Quincy, tell 'em
Oh, I'm so misunderstood
I don't think they know that

Twenty-nine years young, goin' hard for the fam
I go above and beyond, know I can
Grimin' was a thing I'd just do for the love of the game
Really, I had fiends in the house that couldn't even find the fan
Takin' off his socks so he can push it in his [?]
Baby, I sold drugs but I have never been a crook
Tryna get a counsel for myself and write a book
Tell 'em the whole story so I'm finally understood

Tellin' man some stories, yeah, I balance, I'm all good
Walkin' through this place, I spent some rackies on the bust
I just hit the trap and did my thing just like should
I don't think you know but I'm so misunderstood
I don't think you know, I pay cash for all the goods
As long as mum and dad are really good then, yeah, I'm good
As long as I trust in the trap (Trap)
As long as I trust in the trap, I'm good, bitch

Uh

I went from workin' with a plan B
To tourin' 'round the country
The way I run housin', they should call a nigga Bumpy
These rappin' niggas cappin' in their verse
Since the day that I die, they should build me a statue in the church es

I, I don't give a fuck about likes cah I'm grown, ain't givin' out ye ars

Watch what you type on the phone (Type on the phone) The looters in the yard gettin' high like a drone

I was in my crop house turnin' lights on these clones (Lights on these clones)

The trappers love it when I zone on tracks
Still got dead niggas in my phone contacts (Phone contacts)
I mind my business, I ain't worried 'bout the next person
These niggas dick-ride, try to call it networkin'
Take my niggas 'round the world, everywhere I go
These niggas gassed up on shit I done years ago (Years ago)
Now, now all these haters wanna see me back in the hood
Put, puttin' all my trust in the trap, I'm good (I'm good)

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