

# Connect 4 (feat. Young Chris)

## Joe Budden

[Intro: Young Chris]  
Yeah... uh, C. West  
We do this, Joe Budden  
Yeah, young Chris, what, what?  
Yeah, uh[Young Chris]  
To the heart of North Philadelph, pour my spirit and flesh  
Give me the crown, watch me wear it the best, I ain't hearin the rest  
Long gone, dancin with bigger fish here  
Fish scale advances for glitter wristwear  
Ch-chea, motherfucker this year Chris here  
Homie the strong's so vital, survival of the fits here  
Ain't shit sweet y'all, life about a bitch yeah  
Say I drive her crazy though I ride that hoe fifth gear  
Talk so much poverty cause I live here  
Talk facility cause my family's doin a bid there  
You ain't rappin or ballin, we got our hustle out  
That's what a thug about, anything to get the fuck up out  
the ghetto, dodge the devil, prolong my demise  
Got a green sticky lah baby, 365[Joe Budden]  
Hold up, a nigga went from lukewarm to hot  
Scratch that, from coldest winter to hell's kitchen  
Aside from predictable shots and shells spittin  
Wouldn'ta even known it cause nothin felt different  
E'rything dope in this game ain't on the radio  
That proofs me, check the dames and the ratio  
Brain like fellatio, I mean it used to be cane like Horatio  
Fuck you, pay me though  
Look for him, style in whatever I put on  
Come from where you give a wrong look and you would look wrong  
Broads off the hook for him  
But I treat 'em like Subway, I give 'em 5 dollars and a FOOT long  
Young niggaz take your vitamins  
Your 28-inch rims higher than watchin me admirin  
JUMP OFF e'rything that they aspirin to be  
But the bullshit gets tiresome to me  
See, only one concern, gettin my bread right  
Hate to see you lose your (Life) over a website  
I'll feel (Sorry)  
Y'all'll only know what I show why Chris Brown and Rihanna that real story

Off puttin words together like (Scrabble)  
Build your (Monopoly), they just gon' attack you  
Can't (Pictionary) it, they gon' think it's (Taboo)  
When you get more, they can't (Connect) the (Four)[Outro: Joe Budden]  
Dawg.. geah, Joey, Chris  
Yes Chad, I fuckin know the sound

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