Lucky

[Social Club Misfits](#)

Yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, uh
Nothing's ever promised, not reading the comments
A lot of failed rappers pretending they're bloggers
A lot of jealousy if I'm keeping it honest
Y'all should blame God for keeping it from you
Ten projects and the numbers don't lie
Got signed and really thought it happened overnight
Was working three jobs collecting overtime
Still found time to preach to kids down in Overtown
Really believing what I preached to em'
They say going mainstream is the key to em'
But I just make music, there's no limits to it
I've seen the lives changed, talking me included
When God's involved, there is no way you can stop it
They said that Christian thing wasn't for the market
Until they saw that bus now they wanna open
Maybe we got lucky or maybe we chosen
Maybe we got lucky
Maybe we're just lucky
Maybe we got lucky
Maybe we're just lucky
When the plane starts shaking all I do is start writing
Nobody can question God's will
Vintage like I'm Tom Hill
Thats Tommy Hilfiger you ain't caught on still
From the golden era, but I'm hot still
Survived it you can't say that I'm not trill
Now I'm first class for the times I was dead last
Stewardess just gave me the options for my breakfast
I'm Lonzo Ball with the fast break
Alley-oop to MartyMar made the glass break (crash)
Shattered board one's just a compliment
A lot of y'all are rapping but it doesn't make sense
Just putting words together, I'm flying over weather
37, 000 feet should do it, yeah that's much better
I'm a misfit, you can catch me in all black
No bandanas with my clothes
Frank Sinatra with my flows
Straight classy, write when I'm in my zone
Maybe we got lucky
Maybe we're just lucky
Maybe we got lucky

Maybe we're just lucky
Take a deep breath, I count my blessings
When you walked right in to me out of the dark
I can stay right here in this moment forever
Maybe someone lined up the stars
Or
Maybe we got lucky
Maybe we're just lucky
Maybe we got lucky
Maybe we're just lucky