

Miseducation

CalBoy

Tee
Ayy-hey, yeah, yeah
Yeah-yeah, yeah
Ah-ha, ah (Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)

Ayy, I'm just tryna vibe, so I'm rolling up (Ayy, rolling up)
We was living way too fast but we ain't know enough (I ain't know enough)
Might have to get him off the path, if he try to slow me up
And I got this glizzy in this bag, boy, I might blow you up (I might blow yo
u up)
And there's more than fifty when we slide, you know them riders rough (Them
riders rough)
If he playin' silly 'bout that bag, then we might tie him up
Remember we was fucked up, walkin' simply, we ain't have enough (We ain't ha
ve enough)
We tryna get some cake, these niggas hatin', they was mad at us (They was ma
d at us)

Through the dark, hoodie on, like I'm Trayvon (Like I'm Trayvon)
I got shooters like the hoopers in my hood, like K Nunn (Like K Nunn)
Playin' victim, you know what you did, why you play dumb?
Crazy thing, my niggas knew about it, they ain't say nothin' (They ain't say
nothin')
This Percocet gon' get me higher (Higher)
I got to sleep and get to talkin' to Lerayah (Lerayah)
She said, "Relax, my brodie, I've been sendin' my love"
You tryna kill yourself, there's no result to fire
Feed your soul like Lauryn Hill and some Wyclef
Pray to the Lord, He give me guidance in the right steps (The right steps)
My shorties wild and they get live up in the night, yeah (The night, yeah)
I'm from the darkness, baby, I'm so used to nightmares (Feed your soul)

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Yeah, I'm on the pill, cut on Lauryn Hill
On the real, my G-Wag came with six Tonka wheels
Born to kill, B-flag gang, put that on my tears
On my lear jet airplane, tryna pop my ears
Poppin' off'll get you popped for real, you know you not for real
You faker than some shiny white veneers
And if it's smoke, it's just a fire drill
I've been lying still, in the jungle even lions chill
I make a giant kneel
I heard Heaven need some volunteers, that's what I've been hearin'

Hit your momma crib, like your momma feared
From the bottom of my heart, my heart so bottomless, baow
I'll knock your top off, son (Skrrrt)
Ready or not, here I come (Feeed your soul)
Tunechi, baby

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I don't get mad at them
Yeah, woah, oh
I know you mad
Them hoes, they mad
The opp, they mad
One time, they mad
Ah, ah-ha, ha, ha, stay mad
Ah, ah-ha, ha, ha, stay mad
Woah-woah, bah, bah, bah, payback
Vrrr, vrrr, vrrr-vrrr, straight cash
Yeah, stay mad
Bet you hate that
They mad
Yeah, man
Amen