Dear Diary

Joe Budden

The soundtrack to my life is like CNN first sh*t
Images like CNN but worse sh*t
I would down the whole Pinot Gris
But I'd see the Group Home without the Premo beats
And it hurts my soul
I'm a Warrior so though the odds is against a nigga, Dirk gon' choke
Some people confide in the person that they sleep with
I've learned there's no such thing as a secret (oh)
I can't describe the feeling I get
You was riding shotgun, I was wheeling the whip
sh*t, I even let you rock out
Being Bill Belichick, tapin' from the sidelines, stealin' my sh*t
But dawg, you was like a mini me
Mocked me, envied me, turns out YOU WAS BLOWIN' HOT AIR, KENNY G
But you was cool, accepted you instantly
Not a groupie but you had a few tendencies
And though we share a few memories
A couple wrong turns'll turn a friend to an enemy
See, phony people like phony people
Even you could be mistaken if you phone these people
Look, when you invite the nerds to the cool table
sh*t IS BOUND TO BREAK UP LIKE A POOL TABLE
So wack dudes'll start feeling like the sh*t
And you thinkin' it's you, its really where you sit
Or maybe you was neglected
'Cause when you take the front down and strip a nigga naked, he's dying to be accepted (oh)
I did that, just the way you was
Now you a stranger, nothing like the way you was
But uh, you not real, you not Rachel
You not Worm, you not Dill, sh*t, you not chill
I thought you had some ...
fu*k the fake sh*t, I'm really feel that you tryna screw me
And you a little smarter than the average dude
So it took a nigga just a little longer to see
They tried to warn me, fought with my girl erry night about you
sh*t only hurts 'cause she was right about you
She run around wanting to shoot you the fair one
I keep telling her "chill, I don't care none"
I got another side I never showed to you

The side where everybody is disposable
See, relationships are never a threat
'Cause I'll erase the history and act like we never met
Become done giving a fu*k and done calling
I got your e-mail, I was done way before then (oh)
Dear Diary, I don't wanna keep sh*t inside of me
I'd rather just speak to you privately
Maybe its my mood, as far as I can see
There's really no point in having this guy with me

Change from the days of us getting in your truck
It's bigger than one song, it's bigger than a buck
It's bigger than me, bigger than buck
Bigger than voodoo, its bigger than luck, sh*t, it's bigger than us
I always call niggas fools for wanting to learn the hard way (when)
When I'm really the fool for tryna teach 'em
When the blinds leading the blind you cant reach 'em
If niggas ain't as hungry as you then why feed 'em?
Niggas ain't tryna be lead then why lead 'em?
Having big problems with your dogs, why breed em?
I'll keep my part up, keep my guard up
Was like Thundercats but changed faster than Cheetara
This a small part of a larger issue
Sometimes acceptance is so hard to get to
But we all equal, no one lower or above me
I love my team just as much as they love me
If not more
If I turn the knob we all going through the door, I ain't coming back for y'all
The whole crew feel the same as me
How could you ignore something so plain to see?
I'm being ig'nant, that get on my nerves every minute
What's plain to some is really Burberry printed
Being so real sometimes is a slow kill
We was one squad, you broke out like Michael Scofield
I want fillet mignon, you want oatmeal
Add up our differences equals up to no meal
No mills, yup, no deal, why you gotta chase sh*t
To know it's no thrills
For real, a nigga still beefin' with his baby momma (BUT!)
Only thing my baby ain't a baby no more
Hit her on MySpace, maybe she ain't shady no more
Sent old girl a message, no reply but she read it
Some things are so embedded and our heads is
Looking for O's but get X's, dealing wit ya exes
I was one long line away from the Tetris

She sent me the L, that sent me to hell
To the point where I was ignoring my son
I don't see him, don't talk to him
I don't greet him, don't walk wit' him
But I pay for him like he's an object
No matter how right I am, in court I CAN'T OBJECT
Dear Diary, how could she deny me?
How she go to bed without her F*CKING WITH HER PSYCHE?
Is she wrong using him so I can come back? (or)
Or am I wrong for wishing I COULD GET MY CUM BACK?
Looking for sun, all I see is the hail
How I'm gon' trust? All I see is betrayal
It's like they keep trying more and more to subdue me
And only you understand, signed by yours truly

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