

# 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-buttet  
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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