

# Get No Younger (Produced By The Klasix)

## Joe Budden

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking - w/ ad libs]  
Uh, it's that knock right here  
Uh, y'all in that mood yet?  
Taha, you need a subo to play this in the car by the way  
Let's go  
I'm a be quiet, let homeboy say what he gotta say  
Get his little shout outs out the way  
Goin, goin, gone[DJ On Point - talking over Intro (echo)]  
This joint right here is called Get No Younger  
Featuring Ezo  
Shout out to The Klasix on the beat  
Dave, Mike, I see you  
Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3  
Let's go[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]  
Now look, I'm in that 550 feelin like Chuck Liddell  
Aside from Rampage Jackson it's "fuck the world"  
My lean came so mean, So Fresh and So Clean  
Like a Sunday morning listenin to Joel Osteen  
Like my beat down low, I'm rimmed up with the seat back  
Boo with the sweet back, I definitely need that  
Even if her body make a nigga want eat that  
Bitch you don't Make a nigga Better, better see Fab  
I know a bird named Amy, love to tea bag  
Set you up right for some loosies and a weed bag  
Alcoholic, cute face but her weave bad  
And she went to the Winehouse straight from the Rehab  
The recap rappers and they G stacks  
Fixated on imaginary ice like freeze tag  
I speed past, ease past with my G swag  
I'm at a level most niggaz couldn't see past[Chorus - Ezo]  
On my grind, chasin dollars (chasin dollars)  
In the fall or the summer (fall or the summer)  
Streets are pullin me under (pullin me under)  
And I ain't gettin no younger[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus (echo)]  
Shout out to Paree  
Jill, Grimstyles  
Can't forget Jay, what up?[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]  
Whoa, whoa, some say "sky's the limit", still I'm tryin to reach higher  
So on my deathbed, I'm figurin how to be fly-er

I'm talkin above heaven (but)  
But talkin about death is me beatin a dead horse and a nigga love "Slevin"  
I'm a '80's baby with a '60's mind state, Yankee fitted backwards  
Lookin at whippersnappers  
Livin young and reckless, never mind who the best is (might as well)  
They need to get rid of their style, put it on Craigslist (nigga)  
'Cause you ain't crazy, stop it  
Even if you was wild like Randy Moss, start feelin Patriotic  
How I'm gon' lose with Tom Brady in the pocket?  
Beggin dude to come back like the Yankees did "The Rocket"  
And just like Clemens did  
Reappear to get the most wins it in, damn dickheads is so sensitive  
Pussies get hemorrhages, find a way to benefit  
Even when it seem the whole World is against the kid[Chorus][Verse 3 - Joe Budden]  
Whoa, I mean, the burner's in the air (is that what you want?)  
Like J. Holiday I'll put you permanently there  
It's Bedtime niggaz, weapon of mine niggaz, Wesson or nine niggaz  
"Minority Report", I'm ahead of your mind niggaz  
You wanted to beef, you got twenty with you, I got a hundred with me  
Now this is somethin to see (oh)  
Boogieman your whole squad, put you under some sheets  
In that Dodge Richard Reid had under the sheet  
On some Jetsons shit but if the shook type approach me  
I'll fill 'em with metal 'til he look like Rosey  
Niggaz ain't off the hook like Joey  
My feet is up cozy, at the end of my bed  
Get on my Puff Daddy All About The Benjamins shit  
And turn my back on Danja/danger like Timbaland did (ya heard?)  
Hoodie over my head, the snub showin  
Fuck what the World's come to, where the fuck's it goin?[Chorus - without ad libs][Outro - DJ On Point -  
talking until the end (echo)]  
Shout out to my nigga Trees Bland  
Bland Management  
Shout out to Phat Gear down in A-T-L  
Can't forget Hall of Fame, Coliseum, Jamaica Ave.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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