

## Misconceptions 3

Lecrae

Fictitious foolies got me on a sick one  
I'm still from Tha Side ready to die for the mission  
Or meditate it, then I levitated  
Elevated, celebrated  
You should celebrate it, this is that embedded greatness  
Good, good God  
I'm a mad man, mathematics, statics  
Stealin' the stars  
I'm a bad man, bask into battle  
I'm a battered mad hatter with the earth on a platter  
Meek and mild 'til I get freakin' wild  
It's a misconception messin' with your intellect  
I reckon it'll be neck and neck  
Before I let the deck eject the message  
This is not a warning, this is what you wanted on the table  
'Crae, let 'em know the lil' homie willin' and able  
It's Givez

Vegas, get active  
Flippin' your city like gentrification all in the ghetto upon a dirty mattress  
Word to that sister actress  
Nevada gets it crackin'  
It's hot and J got a jacket  
We'll peddle back if you askin' if love's a long practice  
Full metal jacket dually known as a banana clip when rappin'  
That's a loaded magazine of ammunition  
Plan out snippets so these magazines don't go bananas  
Over loaded clips or flows floatin'  
Only showin' sinkin' ships 10% of why he's frozen  
Let it go, it's hotter than sprinters in Arizona  
Juxtapose 'em to a snowman in Nova Scotia  
It's rap's Christopher Nolan  
Picture me rollin', pistol emoji, blaow!  
This a misconception triple threat  
Did Givens flex? Still a Christian? Yep  
Don't need acknowledgement, just respect the conglomerate  
Double tap it and follow it  
They shocked to see us like Donald Trump up in a taqueria  
Watchin' Evita, cryin' over Argentina  
Or Maria dominatin' Serena  
I'm tryna find a big homie for Slim Jesus  
Thesis of a new hope  
More hardcore than Star Wars part four rated R  
Or Rosa Parks or feet kicked off the bus exitin' starboard  
Light saves like a time change  
Hands up and down like a sine wave  
Gospel be the humble, don't sleep the beast is a mind frame

They told me that rap was stacked  
Is it tracks, is it facts?  
Is it trap, is it rats?  
When metaphors, you ready for the medics stored inside it  
Is it similes or violence?  
Is it sympathy or similar  
The sinner's lord's inside 'em  
The problem ain't wordplay

I get schizophrenic with sittin', straight jackin' the beat  
Blood all on it, hashtag  
A dracula scheme, trick or treat  
It ain't magic, I'ma vanish when I pass to the team  
32, half that  
Grab a 16 and let us shoot  
Betty Boop wit the black top  
I'm a mascot for tryna tell the truth  
Locks all in my head, ain't no chain that I hang from  
But He hang from where I came from, that's death  
Guess what, I ain't done  
I'm rappin'  
Beneath it is Jesus reachin' for actors  
Living halle', add the 'lujah with the asterisk  
Correction, then bury the body under the mattress  
Livin' my dream while you sleepin' in different caskets

Look, I was created to make a statement  
A sentence sent us to earth on this mission  
Tryna make a way for my siblings  
Brothers and sisters who drinkin'  
Out of them cisterns with cracks in 'em  
Listen but lack hearin'  
Who lookin' but lack vision  
Initially made in the Lord's image, dynamic  
Nothing lackin', magic couldn't make it happen  
Look at us, you hear us rappin'  
That ain't complaining but how can they be mad at all?  
King dreamed a dream but we seen scenes that'll make us awe  
Change the channel, we channel all of this energy  
Pretend to be savages, we ravage our so-called enemies  
That look like us  
But it look like us ain't gon' make it less we shake it  
We can't look back much  
Turned around to give a helping hand  
I'm like, "Man, they gon' make it, makin' baking soda boiling inside these p  
ans"  
Now they're wondering, is it rap or is it Gospel?  
Look all you need to know is I was dead, now I'm not though  
Real recognizing real, and if they don't love me like Pac  
They better respect how I'm movin' and that I'm never gon' stop  
I hit my pastor on the cell, I said, "I'm catching hell"  
Well, what you think they did to Jesus?  
Only time will tell  
Can't believe we rap about the faith and people like the sound  
We out here workin' in the streets, you better ask around  
Tell them other rappers we don't want it, they can have the crown  
They have to lay it down when you hear that trumpet sound  
We know who got the keys to the kingdom  
When the King come, crown Him, and your king dumb if his kingdom ain't bout  
Him  
Say it with your chest, when the bishop is the king and the knight  
The queen get the rest  
I'm the only pawn that's on one, back in '01  
I was wishin' labels signed me, but now I own one  
That ain't braggin', that's just motivation  
Get your education, this industry overrated, Satan-saturated  
Folk be lyin' to your face, and sayin' they glad you made it  
Turn your back and you can hear 'em hatin' in they conversation  
Ooh, snake face with the same bait  
And the same fate, fate, fate, that get your face ate(8)08 bass  
Nah, base like the base plate  
How you runnin' home?

You ain't in that zone, they don't let it slide  
You ain't safe  
Wonder how do we survive in this suicide, do or die jungle?  
Let the Spirit lead like He want to

Yeah, Misconceptions 3  
Come and mess with we, yeah  
Givens, Givez, Jackie, 'Crae, we out