

More of Me (feat. Emanny)

Joe Budden

I give you my all
But it seems like that's not enough
Letting you get more of me
So while the world keep on changing
The one thing remaining is
I keep letting you get more of me
My story, my pain, can't ail it
My tears overflowed, you can't pale it
My talent, to immense can't jail it
Niggas tried to cross the God, but they ain't nail it
My path, my walkway, you can't trail it
My ladder, my mountain, can't scale it
It's my life, my struggles, can't help it
I'm just grateful that He kept me alive for me to tell it
Check it, see the music industry changed me
It was everything that I'd have never guessed it was
So my discography is all full of hand-me-downs
I couldn't figure out another way to dress it up
So every verse spiked with the truth
Nah, no one know me better than this mic and this booth
It's no better way, I owe my todays to my yesterdays
You live with regrets, probably die with em too
So I trust God more than myself, I'm trying to tell ya
Drunk in the basement, now I'm in the wine cellar
I learned to never let the fear settle in
And now I'm more prepared than I've ever been
Not one ounce of hate in my glass
Just one of the things OG taught me way in advance
Said it's two types of folk in this world
Got the ones that's out doing it
And those busy saying they can't
I give you my all
But it seems like that's not enough
Letting you get more of me
So while the world keep on changing
The one thing remaining is
I keep letting you get more of me [Verse 2: Joe Budden]
You know some niggas never learn
Some learn and never apply, but wait
Some apply but never teach
My only right to preach, I spent time being each

Grab that magnifying glass I need ya'll to look closer
At the only dude to do every drug and get lower
If niggas knew a third of all the weight that he shouldered
They'd know it an insult to think I'm only bipolar
I got a unique talent, don't know how I obtained it
How do I sustain it? Can't even explain it
I get more info from words that aren't spoken
More fixated on people or things when they are broken
I used to think everybody was pure
Now I'm busy trying to come up with everybody's cure
And that mindset led to close alarms
It be the people you help most, normally do the most harm
Baited my whole life, most times I ain't bite
So no need to stick to a script that I ain't write
Preconceived notions, nothing less than a failure
Base you's off of the cover and miss the best-seller
While I'm at it, let me tell you about this angel I met
She was fly, from every angle was fresh
And the way that she was jamming to the song called 'I'm Not Perfect'
Made me wanna know what her imperfections were
Now listen, and they weren't hard to find yall
Both parents were addicts like mine are
Mi-nor, but her story wasn't new to me
Most her life, shorty was homeless like I used to be
Could tell she never felt appreciated
Looked too much like her dad, was her mom's least favorite
Picture a bond supposed to be sacred
Looking up at your mom's eyes and seeing hatred
Pop left when she was young
Well she still young and he still gone, keep it 100
While I'm just amazed that a woman so beautiful
Could go through such ugliness and not become it
World keeps spinning, learned sinners keep sinning
And I can't even tell her some fights ain't fight worthy
Cause my pops got 20 years clean, but her pops got 20 years dirty
She moved to Jersey where he happens to reside
Thinking they'll be closer but it's only fiction
Cause she so young, all it does is cause friction
God picked the right nigga though, to teach about addiction
Years ago she should've been on homi' watch
So check the time out, just not on mommy watch
Cause someone beat her ass for years, someone calmly watched
Na, stepdaddy beat her ass, mommy watched
I keep her closer than ever she always next to me
Bisexual, comfortable sexually

I'm talking more comfortable than she should ever be
Especially considered the fact she was molested three
Times, some things a picture doesn't tell
Can't be worth a thousand words or her pictures might yell
Ya'll see a pretty face on Instagram
I see a girl that should be scarred, never lent a hand
There go God's work again, how'd he know I need that?
How the fuck did he pick her to walk me through a relapse?
Believe me, shorty I'll kill for you if need be
And I need you much more than you would ever think you need me
What I do for you is tangible, shit that you can gain
You for me, not understandable, it's shit I can't explain
Some folk don't see the effect in that
Some say I'm using you, they'd be correct in that
But what for they'll never know
It's deeper than nude pics, it's something I would never show I figured like this
You came to me at a pool party and I was two steps away from smoking on that wet
My logic say to me, you came to me as a stranger and I hold you dearer than most people I ever met in my
entire life, b
God's work, not mine
You came younger and wiser, I'd have never known it
You don't look your age
Younger and wiser when I was older and dumber
You came to me as nothing I'd have ever wanted
But everything I'd have ever needed, I swear to you it's God's work, not mine So you'll never be alone again
What's mine is yours, you won't be without a home again
And I know you from Miami, so you hate the cold
But you been through much colder than me and I'm much older
You just ride shotgun, let a nigga chauffeur
I'll cut the grass, you just look out for the cobras
We'll be just fine, God set these on our shoulders
I'll show you a man, you showed me I could stay sober
Let the world talk about every picture we post up
And we'll sleep well every night, cause they don't know us I give you my all
But it seems like that's not enough
Letting you get more of me
So while the world keep on changing
The one thing remaining is
I keep letting you get more of me God's work
Talk to em
Sometimes you gotta stick around for the miracle
Gotta wait for the miracle to happen
God's work, not mine I said, God's work, not
Word, I love you
I'm gone

Life is beautiful ain't it...

Songwriters

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