

## Lil Wayne

### "Don't Get It"

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Baby, you understand me now  
If sometimes you see that I'm mad  
Don't you know no one alive can always be an angel  
When everything goes wrong, you see some bad

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Uh, misunderstood ain't gotta be explained  
But you don't understand me so let me explain (heh  
heh)  
Stood in the heat, the flames, the snow  
Please slow down hurricane  
The wind blow, my dreads swing

He had hair like wool, like Wayne (huh)  
Dropping ashes in the bible  
I shake em out and they fall on the rifle  
Scary, hail Mary no tale fairy  
All real very, extraordinary  
Perry Mason facing, the barrel if he tattle  
My god is my judge, no gown no gavel  
Uh, I'm a rebel, time to battle  
Now or never, I would never, in the ever  
Fucking fantastic, fuck if you agree  
I'm bright but I don't give a fuck if you see me

I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Uh, what's understood ain't gotta be explained  
So for those who understand meet Tha Wayne  
For eight and a half months I gave Ms. Cita pain  
Now it's Young Money baby, keep the change  
My momma say fuck 'em, and we the same  
So hello motherfucker you got some sheets to change  
And ain't it funny how people change like Easter  
Sunday  
You know church fit them outfit  
Bright pink and green chest look house lit  
Bright pinky rings but that ain't about this

What you about bitch?  
Excuse my French emotion in my passion  
But I wear my heart on my sleeve like it's the new  
fashion  
What are you asking, if I don't have the answer  
It's probably on the web, like I'm a damn tarantula

But I know you don't understand  
'Cause you thought Lil' Wayne is Weezy  
But Weezy is Wayne

I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

I watched T.V. the other day right  
Got this white guy on there talkin' 'bout black guys  
Talkin' about how young black guys are targeted  
Targeted by who  
America  
You see, one in every 100 Americans are locked up  
One in every, 9 black Americans are locked up  
And see what the white guy was trying to stress was  
that

The money that we spend on sending a motherfucker  
to jail  
A young motherfucker to jail  
Would be less to send, his or her young ass to college  
(heh)  
See, and another thing the white guy was stressing was  
that  
Our jails are populated with drug dealers  
You know crack, cocaine, yeah, stuff like that  
Meanin' due to the laws we have on crack cocaine and  
regular cocaine  
The police are only  
I don't want to say only right, but shit  
Only logic by riding around in the hood all day  
And not in the suburbs, because  
Crack cocaine is mostly found in the hood  
And um, you know the other thing is mostly found...  
You know where I'm going  
But why bring a motherfucker to jail

If it's not goin' stand up in court  
Because this drug ain't that drug  
You know level 3, level 4 drug, shit like that (heh heh)  
Mmm hmm, I guess it's all a misunderstanding, and  
um  
I sit back and think well shit us young motherfuckers,  
You know, that 1 in every 9

We probably only selling the crack cocaine just  
because we in the hood  
And it's not like the suburbs  
We don't have the things that you have  
Why? I really don't want to know the answer, but uh  
I guess we just misunderstood uh, yeah  
You know we don't have room in the jail  
Now for the real motherfuckers, the real criminals, you  
know  
Sex offenders, rapists, serial killers, shit like that  
Don't get scared, don't get scared

I know you saw one them sex offenders papers  
Don't trip, he live right on the end of your block, mmm  
hmm  
Yeah, that nigga live right down the street from you  
Sex offender on a level 3 drug, convicted, ex-con,  
yeah, check him out  
And what you got, you got daughters, son, what you  
got?  
Yeah, well you know what (coughing) that's the good  
weed  
You know what? I have a fuckin' daughter  
You understand me? And, why the fuck would you  
bring my neighbor  
To jail just because the reason why he live next door to  
me  
Ain't the reason why I live next door to him  
Mean that, he didn't rap his way to my fuckin'  
neighborhood  
He sold crack cocaine to get to my neighborhood  
You move him out, bring him to jail for life  
And then you move in a sex offender, heh heh heh  
They givin' me a paper, heh heh

Is that a misunderstanding, 'cause I don't understand it  
'Nother thing, let me take my glasses off  
'Cause I want to see the reaction on the faces when I  
say this  
Uh, Mr. Al Sharpton, here's why I don't respect you  
And nobody like you, hmm hmm, see  
You're the type that gets off on gettin' on other people,  
heh hehe  
That's not good, no homo  
And rather unhuman I should say  
I mean, given the fact that humanity, well, good  
humanity rather  
To me, is helpin' one another, no matter your color or  
race  
But this guy, and people like him  
They'd rather speculate before they informate, if that's

a word, heh heh  
You know, 'spect before check, anyway  
Mean that, I much rather you talk to me first and see if  
you  
Can learn an opinion before you make one

Just my thought of good humanity, Mr. Sharpton (heh  
heh)  
Hold on, I ain't finished with you man  
Gotta pluck the ashes, mmm hmm, hold on, um  
Mr. Sharpton, and anyone like you, you don't know me  
So, if you're not goin' to try to, then what you say  
Or think about me, or whatever I do is totally Casper the  
friendly ghost  
To me, and, it doesn't make you a good person to  
Criticize before you improvize  
Doesn't necessarily make you a bad person neither but  
The characteristics fall heavily into bad sway, hah hah  
But since I am human, I am good and bad as well  
But I try my hardest to stay good  
And some of the things I do and say may be bad, or  
just not too good  
But I do try  
So with that said, I don't fault you, I mean, you're only  
human  
Good or bad, but I also don't respect you  
And I don't care if that's good or bad, heh heh  
You see you are no MLK, you are no Jesse Jackson  
You a nobody, to me, you're just another Don King with  
a perm  
Heh heh, just a little more political  
And that just means you're a little unhuman than us  
humans  
And now, let me be human by sayin' fuck Al Sharpton  
And anyone like him, fuck if you understand me  
I love being misunderstood, why?  
'Cause I live in the suburbs but I come from the hood  
Bring the hook in

I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

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