a side chick
Ciroc didn't play a part at all
I comb through it and it's the woman that I pick
Wedding hand on the left hand
Head first into the moshpit
And when that Marvin come on I don't have to be cautious
You messin' up that good music when you add the Consequence
Tryin' find forever minus God use your Common Sense
We set fire to your box, keep your four squares
I hear you hating from the crowd screaming, "4 Squares!"
Yeah we christian that's neither here nor there
The track still getting chewed up, homie four pairs
We say they missing out and that don't make no sense, eh?
YOLO's a no show for repeat, we syndicate
Following their passions while we following the Master
So we sorta kinda imitate following what Sensei
Synonym, sin in 'em
And it's the sin in us if we keep it Benjamin
But the difference is that this life didn't pleasure us
Tried to let it rule but that ruler didn't measure up

So they question us living as king
"How He change your name to peace?
", you ain't get the metaphor
Let me write it down life's more than spinning wheels
Christ bought the foul, you can pick that letter up
We're flawless and we think we're better
It's official got it all together
We don't want em getting the wrong impressions
Cause that ain't real that's a misconception
Been a struggle only Jesus kept us
And we still fall, so it's hard to get up
We don't want em getting the wrong impressions
Cause this is real ain't no misconception
Got a girl on my arm but that's my wife though
And I don't need a side piece, I don't like those
Lil mama working that body why she's eyes closed
Say his pockets way too fat they need lipo
Twenty racks make it rain sparkles on dem bottles
Lift em up, shawty bad, she look like a model
Rollin up, smoking loud, this is what we follow
Past that, looking back things are kind of hollow
I never be slaved the most in commons
Or that gucci polo, louis vuitton and balenciaga
And miss me all together you squeezing that llama
We Live As Kings only mean we living to please the Father
Don't approach me, better unproach me

My words were so killer even the gun
quotes me, steel
Battle rappers murder, they probably
quote me still
So sorry that I hurt em hope they heal
Had to peel appeal em was the mirage
But homie that wasn't real they still
live in they garage
They got trend setters and hell raisers
We stay in our own lane we trailblazers
We all trail, we all failing constantly
Easy, that's a tall tail, apostrophe
But we playing to lose all, a new sport
So tell em we bruise hard
They throw stones, I just pick em up
and build (somethin')
I write in braille so these listeners can
feel (somethin')
I guess they figured if they kill us then
we'll cease
They forgot this problem started when
they crucified our leader (frontin')
And who is we? We just some raggedy
believers
Some hip-hop hybrids who married
Mother Teresa (huh?)
So they think but they don't get to
know me
They throw me out their circles for
being a square (lonely)
Homie out the abundance of my heart,
you hear my art speak
And I don't fit in your genre, don't
try to box me
But punch me in, I'm tryna give this
beat a beating
Pleading with your eardrums until they
bleed the blood of Jesus (Jesus)
But wait I know you think this here is
gospel rapping
It's more like bringing balance, these
rap scales full of crack and
The streets told me real killers move in
silence
Then how come all these rappers out

here talking violent (shhh)
But let's take all your preconceptions
or your misconceptions
That I'm something other than you
with a different direction
I'm south side Chicago, I'm southwest
Atlanta
I'm Compton with manners, I'm good
truth and bad grammar
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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