

1000 Faces

Marc DePulse

[Joe Budden]Thug changes

Now we were once two n-ggas of the same kind

Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line

Sorta, honestly Ill never guessed you were a hoarder

And all that would manifest cause of what we both thought of her

So im like ?how could you get mad of what she thought of me?

I found out seasons don?t only change quarterly

Cuz you got bended, it was real fickle

With me saying ?girls are a dime a dozen? knew a n-gga with a nickel

I guess nobody told him that gossip and slander is not the answer

Wish I?da known that she woulda flipped out of propaganda

Ice in my veins, some people are less skilled

And he brought me up on charges when his ego got killed

When my friends in doubt, they learned a valuable lesson bout

In 30 years I ain?t reckon how to reconcile

What hurts more? The act of getting cut off

Or realizing that your 2 cents wasn?t worth

[Joe Budden - Verse 2]Check it, nothing could help somebody switch up more then thirst can

I seen the ill effect that fame can have first hand

And I to blame for the person that you became

When you?re already on that path its so hard for me to explain

Look, some indicate that im watching who I never met

I see some things happening now that you would never let

Fewer in your right mind, were you showing me the right person at the right time

Or were you trying to make it easy? didn?t really please you to please me

Did that make you change everything about you to appease me?

My prides in shambles, wondering why and when did you decide to gamble

Or are you competing with Mya Campbell

When did that become suitable?

How could you make something so ugly out of what was once beautiful

Next time beauty?s headed towards me I plan to dodge

Until I see its not just being used as a camouflage

[Joe Budden - Verse 3]Only reason I continue to antagonize

just my way of bringing truth into a pack of lies

Reveals peoples true colors, moves a bad disguise

Even though its something I predicted I just act surprised

That way an arm never jinx on me

Drunk mouse, sober tongue homie drinks on me

That way im protected, yall got no choice but to respect it
Seen too many come and go to be affected
And how is it not expected
Im hip to what its bound to be
And then relations combined, they weigh a pound to me
And so the bullshit, make sure its tasteful when its done
You can keep your 1000 faces, just try being faithful to one

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