

# No Idea

## Joe Budden

Look, I was always told you cant make it make sense dont trust it  
So Ill be out the country with the phone off, f-ck it  
Grown from when I was dusted  
But took something away out of every moment I suffered  
So yall can go on and judge it  
Theres a reason that Im tellin baby girl she gotta practice patience  
I plan on changing my ways Im just procrastinating  
Putting it off like Ill never be in a casket layin  
With both my parents going crazy as the pastors praying  
Prideful, I dont even succumb when Im defeated  
All it do is get me mad, and Im comfortable heated  
I come from a family of drunks, Im the one that succeeded  
So nowadays I talk to God when nothing is needed  
Im sorry I dont speak the language of  
Rappers in the closet, but they wont hang it up  
Im only trying to build what they attempt to destroy  
We had a perfect game until it was Jim Joyced  
Check it, what was once so majestic  
Is now only adored by epileptics  
I record to resurrect it, by my own accord I cant accept it  
But when something gives you nightmares, can you afford to recollect it  
If you can just know them odds stacked  
Airplanes aint shooting stars, you cant B.O.B. that  
I found out when discussing paper  
Some will sell their soul and deal with the repercussions later[Chorus]  
With every curve they throw  
Every shot that blows, Im still here  
It be the ones thats pretending to know that really have no Idea  
I just let em all go ahead and speak my name  
How far you gonna reach for fame  
Go ahead and fuck up your career  
I dont care, cause they have no idea[Verse 2]  
So sick its livid, all pics are vivid  
A stiff of being gifted, gotta be equipped to live with  
His critics, misquote him and miss tidbits  
So hes mislabeled, misunderstood, misfitd  
Anytime I was misinformed or misguided  
I went and got advice from a dude that wouldnt apply it  
And hell give out that lesson for free

Without a grudge, but I keep the past present with me  
So every morning on the wake up, and shes applying make up  
Im pondering all the different ways for us to break u  
Women have a tendency to get fickle  
Predictable, lie and say his dick little  
It be the ones you could see yourself with forever  
Giving you a lecture talking about you neglect her  
Couple years in, the strip club will upset her  
And shell act like you aint have them same habits when you met her  
When you cant take her  
You start dropping hints for her to read between the lines  
But shell act like Fantasia  
Itll be so much to be said but no one will convey it  
The relationship will be over but no one will say it  
A doomed fate, living with who youd soon hate  
Ex life partners trying to co-exist as roommates  
Once you go through it youll believe it  
And youll never give a woman more than youll want her to leave with[Chorus][Verse 3]  
How can the fans think us rappers are invincible  
Cant find anything about that logic thats sensible  
Im thinkin they should know better off of principle  
To them were action heroes, to labels were Expendables  
My old approach was apprehensible  
Some started thinkin their 15 minutes of fame was extendable  
They dont cherish the moment like they probably should  
Once they stars submitted they act Hollywood  
Gwapped up stacks to grip  
Now youre being chauffeured in the back of whips, life styles immaculate  
Out of touch with reality, Ill help you get a grasp of it  
Success breeds change, but so does a lack of it  
The homies sending out subliminals,  
Since you a failed rapper, failed criminal, four bars is the minimal  
Since you aint from the streets Ill help and tell you the way it works  
Say a nigga snitching, Im saying show me the paper work  
I dont get why the inferior bother to diss me  
Heart of my city, when I go take a part of it with me  
I think god will understand that was part of my misery  
So instead of father forgive me its father ya dig me?  
Spectated just to see if Id get checkmated  
Less progress brings less hatred which would segue it  
I learned the hard way somethings are better kept sacred  
Fail at given em your all, youll just be left naked[Chorus]