Three

Joe Budden

When you stay ready you ain't gotta get ready, Parks
Understand thatMicrophone check, it's something new y'all rage
These views only prelude from the dude on stage
I'm old school, so my mind is in a New York state
Still feel like I'm the best rapper in the New York State
Though I'm a Jersey City product, we like two doors away
Maybe I'm just the best rapper whipping New York plates
Indeed it be the God
If Fetty is the face of New Jerz, then you see how badly we needed I
Young doing it my way, that's Frank Sinatra
I might hang with you bloggers, but I bang with the mobsters
See me right in Hell's Kitchen having drinks over pasta
Need the fake to love the real so let me thank you impostors
Bicoastal early, y'all hit the Daytons and Impalas
Started buzzing around the time Sporty Thievz kept saying "nada"
Emcees ain't even bother, and I don't know what's truly worse
Them wanting my spot or not knowing they gotta move me firstYou are now entering the mind of the sick
About as remarkable as it gets
Here's what they think about you
Here's what they think about you
You are now entering the mind of the sick
About as remarkable as it gets
Here's what they think about you
Here's what they think about youNow, Parks, let me get back to my shit right quick
Now turn me up in my headphones
let me get back on my rage shit right quick though
But turn the lights down in the booth
let's do this real quick
Look, It goFew years, weights up, still sleep, wake up
Bitches know the stakes up since I beat my case up
Hip hop shit list, look at these bastard men dress
I'm just taking back what's owed, and adding interest
Maybe just my love died, loud lit above high
Slugs fly, eyes scrubbed dry, still a thug cries
All this paraphilia versus my necrophilia
How are they record dealing ya? I wasn't ever feeling ya
This feeling equates professional weapon, can't seal it, bruh
Deuce deuce, .380, a chopper Beretta millia
Hov said 30 is the new 20, me, I feel like 30 is the new 40

I bought 30 new 40s
A bitch moving pills get 30s to move off me
Just watch how you moving in Jersey, it's too costly
And memory with candles is where the energy laying you
Protect me from my loved ones, enemies I can handle
If you talking Slaughterhouse please refer to "SlaughterMouse"
Think twice before you blink twice, you gotta roll with mouth
Got you birds popping, it's Korver or Kurt Warner mouse
And I be dolo, nobody gotta come warn the mouse
Used to take drives through the tunnel, we getting offers now
Smelled my man a soda, it's teddy, I bridged the water's mouth
Live from the Horror house, calling out
Done with all this drawing mouth
Duke with all the Terry Bradshaw about
Kill spree, cops should look after
Y'all be yelling free your mans, I yell at my man stop getting captured
And all my Irvington niggas over alliance put one in the air for Rev. Ron
You know we rock with the pastor, moment of silencePut one in the air with me right quick
Bruh, we love you, rest in peace
All my Newark niggas what up? All my niggas over at Chancellor, what's good?
Surf, I see you, on neighborhood
What up? Anywhere there's real niggas around, I'm right at home
Alright, bring my drums back in a minute
I like this bass though
I don't think that's gonna change anytime soon though

Songwriters
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