Overkill

Joe Budden

[Heartbreak]Be advised, this kid is on his grind
If greatness is what you seek I'm the nigga you will find (me!)
I'm lyrically inclined - rap's like tacklin fish
with no hook, you can't get 'em on the line
Given a little time, Jersey City will prevail
The writtens I'm spittin sound like I'm fishin for a whale (uh-huh)
Of course I'm sicker, my flow off the Richter
I'm forcin niggaz to get a bigger scale
I gotta excel, so I sell X
You're like Nextel, who you gon' tell next? (who?)
Can't grind off packs cause y'all watchin 'em
I ain't see a dime off rap cause y'all droppin 'em
I go hard on tracks, ain't get a buck from it
And as far as rats I hope the fucks plummet (fall)
I like to mix karate with gunplay
So all you dumb chumps get nunchucked to gun-butted
The opposite of what y'all embrace
The game wants lames that'll march in place
Uh, one of the last from the Garden State
that spit like he in a jungle goin hard with apes (nigga)
[Joe Budden]L-look, look

Comin up, used to grab the pound for a dollar
Overseas, now prefer the pound over the dollar
Fuckin with that water you get drowned somethin proper
He act like an inmate but sound like a scholar
I mean - hoppin out, chain danglin, poker grill
Sober still, except for an occasional dose of pills
Show the steel, all of it 'til it's overkill
For Oprah bills I'll turn this bitch into Cloverfield! (nigga)
I understand why niggaz ain't tryin to bond with me (why?)
Fresh as a fuck, e'ry day is like the prom for me
Rappers ain't fond of me, FRRUCK them, my mom should be
The game's fixed anyway - and you could ask Tim Donaghy
I'm on some all kinda weed, sleep where the piranhas be
And honestly (f'real) I'm e'rything dudes be tryin to be
I get money and haul off (now)
While they at rock bottom, the poor guys can't even fall off (Joey!)
I'm all Spartan, avoid the four sparkin

Cause e'rything is funny 'til a nigga's George Carlin
Not greedy, I just want a portion of the fortune
If all rappers do is record, why would I call 'em?
Look, I ain't heard of that (nah)
And these haters (Killin' Me Softly)
but I don't mind takin on Roberta's Flack
I'm known to 1-8-7, murder tracks
Go and tell whoever wan' know the king of Jers' is back!

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