

## QuinTell Wright

### "Global Misfit"

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[KwinTell Speaking]

For all my people...who are misunderstood  
worldwide...or as I like to call 'em...global misfits...yours  
truly...QuinTell Wright. Look... listen.

[Verse One]

She was an angel then shifted angles  
Dame lost her name, became a Jane Doe  
Said every man she met was a-hole  
That's why she went 100% to rainbow  
No pesos, she got a stripper gig to make dough for her  
son  
Whose breakfast and dinner's Frosted Flakes  
Like Legos it clicked, but ain't forever stick  
Got good tips from every strip but felt she had to split,  
imagine this  
Man of hers, flashy young brotha back handin' her  
Sneakin', cheating, different women, sofa or the  
banister  
Not giving up, she got a lil bit of stamina  
As a teen dreamed, even fiend for the camera  
Let the hood vacuum her good, now she bad too  
Life oozed juice like her cherry back tattoo  
Son's home alone feelin' neglected, scarred  
Father's a question mark  
Drama in session starts

[Chorus 2x]

I want a love... love, love, love. I want a love...

[Verse Two]

He started good dude then took a new move  
Culinary major, influenced by hood dude  
Said cook crack, why should you cook food?  
That's why he went 100% to crook dude  
They hooked dude to clients he's supplying that white  
with  
Trading skillet and spoon for baking soda and pyrex  
Call him a coke boy, not the type you digest, but inhale  
that poisonous whiteness  
As his sleepless momma looks out the window, exhales

At the night sky, wanting her son to excel in life  
Bridge a gap in his academics  
But he only cares to wear Gap and Akademics  
And he's past the speed limit, all drunk on the highway  
Bullets through his chest on that very same Friday  
Mom's home alone feelin' neglected scarred  
Killer's a question mark, drama in session starts

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse Three]

Had supreme Hall of Fame dreams, ballin' mean as  
Barkley  
But haters bite at my fins to Free Willy and Jaws me  
Fightin' to keep the vison, God don't let 'em Ray  
Charles me  
Battling ying yang, good and my bad  
Common sense versus fun loving, reckless ass  
First mentality babe or you'll be next to last  
Tried to bring 'em to speed but they creepin' in snail  
Tried to get em to see but they readin' in brail  
No, I ain't a saint  
Been slipping off the ladder but learned from my  
mistakes  
Climbing to the plank  
Diving to my destiny  
Loyalty is rare, if you love me say a prayer for me  
Grandma you the glue to keep our sanity and heart  
Only fear is if you go, our family'll fall apart  
Pops died '08,. lack of knowing couldn't teardrop  
So I made pen cry ink in my hip-hop

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