

## Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

### "Misanthropy"

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First Verse:

I'm givin' it to you old school style, no album cover  
gimmicks,  
No intros, no shout outs, nothin' but straight lyrics,  
If you in your car buckle up,  
But if you don't like what I'm sayin' when you see me  
knuckle up,  
No studio gangsta stories or tall tales full of fiction,  
I'm spittin' the life of a nigga that's full of indecision,  
Don't know which way to go,  
At the crossroads,  
It's time to elevate the game,  
Cuz they spit the same ol' same,  
Cuz a nigga done grew up,  
Through some shit that'll make the average nigga fold  
up,  
Thought I had it sowed up,  
But hold up, you know what?  
I realized the World wouldn't give a fuck whether I'm  
here or not,  
And that's contrary to all that other madness that you  
hear a lot,  
Ain't no bigger figures, just us niggas,  
Sometimes they give us action,  
This shit is crashin' back to Earth like Michael Jackson,  
It don't matter how much scrilla,  
You got, you still a nigga,  
They either assassinate your character, frame ya, or  
they kill you,  
I don't blame you, if you don't feel the, game I wrote,  
We've been brainwashed, unconscious prisoners ever  
since we left the boat,  
Subliminal messages from bands to reject this shit,  
But they can't hide the truth no matter what they try to  
do,  
My judgment day is everyday,  
Fuck what they say,  
And make 'em pay,  
Grab your H.K., and dragon slay,  
And make a day,

Would you rather ride or stay a puppet?  
In the ghetto makin' crumbs, why they makin' scrilla by  
the bucket,  
But fuck it,  
To each his own,  
But to me it's on,  
Fuck the chest, forget the vest, I'm aimin' for enemy  
domes,  
Cuz only the strong, survive, one life to live,  
Let us around,  
What's that sound? It's goin' down

Chorus:

Fuck all y'all,  
Fuckin' with my mind,  
Until you all fall,  
Misanthropy  
Fuckin' with my mind,  
You can't understand yours,  
Now can you understand my,  
Misanthropy?  
(2x)

Second Verse:

I did four hundred years in Hell,  
Now they tryin' to give me twenty-five to life in the cell,  
Got'cha boy on the run and if they catch me it's over,  
Rollin' in a Nova,  
Three-fifty packin' a forty-caliber Mag importer,  
Declarin' war, on the system,  
Askin' for help, but the muthafuckas didn't listen,  
They tried to get killed, but now they label me a killer,  
You lived by the scroll, but you gone die by the scrilla,  
Neither of you can see the pain in my eyes, fuck a  
disguise,  
I wear it on my shoulder like a bass,  
Causin' casualties like M\*A\*S\*H,  
Been a soldier in the truest sense,  
Born and raised in a war zone, it's always on,  
And you can die in an instant,  
As infants grow up to be convicts,  
Knew how to shoot a gun since the age of six,  
Little lunatic,  
Papa didn't wanna raise a punk,  
Beat'cha til' you hate it, his ass grew up and beat'cha  
while you ride punk,  
I'm unapproachable, can't nobody tell me shit,  
I got my mind made up, fuck a psychiatrist,  
I don't need nobody tryin' to tell me what I'm thinkin',

The ghetto is stuck on quicksand and it's sinkin', it's  
goin' down

[Voice Taped From A Speech]

We are peaceful people,  
We are loving people,  
We love everybody who loves us,  
We're non-violent with people who are non-violent with  
us,  
We are NOT non-violent with ANYONE, who is violent  
with us

Chorus

Third Verse:

>From day one the odds was against me,  
Nate one have love for a nigga, so the Devil tried to  
tempt me,  
To loc up, revolt, rebel,  
Said "You might as well,  
You already, livin' in Hell"  
I got, somethin' in my soul tellin' me "Nigga this shit  
ain't right",  
The Lord never answered, but I prayed with all my  
might,  
So fuck waitin' patient, it's a virtue I don't have,  
I got money on my mind and I want my shit in cash,  
Fuck a forty acre and a mule,  
I want everything that you owe me, it's time to pay your  
dues,  
I was used, and abused, for centuries,  
But when they mention warfare, they never mentioned  
me,  
But can you picture me?  
On top of the World? Runnin' shit with a major attitude,  
Madder than that prophet bitch,  
With a clip full of shit,  
Tearin' your ass to pieces, when the trigger releases,  
You're deceased and you got them P.D's, D.A's, judges  
and polices,  
Peep the thesis,  
We gets, hot like volcanic lava,  
I'm down to slide a niggas drama,  
Speedin' shit up like some java,  
Fuck a comma,  
It don't pause, I'm steady unloadin',  
Unstoppable nigga the glock goes plop-plop on that  
ass,  
And suckers steady foldin',  
I'm hatin' men like the lesbians,

Always down for drama doin' shit just thesbian,  
Only love my Mama, traumatize your ass with the quick,  
Better come prepared if you try to ride or try to diss my  
clique,  
It's goin' down nigga

Chorus (2x)

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