Old School Mouse

Joe Budden

You now listenin to a different type of boss
Abstract, they cut him from a different type of clothe
Jers say that mouths want a different type of soft
Only started when I was lookin at different type of lofts
Told em, I'm a don, show me somethin with a pool next
I need four bathrooms, it ain't gotta be a duplex
White tee, boots yes, see 'em in a suit next
Or somethin European shirt lookin like a two X
Runnin for the ball like I'm Plaxico Burress
Or in Cancun breakin a back on a brunette
Gimmicks down pat like they rehearse that much
I don't response to a sublime, it ain't hurt that much
Yea I scream out Jers that much
Cause these other dudes fightin for New York like it's worth that much
And these sitcom niggaz caress and hold bitches
To them they 'golden girls', to me, they old bitches
Chicks lookin at G-Ucons lookin to cheat you
Owe a nigga money, you know he lookin to see you!
Niggaz lookin to beat you
Fiend treat the hood like its Saw part two, cause they just lookin for needles
I wake up grateful that I'm breathin first
Cause dudes'll kill you, they don't need a reason first!
These niggaz'll still hit em
They know the hood is too poor to hire CSI, and Gil Grissom
Nowadays, gotta keep a blue steel wit em
I know about snakes, cause I used to deal wit em
Used to give my heart, used to rob, steal, wit em
Let 'em meet mom, share my last meal wit em
To rap now, you ain't gotta have skill wit em
Just appeal... witta lil bit a' rhythm
A dude has that and ready to attack y'all
You gotta kiss ass or else you get blackballed
If you don't like niggaz, still give 'em dap y'all
I swear to God this hip hop shit is a trap y'all
I don't even remember how I used to act y'all
Something wrong wit the math, I know I can add y'all
I came out screamin Desert Storm everyday
And soon as I stop, he don't wanna play
Stacks sayin what you did for Clue, shit I just laced it

I didn't even know that dude was doin his tape, shiiiitt

He don't want the fame no more, its fuckin wit me
Don't hear Reasonable Doubt the same more
I can't listen to Blueprint (Naaw!)
Got a resentment toward Hov, tryin to hate on em, throwin in my two cent
They say don't bite the hand that feeds you
Even if I wanted to, I can't, no teeth to
Don't get me wrong, I still got love for Clue and Hov
But they both rich, so what that gotta do wit Joe?!
I gotta bring home food for Joe... Trey that is...
Like, fuck why I say that shit?!
See, girl why you take that shit, but it's just how I feel, so naw, don't erase that shit
Child supports a bitch, but I take care of mine
But the Lord just say I ain't there for mine
And the judge I look at (what about?)
Don't wanna hear, nor do he understand that things got pushed back
I'm sittin here with all this anger, stop me
He's like what about this thing called a Gangsta Party?
Must think I live life like it's a Gangsta Party!
I'm 10 seconds away from a gangsta robbery, nigga!
No four leaf clover, I can't luck up
Feel like removin the seeds and gettin fucked up
Feelin quick temper, somebody bound to get fucked up
I feel like everyone around me's a fuck up
Ratchet on me, I'm screamin out What What
Bout to live life like my last buck's up
I ain't got time to run around stuck up
Not when I just seen a group of niggaz gettin stuck up
So you damn right, I'm on my grind
Look like some shit is on my mind niggaz
Need to talk, but nobody to turn to
So I go to horoscopes in the Jersey Journal
It's always somethin bad, I don't know why I read it
Then I play it off, its fake, I don't believe it!
Smoking like two packs a day
Still got about five cartridges stashed away
And that's just were I'm at today
I'll be in a better place if I just pass away (Sike!)
Just hop in the casket and lay
That's old school mouse, move on, put the past away

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