

Charles Hamilton, Barbara Walters

I'm Mr. Misunderstood
The kid from the hood is when that'll take all the lessons you get from the hood
And spit until you listen
This when you could
Consider one of the niggas not blinded by color
Dark clouds and silver lines are why the skies covered
The word that I utter
You see my name more than ever
That's called a brain storm
Born in Cleveland to a lawyer
And a writer, a boy in the mist of fire, the noise was just the lighter
Charles, see me beat my mothers ass
In front of me
Didn't even matter if she had some company
I grew to be my own man but my dad is under me
Reminded her too much of him and she's spazzin, come at me
Everytime she get mad, she wanna beef
I had an attitude
I'm back up on the streets
To lease
And Mr. Only you because of me
I need to speak to grieve
To reach my peace
Late at night
I'm alive
Dream about my thoughts of yesterday
Scream about my thoughts of yesterday
I wish I could talk to yesterday
And tell my story
I'm ready to tell my story
Call Barbara Walters
I'm ready to tell my story
I'm ready to tell my story
On it for awhile
I kept waitin for a way to escape my child molestation
But I ain't a victim no
I'm a living spokesperson for someone who learn to live and cope with
The old shit, I've been exposed to
Turn to blunts
Get high and won't return for months
The weed led to E
E's Ecstasy
Felt like I lost my drive
My speed was left on E
So I turned to speed
Meth & C
Okay E
So please don't okay me
Keep it real
Cause high, I can see thru the fate
Had a broken nose blood wood and bleed from my face
I need to escape
What a needle's a diesel will leave from this place
Sobered up to see my dreams were true
That's why I believe this is fake
Can't erase what I put myself thru
So let me help you
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H.O. was like my nigga and my father
Right there for me when these niggas didn't bother
Jackin off to Lacey when these bitches didn't holler
Went rite back to her when all these women didn't swallow
Girls Wanna diss me
Hoes say they miss me
Knowin that I could be goin in the history for I'll-flowin
It don't even make sense to me
The cameras, the press, no it don't mean shit to me
Fifty said Charles cop a?
I said No
Cause homie this is not a game
I'm a lost traveler
But the best bar battler
Charles bar for bar Attica
I had enough of the music that doenst arrest
Yes with the music I am f**kin obsessed
Blessed
Foolish to f**k with the vets
Said, but tell me who can really f**k with the best
And the best got next
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