

## Misconception Pt 2

Lecrae

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

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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

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