

# Forget

Joe Budden

It's easy, to forget  
A joke or game, someone's name  
The day to day, what time to meet  
A certain place, or one street  
Faces be looking familiar, sometimes it's hard to know  
I've been in a whole lot of places, I've met a lot of folks  
Ain't had a window to open, needed a pot to throw  
In my hood the story of Mouse is one you gotta know  
Could ask ma to push the i8 Beamer  
Can't remember where I seen her, I think it was La Marina  
Singing all the words to Trina  
Whole demeanor said freak like old pictures of Adina  
But now all these broads shaped the same and waist trained  
I'm on my third passport, I can't remember these niggas  
Like all the faces is blurred of most these industry niggas  
Mean game somehow for an inkling of the fame  
And I can spot them from their accents when I'm thinking of their name  
I've seen dames sip pink champagne  
And do drugs that'll put Charlie Sheen to shame  
Off my penis until I came  
The drugs over these years made its way to my mental  
Pardon if I don't remember when you gave me a demo  
Or that one night we met up in Aces  
When it count 'em an accountant, I'm just better with faces  
So it's regular Joe, a regular wherever if I'mma go  
That's since forever ago, so it's however it could go, Joey

Songwriters

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