

# 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  
Late at night  
I'm alive  
Dream about my thoughts of yesterday  
Scream about my thoughts of yesterday  
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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  
Late at night  
I'm alive  
Dream about my thoughts of yesterday  
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