Welcome To Real Life

Joe Budden

[Verse 1:]Yo I see shorty on the staircase
In front of an empty beer case
Weird face
Almost like he was scared straight
Like he ain't have a care in life
Whiping tears from his eyes
That already appeared to have been cried
We chopped it, said he was adopted
And there's a lot of shit he just tucks in his closet
Real calm, said he would always feel harm
And all he wanted to do was meet his real dad and real mom
"All the nice home and clothes do is remind me
In all these years they didn't even try to find me
Nevermind love, I feel like they never liked me
If I thought there was a god I would ask the nigga WHY ME"
But some things you better off havin never knew
Maybe they wanted better for you than they could never do
You got a family, I see that you don't care for them
But love is always gonna be love no matter where it's from
What if I said your moms couldn't give birth
Contemplated leaving earth
Til you brought her life worth
Whatever you going through could always be much worse
Don't make a mistake mistaking your blessings for a curse
Told dude you in the right place, right here
Can't run to your corner when life don't wanna fight fair
Things'll become quite clear
When you decide to wake up and stop having fantasies about a nightmare
[Verse 2:]You damn right she on a high horse
She said "don't worry bout hers nigga ride yours"
Before you talk clean your own backyard
Souped-up and sought after by the athletes and rap stars
Developing a name, creepin to fame
She quick to trade her vagina for a seat at the game
And it's so foul she don't see the shame

In the act or the fact that she view it as an equal exchange
She stay with the newest on, louis vuitton
Buying groceries with coupons, sleeping on a futon

No self-esteem to cover her lack of confidence
She get on twitter retweetin' all the compliments
Pretty face, nice strut with a nice butt
Disguise of a slut only tryin to get wifed up
But when it's party time she won't be a second late
Once she leaves V.I.P. it's back home to section eight
What confused me
Is niggas tried to kick it, but she come across bougie
In her best friends jewelry
Part-time mother
But something real shady when her 2 year old daughter
Much closer to the babysitter
Cry when she alone
Product of a broke down home
Won't change cause she already grown
Already set in her ways no need in tryin to help
Cause she rather find wealth before she can find herself
[Verse 3:]Real quick, let me introduce ya'll to maverick
Lifetime addict who recently kicked the habit
Looking for a job companies won't let him have it
Cause his drug and gun charges up and down his whole jacket
Constantly rejected, can't deal with the aggravation
So now he scared to be honest on the application
Past caught up as every door shuts like "Sorry we can't help ya"
And then he's back home to the shelter
Nothing to lose giving up like the other minions
Pending his trail in the court of public opinion
Til he got a call from a temp agency
Said they had a void ask could he fill the vacancy
Unlike what he appears
Been employee of the month for a year
Self doubt is related to fear
And they'll never replace him
If you wanna catch up with your dreams you gotta be willing to chase them

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