

For You

Joe Budden

"Biatch!"

"For you! For, for you! For-for you! For you!" - "Fresh!" [repeat 3X]

[Royce Da 5'9"]Nickel! Of course it's I

The fore ship come as no surprise

I'm low from my chauffeur drive

He married to the streets, he 'bout to divorce his bride

Now throw 'em up! Like you prayin to the porcelain god

Joey!

[Joe Budden]I understand why dudes would wanna off me (why?)

It's small beef, goldfish to Jaws' teeth

Knick game, next to Spike, got the floor seats (talk to 'em)

Expired tin plate but the Porsche speeds

Home to wall-to-wall marble in the floor see, Nickel!

[Royce Da 5'9" (Joe Budden)]Spittin at your eulogy

All you rhyme about is shinin jewelry

You should change your name from MC to Tomfoolery

This is new to me and I will mop a nigga ass UP!

Do him like clean-up

(Or split him down the middle, we could) Do him like a pre-nup

(I mean get him for his re-up) Hoes down, G's up

[Joe Budden]Clean cut, pour somethin hot on your mean mug

Star Trek guns outta this world, get beamed up

The last two that you want to see team up

Or link up, FUCK any rapper you think of

Matter fact, ain't a better combo you could dream of

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9", Joe Budden][R] Street niggaz gettin money, this is {"For you"}

[J] Jail niggaz waitin on release, this is {"For you"}

[R] Hoh! Trap stars niggaz, this is {"For you"}

[J] Fruck that, bad broads I'm doin it for {"For you"}

[both] WE, ARE {"Fresh"}

[Joe Budden]We killin the witness and anyone who maybe saw it

So the court date (they missin the day before it)

Lately floorish coupe, or maybe poor shit

I'm aware that they hate me for it

I stay with the special like Katie Couric

Diss me, soon as they record it they be corpses

[Royce Da 5'9"]Flawless models lookin like my lady's porcelain

80's corset that can cause a baby abortion

Take her, to Old Navy or maybe Nordstroms
Get her pregnant, marry her or maybe divorce her
Crazy, if a nigga dandelion/dandy lyin
I have him pushin up daisies in a fugazi orifice
[Joe Budden]I dress half hood, half corporate
If your closet ain't the size of a master bedroom you won't get the portrait
[Royce Da 5'9"]Bottom line I'ma sign like endorse it
Y'all niggaz four different characters played out like Norbit
Of course it's the bosses, shoot it then toss it
[Chorus][scratched repeatedly: "That was fresh!" - "Bitch!"]

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>