

Lil Wayne f/ Trey Songz

"Misunderstood Remix"

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[Clears Throat]

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Baby understand me now

(You get me now, but you know...)

If sometimes you see that I'm mad

(Sometimes I flip out)

Don't you know no one alive can always be an angel?

When everything goes wrong, you see some bad

(But, you don't know my story)

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good

(and I don't know yours. So just...)

Oh, Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Skinny dude, with braids straight back

Straight out of Virginia in a black du rag

Accord got to whippin up that Highway

F**k college, I'm tryna do it my way

Long nights, long days, hard work, no pay

Studyin my crafts

Stepdad actin gay (Bitch)

Punk nigga, dumb nigga, bet he mad now (Bitch)

See me on TV, when he sit his ass down

(Bitch)

Folks took interest, offered me some paper

Now, you know these labels tryna rape ya

Lord's on my side so the paperwork's ride

19 years-old and a nigga got signed (Aye Ma, they
wanna sign me)

50k on the advance, now I feel like I'm the man

I'll never drive this mothaf**kin Honda shit again (F**k
that Honda)

New people at the label getting hired, bosses getting
fired, two more years till anybody kne0w who I was

I'm just a soul whose intentions are good

(Why ain't ya shit dropped yet?)

I mean, I know you gotta deal, what's up?)

Oh, Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood

Understood ain't gotta be explained

So for those who understand meet Dwayne

For 8 and a half months I gave ms. cit da pain
Now it's young money baby, keep the change
My mama say fuck em and we the same
So hello mothafucka you got some sheets to change
And ain't it funny how people change like easter
sunday
You know church fit then outfit,
Bright pink and green chest look house lit
Bright pinky rings but that ain't about this
What you bout 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
O lord please don't let me be misunderstood

(Why ain't ya shit dropped yet?
I mean, I know you gotta deal, what's up?)
Oh, Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood
(You gotta know my struggle.
It don't all fit in the song either shawty)
(Man, nigga, you ain't neva comin out Chuckles)

I gotta make it, I never be complicit
Even though these label niggas got me on some wait
shit
Shout my nigga Radio, we gon' mixtape it
Did bout a 100 songs in this nigga, Troy basement
Really tho, on to the video
Shot it in my hood, kept it hood, niggas know
I'm goin hella far, I wanna take my niggas tho
And Butta says it's koo, but it's 30 niggas, yo
OK, we too deep
Grab 2 Seat and Finch and Baby
Redd said [?]
Koo, we gon' do what we do
I got my own tour, HBCU
Well, who gon' open up?
Some CB dude
I think the nigga koo
He from Virginia too
We formed a lil friendship, something like some kin
shit
This my lil dude
We watched each otha show and glow up

Label bullshittin, so, I watched my nigga blow up
Oh, f**k!
You know what? My times comin tho, I ain't neva gon
give up, through adversity baby, I shine like a
mothaf**kin star. Believe that

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

I'm a skip some and come back lata
Label ain't shit, so 2 years lata
New album, whole long process
They wanna gimme they songs, so f**k my shit
But, hol' up, ain't this my shit?
Barkin at the meetings
Cussin at these people
Long story, short, I ain't f**kin with these people
Gotta find compromise, if you wanna sequel
Money getting low, gotta take care of my people
Excuse me, if I believe in creativity
That bullshit music, I can not do it It's useless, I'm tryna
broaden my horizon
I play 'em "Wonder Woman" at the office
I'm surprised
We discuss it, they love it, they think the world of it
Wanna push it, let's do it, I'm tryna get to it
Record movin slow, but I tried to put 'em on
I needa do some shows, they needa see me perform
After all that, on the song they pick, they gon' fall back,
like Songz ain't shit
No money for the tour, opening act for Ne-Yo
Couple years before, he opened up for me tho
It's all G tho, I spend my own C Notes
Musically, could be dead, but I'm, livin cause I'm me
tho
Of course the Big GO
D, won't be no
Me without 'em, never poutin, little faith could move a
mountain
So, watchu do about it?
Song in the pocket, produced by SongGate
Written by Johnta,
"Can't Help But Wait"
Finally, Trey done got his big break
Wait, it's not over
Since then, I paid for 2 more tours, a video, I'm so
official, yo
I get it on my own, ain't nobody gotta let me
That's why I say I'm READY

I'm just a soul whose intentions are good

(I'm just a soul)
O lord please don't let me be misunderstood
(Ya know... don't let me be misunderstood)

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