

Listen To This When You Feel Tough

Social Club Misfits

They say life is like a box of chocolates
Well guess what?
I'm allergic to chocolate

A hundred shows, a hundred planes
Misfit gang, you know the name
Ridin' through my city, I don't feel the same
But when they see me they be yellin', "Boy, ain't nothin' changed!"
We back in this thing
Back up, we back up, we back in this thing
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Got wifey riding that space car
Independent never no A&R
Big flow, but I had a small chain on
'Til that first check came, now my chain long
Streets heavy livin' life awol
I be goin' in back to the same old
The same house stuck in the same hole
All I ever had was a vision of playing baseball
This that takeoff, wheels up, touchdown, left seat
The reason you know why they mess with the Club heavy
It's more than music, it started the frenzy
I speak how it is, It's okay to unfriend me
I'm not talking about Benz's or bezels
But you can tell your friends that Fern is about it
The movement is crowded and all of us wearing black
Imma stand out ya'll gon' see me, no problem
Where the options, options
We're the true synopsis
This is Frank Sinatra in the booth for pasta
Spittin' you that proper so the youth that's growin' up in the hood will prosper
Why Fern, why you do 'em like that?
I be spitting like a gat, cause the toolie go brat
Hollywood, homicide's number one
But before my life's done Imma show 'em God's son

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Wanna go my hombre?
I'm chillin with my homies, can't tell me nothing
Cause I got a clique, kinda like Kanye
Misfits on a mission, we born to be different
I found a bunch of kids like me
And they just like me, they don't fit in
I just got home, up and off a plane
I got so many miles my flight off France
I got so many friends, it's a lifestyle pump
And I gotta new number only for my fam, dang
Been a good year for me
I got a couple of friends, they not here for me
I've been talkin' to God, He been dealin' with me
But my [?] in the closet, no [?] for me
I think about my life now in retrospect
The voices that said we couldn't do it all became irrelevant
Dreams becomin' goals when they said that I would never win
But I can't limit myself to the places that they'll never be

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Hi Lorenzo, I miss you son. We haven't seen you in a while. I know you've been working really hard for the Lord. I hope when you hear this message you know that I'm praying for you every day and I hope you know that we all miss you here at home. I know that you're doing a lot of work for the Lord Jesus Christ and we're trusting that He will be by your side and keep you safe until we see you real soon. We love you, we're real proud of you and we're looking forward to seeing you soon. Love, Mom