

# Ventilation

## Mercston

[Joe Budden:] Time goes by  
Puffing on lie  
Hopping that it gets me by  
Got a nigga going crazy  
[DJ On Point:] We call this on e ventilation  
[Verse 1:] Some niggas wanted to kill me  
Got locked up and never found me so my goal is to catch a charge in that same county  
Picture me getting bumped for a silly hand off  
The bullpens fucked up just as Willie Randolph See  
I could pop a few nickel plated glocks to  
It's easier to kill niggas than it is not to  
I let the pot grew  
Then the plot grew  
It the labels job to label you don't fit it and they'll drop you  
Finally made a move on something I been saw  
Sometimes you got to lose the fight if you trying to win the war  
I'm focused on tomorrow  
I'm done seeing my friends in the rearview thing we really closer than we are  
Fuck the record label  
No relation or correlation all my admiration just turned aggravation they say  
How you sit so long when you spew classics?  
I tell niggas I can't understand it "that's blue magic"  
The rap game as is either you on some snap shit  
Or plan ol' stuck in a different decade like the brat is  
I hear niggas joints and take it personal WHY  
Now everybody want to spit about their personal lives  
Before that was none existent  
Me I'm an addict with an addition for anything that seems to cause friction  
Maybe I'm in a relationship with bad Karma  
What her past the somber maybe I attract drama yeah  
Undoubtedly my life is on some VH1 shit  
Just adding some salt and pepper to reality while  
Other artistes is obsessed with more toys  
Like lex, coup, beemers, and benz's there lost boys  
  
Un I kept brushing off my shoulder till the chip was going  
Left the benz at the dealers till the kit was on  
I don't feel niggas songs  
So while ya'll at the awards I'm loading up on ratches that's the tip I'm on

Flow is on acid I swear I would have the game mastered if I wasn't so busy carrying baggage  
Calling god a bastard

Calvin look way different in person then they had him looking in his casket  
I'm looking in his casket like he had no face  
I was at a lost for words like fiasco gate

So I figured I say a prayer for em got on my knees quick  
And realized "I DON'T EVER PRAY UNTIL I NEED SHIT"

My soul akin trying to stay low maintains  
I'm stuck in hell waiting on blessing with no patience  
I done made the ave hot  
Been had as stab shot  
Waiting on my jackpot  
Always been a have not

Always been an under dog little guy still try  
Cause I think I'm a cash cow they treat me like I'm milk dry  
Juggling nickels and dime I'm walking a fine line  
Sometimes you got to just breath maybe give time, time  
Give me a sign kind of shock he won't  
See I want another baby but my pockets don't  
Normally that wouldn't bother me

Till I wake up and get the paper and read some rich nigga won the lottery  
Young black and shameless

Shorty keep beefing about the same shit almost like yelling her second language  
Why do I entertain it

Listen we been arguing about everything for ages do it ever change shit  
Wind up igging each other for the whole week

It's a lot of men in this world baby you chose me like I chose you

We been rocking for years you signed up your not a victim you're a volunteer it weird  
Not a cheater on occasion still fuck a bitch  
Who knows why maybe just to be covered

I'm me she her we both had enough of it but won't leave  
We the only ones who put up with it  
In all areas it's like my stocks crashing

Wishing all these old motherfuckers would stop rapping  
Trying to be tasteful  
Not mad or hateful

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