Aftermath

Herman Rarebell

[Sample: Rocky]You ain't gon believe this but, you used to fit right here
I'd hold you up and say to your mother
This kids gonna be the best kid in the World
This kids gonna be somebody better than anybody I ever knew
And you grew up good and wonderful, it was great
Just watching everyday was like a privilage
Than the time comes for you to be your own man, and take on the World
And you did, but somewhere along the lines, you changed, you stopped being you!
[Verse 1: Joe Budden]Shout to all my fans, glad I can inspire y'all
Got a couple haters, still trying to acquire more
You're praying to a higher power hoping I should fall
But even my writers block ends in a fire wall
Everybody acts reckless judging by they past efforts
If they ran shit why it won't show up in they track records
How can the critics ever hear me and say I'm a suffer
How when they play with words and I make em' play with each other
Choppers over the booth, ready for prime time
Come one with his thoughts, intertwine with his mind
Go toe to toe, blow for blow or do it rhyme for rhyme
Be competitive coke heads and go line for line
Honestly that crap of yours you should raffle off
With me they getting Genius Bars without the Apple store
Under the microscope I rebut' the scrutiny
If I'm to be compared it's only to who I used to be
Take a closer look at rappers and you might discover
This faggots talking Boxing, avoid the Mike Buffers
Now you the type to cuff her, me I get tired of her
See you the type to get hype to hug her but won't try to fuck her
No pencil thin bitches, me that ain't the style he dates
Might sit on her face and leave the imprint of a smiley face
Introduce the newcomers to my habitat
The calms before the storm, this the debris from the aftermath
[Sample: Rocky]Let me tell you something, here right now

The World ain't all sunshine and rainbows
It's a very mean and nasty place and I don't care how tough you are
It will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it
You, nore nobody is gonna hit as hard as life
But it ain't about how hard you hit

It's about how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward
[Verse 2: Joe Budden]Let me change pace, the alternate route is a long one
But you'll ultimately end up in the same place
So I tell aspiring artists "think beyond greater"
I know some niggas with platinum plaques and bronze paper
But better living should be earned, never fed or giving
So I traded my recognition instead for a vision
They always told me that I'd end up dead or in prison
Who ever thought that same dude getting head while he whipping
At the chick would hang up on, give em' the dial tone
Now buying wild homes, straight cash without loans
I always managed to do better when his doubts shown
I'll teach you how to turn them diamonds into milestones
Class is in session, and look who's come to tutor
They passing the fake off as real like Brian Pumpers jeweler
Where I'm from niggas with fear getting slumped by shooters
But my equal to dumping rugers is being done by computers
I'm getting bread, every verse like the lotto
Give them substance but they treat every word like it's a hollow
My niggas off parole I'm tryna give them something pure to follow
Cause he ain't have a pot to piss in, just a urine bottle
I come from where so many people where raised with neglect
Cops trying to meet they quote, thirsty to make an arrest
All my wrong doings did, was put my faith to a test
Which made me much stronger, guess my mistakes were correct
[Sample: Rocky]Now if you know what you're worth, go out and get what you're worth
But you gotta be willing to take the hit
Not pointing fingers saying you're not where you wanna because of him or her or anybody
Cowards do that and that ain't you
You better than that

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