

# Misunderstood

That Mexican OT

Dear Father God I just, I just need you to hear me  
(Ayo is that that Mexican OT?)  
Ya understand me  
It's hard yo, all of this is hard I'm saying like what's going on I just need you to listen to me, hold on  
(Y'know what it is Skellz on the beat)

In a fight with depression, god giving me these lessons  
Leaving me with all these questions, uh  
Like what it is I gotta do  
Cause I'm not feeling none of these vibes  
And I'm not feeling none of these guys  
And I ain't trusting nothing that a shorty gotta say  
I feel that she telling me lies  
But my mind playing tricks on me  
So I walk with that stick on me  
You can get your big homie  
I be steppin' by my lonely  
Wet him up like its Catalina  
Stretch him out like a ballerina  
I be looking for money like "Have you seen her?"  
God tell me something good cause right now ain't nothing good-  
I feel like I'm being misunderstood

I just got an extension  
"That's how you feeling?"  
I said "Yeah I ain't trusting nobody livin'"  
If I feel like they draking they gotta get it  
If they move in my way then I gotta split em  
It was too many times  
They told me too many lies  
I won't let them stop my grind  
My mama told me that I'm destined to shine  
They playin' my music and pressin' rewind  
Willing to give up on all my dreams  
Begging and crying, I was on my knees  
Don't need protection got a thang in my jeans  
Me and God, I don't need me a team  
Up it up and start wilding  
I'm shootin' just like I was Scotty  
Emotional, make me catch a body  
"Don't push him" They know I'm about it  
Spottem and Gottem I pop him and then I'mma rob him

Talking to god, asking for forgiveness  
Lately I've been sinnin'  
Riding with my dogs, doing these missions  
With them windows tinted  
Dodgin' these laws cause I know they don't wanna see me winning  
And forget OT my name is Virgil  
I'm done with this pretending  
B-A-Y-C-I-T-Y  
Yeah- you know that's where I'm from  
B-A-Y-C-I-T-Y  
Where we bang and slangin' guns  
B-A-Y-C-I-T-Y  
We don't do this stuff for fun

B-A-Y-C-I-T-Y

It's the place where they might throw us [?]

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