

Jay Mario

"Misleading"

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[VERSE 1]

Well you've got a chance and it could be one
I be dropping rhymes, I've got you stunned
I'm running so fast, y'all be like run run run run
Got cash deposit on overload,
Yeah I be on it, overdose
Amen, case closed,
Head to toe, friend or foe,
Standing back like woah!

[CHORUS]

It's the truth, yeah the truth of the game
Every player player tryna have the fame
Misleading memory lanes,
Power that cannot be tamed
Thirsty ass people, going insane x2

[VERSE 2]

The world never stops it's turn
Fake people run around that ain't my concern
On this road there's a lot that I will learn
Watch good artists give up and see some dreams burn
You say that you want it, nah nah,
You want the money you don't even have to earn.
Reminiscing wondering what's life's price
If I'm right you're just another figure standing in my
sight
You only call girls hoes in the lime light
So you can go backstage and say yeah I did it right.
Leaving all your true friends behind,
Cause fame is more important to your blind living eye
Trying so hard to look as fly as the last guy
While all your fans sigh they know you're living a lie.
A lot of people tend to wear a mask and and and hide
in disguise
So when we turn our backs fake bitches try to stab our
lives
Guess the best thing I can say is at least I'm alive
tonight
We're all in a big amusement park in a crazy coaster
ride, like

[CHORUS]

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[VERSE 3]

(Jkillahcash)

Now let's talk about these rappers, these actors
These wanna be gangsters, these fake niggas these
characters
I ain't no dope boy, but I know what's dope boy
You don't live what you rap, your shit is whack, nigga
I'm dope boy.
They can't stand me cause I stand out, what's that
about
I'm just trynna rep the south with a blunt in the mouth
Super lean, take it down, write a verse, spit it out
Super weed, stupid loud, grind hard no handouts
Now where's all the money I'm just trynna see a mili
Put Miami on my back I'm just trynna rep the city
Be a legend like Biggie but stack money like Diddy
Maybe then the niggas will feel me and all the bad
bitches will dig me
I'm just trynna see the paper, all these rap niggas get
faker
They too fake, they two faced, most of them just haters
They told me get em I got em, they told me get em I
got em
You get in the way, I'm knocking you down, I'm trynna
see them dollars

[CHORUS]

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