# Blood On The Wall

## Joe Budden

How many nigga's fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace y'all nigga, this is heaven for a G
I'd be a liar if I told you I that never thought of death
My nigga, we the last ones left
How many nigga's fell victim to the streets?
Rest in peace y'all nigga, this is heaven for a
I'd be a liar if I told you I that never thought of death
My nigga, we the last ones left but life goes on
And I ain't gonna stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall
Maybe it started with the rims on the whip
I lost a Hummer pushed the Benz through the strip
I'll swim with the fish before I lend nigga's shit
'Cause personally they ain't worth the phlegm that I spit
That's why sometimes I think the end's comin' quick
My old ass father shot twins out his dick
So if they so happen to come up without an older brother
Won't be alone 'cause comin' up at least they'll have each other
At least they'll have one another 'cause life's a motherfucker
But while I'm here, my only job is not to see 'em suffer
Through dope boys shootouts, stickups and under covers
The world is full of suckers but don't worry I'm your buffer
Buffer, like I shoulda been for BJ
But he never listened to nothin' we say
It was half past twelve midnight on a weekday
Not even twenty hours past his release date
This nigga hit him up four times
One hit the heart and that hit my heart
Called his pops, nigga's pick the phone up
So he come find his son lyin' in his own blood
On that block that we ran through
House we grew up in corner we would post on
Shot dead in front of nigga's we would be with
So how the fuck nobody see shit
And so I'm there to be a brother to his brother lucky
'Cause in the belly of the beast I know this shit get ugly
Get on my knees and have a convo with the Lord above me
Maybe sometimes I hear it wrong and think he's sayin' fuck me
Only he can judge me careless what they think about me
'Cause honestly I'd be aight if no one ever loved me

I write I only fear Joe in blood smeared slow on my brain
By my earlobe
And I ain't gonna stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall
All I tried do is raised the bar
See my weeks is scabbed up, days are scarred
Still I love to see a motherfucker hate from far
More they talk bout me the more I pray for y'all
I mean I don't get how prodigy gon' acknowledge me
When the nigga bout as big as an apostrophe
For him to possibly think that he as hot as me
It's far from a prophecy, it's more like a mockery
Used to be hip hop to me 'fore you bombarded me
With everythin' ass like sodomy, it's gotta be drugs
Four fifths and snubs what's that about
Nigga, you cant lift the guns that you rappin' 'bout
Real talk I can't front on your old shit
Now you just old as shit, now old and sick
Instead of holdin' my dick, here's a better way
Never mind me, worry 'bout your medicate
Shits so unfair, nigga beefs carried your ass your whole career
Wanna blog? Here's a reason how the fucks murda music
Anybody ever dissed this nigga is still breathin'
Jay Z, Saigon, Nas already peeled him
Tupac, he ain't alive but you ain't kill him
Fifty signs the bum only 'cause where he was from
Put his stamp on a nigga and still nobody feels him
Not a murderer or gangsta robber
Washed up nineties nigga now a gangsta blogger
Me that underground flow strike like the pound blow
Your sounds old, not even worth a download
I would have nigga's hunt you like a hounds nose
Problem is you pussy the whole town knows
So why let the body count grow
For some fiend out nigga now starrin' in the clown show
And I ain't gonna stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall

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