

# Misunderstood (feat. Young Thug)

## DRAM

Hey  
Looking, oh, hey I know you working hard but how you gon' figure me out? Hey  
Always running your mouth  
Never know what you talking about, hey  
Look, what's there to figure?  
When you speak of that nigga that you can't understand  
And now I'm all on the road  
Running 100 miles an hour, not even which way to go  
Look, if I don't know myself then tell me how do you know?  
I've come to prove and show you niggas that I'm trained to go  
Look, uh, uh, uh  
But what's there to figure?  
When you speak of that nigga, you don't understand  
But fuck it, I flood this with these bands  
Do a drive-by, fly-by leave your were you staying  
I just bought an AP, it's cleaner than stainless  
I was I could tell him but he duckin' dangerous  
He ready for popping off and all he ain't scared of us  
He say he ain't no snitch but he tired of tellin' us  
I flood that bitch with Gucci she stand from the ceiling up  
Fuck the cops, they killing us  
They kids are not real as us  
But what's there to kill about  
When these bitches and niggas  
They want (?)  
Dat-dat I can fuck any bitch in here without paying  
Hey, yeah, where my phone at? Call lil Tar I need some xannies  
I want these poor niggas to complain  
I want these fake robbers to keep laying  
And he ain't want these fake bitches to keep singing  
Think they baby is mine like they gon' get a dime  
We'll work it out with time  
I want yours cause you got mine  
Yeah-yeah-yeah, it ain't nothing to talk about  
So I'm like what's there to kill about  
When these bitches and niggas, they want (?)  
As I revisit what I made for you to listen to  
I get into my zone and let go, that's the ritual  
Ask but when I mention you, not having clues and being fool  
Darling to this one trick pony, thought I'm not the dude  
And you can be a local heathen to the son of satan  
I give it up to him who praises and that's all I'm saying

I made a killing for a better life  
Remember once and I'll forget it twice  
Took advantage over night  
I pray to God and hope I'm moving right  
I pray on y'all to quench my appetite  
Told you that my screws ain't tight  
I had to buckle down and focus cause I almost lost it  
I was hemorrhaging in the red and I could not afford it  
Niggas tried to appropriate me, I could not go for it  
I'm talking mine, I'm claiming mine, bitch I go Narcos for it  
They gon' make me glow up, I got no choice I'm saying  
But what's the point of saying if you still won't understand?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>