No Idea

Joe Budden

Look, I was always told you cant make it make sense dont trust it
So Ill be out the country with the phone off, f-ck it
Grown from when I was dusted
But took something away out of every moment I suffered
So yall can go on and judge it
Theres a reason that Im tellin baby girl she gotta practice patience
I plan on changing my ways Im just procrastinating
Putting it off like Ill never be in a casket layin
With both my parents going crazy as the pastors praying
Prideful, I dont even succumb when Im defeated
All it do is get me mad, and Im comfortable heated
I come from a family of drunks, Im the one that succeeded
So nowadays I talk to God when nothing is needed
Im sorry I dont speak the language of
Rappers in the closet, but they wont hang it up
Im only trying to build what they attempt to destroy
We had a perfect game until it was Jim Joyced
Check it, what was once so majestic
Is now only adored by epileptics
I record to resurrect it, by my own accord I cant accept it
But when something gives you nightmares, can you afford to recollect it
If you can just know them odds stacked
Airplanes aint shooting stars, you cant B.O.B. that
I found out when discussing paper
Some will sell their soul and deal with the repercussions later[Chorus]
With every curve they throw
Every shot that blows, Im still here
It be the ones thats pretending to know that really have no Idea
I just let em all go ahead and speak my name
How far you gonna reach for fame
Go ahead and fuck up your career
I dont care, cause they have no idea[Verse 2]
So sick its livid, all pics are vivid
A stiff of being gifted, gotta be equipped to live with
His critics, misquote him and miss tidbits
So hes mislabeled, misunderstood, misfitd
Anytime I was misinformed or misguided
I went and got advice from a dude that wouldnt apply it
And hell give out that lesson for free

Without a grudge, but I keep the past present with me
So every morning on the wake up, and shes applying make up
Im pondering all the different ways for us to break u
Women have a tendency to get fickle
Predictable, lie and say his dick little
It be the ones you could see yourself with forever
Giving you a lecture talking about you neglect her
Couple years in, the strip club will upset her
And shell act like you aint have them same habits when you met her
When you cant take her
You start dropping hints for her to read between the lines
But shell act like Fantasia
Itll be so much to be said but no one will convey it
The relationship will be over but no one will say it
A doomed fate, living with who youd soon hate
Ex life partners trying to co-exist as roommates
Once you go through it youll believe it
And youll never give a woman more than youll want her to leave with[Chorus][Verse 3]
How can the fans think us rappers are invincible
Cant find anything about that logic thats sensible
Im thinkin they should know better off of principle
To them were action heroes, to labels were Expendables
My old approach was apprehensible
Some started thinkin their 15 minutes of fame was extendable
They dont cherish the moment like they probably should
Once they stars submitted they act Hollywood
Gwapped up stacks to grip
Now youre being chauffeured in the back of whips, life styles immaculate
Out of touch with reality, Ill help you get a grasp of it
Success breeds change, but so does a lack of it
The homies sending out subliminals,
Since you a failed rapper, failed criminal, four bars is the minimal
Since you aint from the streets Ill help and tell you the way it works
Say a nigga snitching, Im saying show me the paper work
I dont get why the inferior bother to diss me
Heart of my city, when I go take a part of it with me
I think god will understand that was part of my misery
So instead of father forgive me its father ya dig me?
Spectated just to see if Id get checkmated
Less progress brings less hatred which would segue it
I learned the hard way somethings are better kept sacred
Fail at given em your all, youll just be left naked[Chorus]

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