

# 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 (Skrrt)  
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