

## Cky

# "Misunderstanding"

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[Raw ]]

I feel so misunderstood  
so I write these rhymes tryin to relate  
but it sho aint easy

[Oatmeal]

now as this poetry flows in me  
I try to keep my edge  
and at the same time  
I'm findin time to keep my paintbrush wet  
if you know me then you follow  
if not, its hard to swallow  
the pursuit for keepin in live  
versus those who chase the bread  
many rhymes misunderstood  
and I stand by every line  
and I kept it on the under  
dont go snatchin my wine  
the poured soul in solitude  
days spent forever bent  
with heavensent words, unheard  
what's the chances?  
too many dances with the devil  
will level your whole plan  
my vocal illustration in an aerosol can  
a mic in hand, and funny how them sands  
will slip away, regret-a waste of time  
spent yesterday, best to play your cards right  
a hard nights work when bills are due  
and dues will get paid just the same  
in due time, we refrain  
from cuttin them shorts  
16 pieces breakin down entire royal courts  
its for the takin

[Hook]

when the music changes mode, I change mood  
I press play, let my visions delay  
the sound soothes me, and it moves me  
and when I visualize the scene, I day dream  
and break away from another day

the sight soothes me, and it moves me

[Raw J]

print blue  
rhythmic architecture  
dusty vinyl in the basement needle director  
just find the groove  
hailing longer bombs  
we live on a fault so turn tables need stronger arms it's  
like  
only scratch come on 12 double 0's  
so this prose  
hits the paper, mic, then uppercuts my folks  
you see we drop this at 33 and one three  
the force of gravity in constant odds  
underground when its supposed to be  
food for the gods, small timer at large  
in effect before the cause  
chasing applause  
while I'm hunted by laws  
therefore contents are pressurized  
top to bottom on your mind frame, visualize

[Oatmeal]

and I was blessed with a steady hand  
cursed with obsession  
in search of the timeless in this broken art  
left with a broken heart, no rest for the weary  
some remain numb while these others nearly  
lost their minds  
but the picture that I painted meant to constrain  
just a mental sketch on a surface or a musical plane  
cant complain where and how this road twists or turns  
missed out  
on a message, a chain of thoughts in chains

[Raw J]

sending shots to my peoples behind prison doors  
oppressive gates got our thirst unquenched  
soul pours out of poisonous containers  
drums and words the only remainders  
starving youths the reminders  
that some of us need to be the truth finders  
born dead, had to learn to live  
only take what I could give  
livin harder than most  
and shakin off the lessons of the comatose

