Hittin missionaries (missionaries)

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Try to relax, try to relax
I know you're anxious, baby
I know you're anxious, for me
But you just gotta try to relax, try to relax
I wrote the majority of this rap on a bean bag under the JMZ train tracks, \mathsf{t}
he Bro P on the motherf**king boards, homeboy
(If you don't know, now ya know nigga)
Went from Del's liquor to Deli's in the Bronx nigga
I'm just a youngin from Del Amo
With a belt by Ferragamo doin' what I want to
You know what I'm up to
I hit the Bodega for the backwoods
Pack a dutchies if you lucky nigga
Cups with the ice just doing just doing what I want to
You know what I'm up to
I swear to God I wish I wrote this f**king verse on Mother's Day
That ain't got shit to do with this or does it? f**k it, Anyway
I've been miseducated, mislead, misinterpretated, misunderstood, mistaken, m
isjudged
That's why I'm a misfit, up to mischief
On a mission, in a missionary
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That was all mises, terms with 'mis' prefixes to be specific

All you feminists should be on my dick for this shit (word)

But listen close, this where shit get tricky

What all these words have in common is that they're all iffy

Hence misogyny, obviously

I'd switch the 'y' in 'mystery' with 'i' if I could (I would)

If you was ? you would know it nigga

But you're not so I guess y'all good

So one time for the women, two times for the ladies, three times for the bit ches

Don't forget about the bitches

Adam's rib ain't adding up, this story must be more extensive (YMF nigga)

Meiosis, mitosis and some mo' shit

Noah had motion in the ocean before his boat did

And you know why, I love my mama so much

And I can't watch my sister grow up, So I..

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