# Ventilation

## Dj JS-1

[Joe Budden:]Time goes by
Puffing on lie
Hopping that it gets me by
Got a nigga going crazy
[DJ On Point:]We call this on e ventilation
[Verse 1:]Some niggas wanted to kill me
Got locked up and never found me so my goal is to catch a charge in that same county
Picture me getting bumped for a silly hand off
The bullpens fucked up just as Willie Randolph See
I could pop a few nickel plated glocks to
It's easier to kill niggas than it is not to
I let the pot grew
Then the plot grew
It the labels job to label you don't fit it and they'll drop you
Finally made a move on something I been saw
Sometimes you got to lose the fight if you trying to win the war
I'm focused on tomorrow
I'm done seeing my friends in the rearview thing we really closer than we are
Fuck the record label
No relation or correlation all my admiration just turned aggravation they say
How you sit so long when you spew classics?
I tell niggas I can't understand it "that's blue magic"
The rap game as is either you on some snap shit
Or plan ol' stuck in a different decade like the brat is
I hear niggas joints and take it personal WHY
Now everybody want to spit about their personal lives
Before that was none existent
Me I'm an addict with an addition for anything that seems to cause friction
Maybe I'm in a relationship with bad Karma
What her past the somber maybe I attract drama yeah
Undoubtedly my life is on some VH1 shit
Just adding some salt and pepper to reality while
Other artistes is obsessed with more toys
Like lex, coup, beemers, and benz's there lost boys

Un I kept brushing off my shoulder till the chip was going
Left the benz at the dealers till the kit was on
I don't feel niggas songs
So while ya'll at the awards I'm loading up on ratches that's the tip I'm on

Flow is on acid I swear I would have the game mastered if I wasn't so busy carrying baggage
Calling god a bastard
Calvin look way different in person then they had him looking in his casket
I'm looking in his casket like he had no face
I was at a lost for words like fiasco gate
So I figured I say a prayer for em got on my knees quick
And realized "I DON'T EVER PRAY UNTIL I NEED SHIT"
My soul akin trying to stay low maintains
I'm stuck in hell waiting on blessing with no patience
I done made the ave hot
Been had as stab shot
Waiting on my jackpot
Always been a have not
Always been an under dog little guy still try
Cause I think I'm a cash cow they treat me like I'm milk dry
Juggling nickels and dime I'm walking a fine line
Sometimes you got to just breath maybe give time, time
Give me a sign kind of shock he won't
See I want another baby but my pockets don't
Normally that wouldn't bother me
Till I wake up and get the paper and read some rich nigga won the lottery
Young black and shameless
Shorty keep beefing about the same shit almost like yelling her second language
Why do I entertain it
Listen we been arguing about everything for ages do it ever change shit
Wind up igging each other for the whole week
It's a lot of men in this world baby you chose me like I chose you
We been rocking for years you signed up your not a victim you're a volunteer it weird
Not a cheater on occasion still fuck a bitch
Who knows why maybe just to be covered
I'm me she her we both had enough of it but won't leave
We the only ones who put up with it
In all areas it's like my stocks crashing
Wishing all these old motherfuckers would stop rapping
Trying to be tasteful
Not mad or hateful

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/