

Ventilation (produced by The Klasix)

Joe Budden

[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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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