

# Misconception Pt. 2 (feat. W.L.A.K.)

Lecrae

"Misconception Pt 2"

(feat. W.L.A.K)

One woman in my living quarters  
And I ain't throwing dollars to a side  
chick

Ciroc didn't play a part at all  
I comb through it and it's the woman  
that I pick

Wedding hand on the left hand  
Head first into the moshpit  
And when that Marvin come on I don't  
have to be cautious

You messin' up that good music when  
you add the Consequence  
Tryin' find forever minus God use your  
Common Sense

We set fire to your box, keep your four  
squares

I hear you hating from the crowd  
screaming, "4 Squares!"  
Yeah we christian that's neither here  
nor there

The track still getting chewed up,  
homie four pairs

We say they missing out and that  
don't make no sense, eh?

YOLO's a no show for repeat, we  
syndicate

Following their passions while we  
following the Master  
So we sorta kinda imitate following  
what Sensei

Synonym, sin in 'em  
And it's the sin in us if we keep it  
Benjamin

But the difference is that this life  
didn't pleasure us

Tried to let it rule but that ruler  
didn't measure up

So they question us living as king  
"How He change your name to peace?"  
", you ain't get the metaphor

Let me write it down life's more than  
spinning wheels  
Christ bought the foul, you can pick  
that letter up  
We're flawless and we think we're  
better  
It's official got it all together  
We don't want em getting the wrong  
impressions  
Cause that ain't real that's a  
misconception  
Been a struggle only Jesus kept us  
And we still fall, so it's hard to get up  
We don't want em getting the wrong  
impressions  
Cause this is real ain't no  
misconception  
Got a girl on my arm but that's my  
wife though  
And I don't need a side piece, I don't  
like those  
Lil mama working that body why she's  
eyes closed  
Say his pockets way too fat they need  
lipo  
Twenty racks make it rain sparkles on  
dem bottles  
Lift em up, shawty bad, she look like a  
model  
Rollin up, smoking loud, this is what we  
follow  
Past that, looking back things are kind  
of hollow  
I never be slaved the most in commons  
Or that gucci polo, louis vuitton and  
balenciaga  
And miss me all together you squeezing  
that llama  
We Live As Kings only mean we living to  
please the Father  
Don't approach me, better unproach  
me  
My words were so killer even the gun  
quotes me, steel  
Battle rappers murder, they probably  
quote me still  
So sorry that I hurt em hope they heal  
Had to peel appeal em was the mirage  
But homie that wasn't real they still

live in they garage  
They got trend setters and hell raisers  
We stay in our own lane we trailblazers  
We all trail, we all failing constantly  
Easy, that's a tall tail, apostrophe  
But we playing to lose all, a new sport  
So tell em we bruise hard  
They throw stones, I just pick em up  
and build (somethin')  
I write in braille so these listeners can  
feel (somethin')  
I guess they figured if they kill us then  
we'll cease  
They forgot this problem started when  
they crucified our leader (frontin')  
And who is we? We just some raggedy  
believers  
Some hip-hop hybrids who married  
Mother Teresa (huh?)  
So they think but they don't get to  
know me  
They throw me out their circles for  
being a square (lonely)  
Homie out the abundance of my heart,  
you hear my art speak  
And I don't fit in your genre, don't  
try to box me  
But punch me in, I'm tryna give this  
beat a beating  
Pleading with your eardrums until they  
bleed the blood of Jesus (Jesus)  
But wait I know you think this here is  
gospel rapping  
It's more like bringing balance, these  
rap scales full of crack and  
The streets told me real killers move in  
silence  
Then how come all these rappers out  
here talking violent (shhh)  
But let's take all your preconceptions  
or your misconceptions  
That I'm something other than you  
with a different direction  
I'm south side Chicago, I'm southwest  
Atlanta  
I'm Compton with manners, I'm good  
truth and bad grammar

