

# Stained

Joe Budden

DJ On Point] The name of this shit right here is called Stained[Sample- Staind: Outside]  
I'm on the outside and I'm looking in  
I can see through you, see your true colours  
Inside you're ugly, ugly like me  
I can see through you, see through the real you[Joe Budden]  
Lemme talk to them real quick  
It's, it's, it's what? It's that On Top musicNiggaz said the only cat I cared about is myself  
When shit's thick, don't nobody's whereabouts but myself  
When you're faced with it all and your back's against the wall  
You'll be listenin' but all you hear about is yourself  
Tell me what you supposed to do when yourself ain't reliable  
You're lookin' in the mirror but yourself ain't desirable  
Need another nigga besides yourself on the side of you  
Can't listen to yourself, all he do is lie to you  
Now tell me who's supposed to have your best intrest  
When shit ain't lookin' up, you start havin' less intrest  
Tryin' to leave the hood but the slugs keep commin'  
Keep chasin' the buck but the buck keep runnin'  
I don't trust nobody, I don't love nobody  
I don't fuck with nobody but me, I can't lose  
No moves'll be funny and I never let myself down  
How so? I don't expect too much from me[Sample]I'm everything the hip hop critics try and \_\_\_\_\_  
Got no problem bringin' out the shit hip hop hides  
So I do the club shit for the blind, they can't see  
You write some substance and sometimes they can't read  
Needle in the haystack, hidden jewel the most  
So fly, down to earth, he's so cool to most  
A regular hood nigga with he's two the most  
And he's so smart, he's stupid. Still a fool to most  
Tell me how could somebody so sane, be so off  
So normal, he's not. It's so strange, he's so lost  
And you're lookin' for someone to blame, there's no fault  
Now you're feelin' all this pain, there's no source  
Eyes open, I can't blink right now, I can't think right now  
Bartender, I need a drink right now  
Pen movin' but there's not enough ink right now  
Not a ship you can't sink right now[Sample]T-shirt filthy nigga, eyes lookin' like a guilty nigga  
Beard look like he's a Philly nigga  
Fistball like somebody tryna steal me nigga

I pour my heart out on wax, you gotta feel me nigga  
And no over the counter that can heal me nigga  
Gun cocked like there's some nigga tryna kill me nigga  
And try whatever it is you tryna deal me nigga  
'Lest they got some new shit that might grill me nigga  
I pull out like break me off, peel me nigga  
The games short like I owe you, bill me nigga  
Unless you're a thick bitch that might appeal to me nigga  
Naw don't beat me down, don't drill me nigga  
I'm like really nigga, I'm too ill to these niggaz  
How long you think this games gonna conceal me nigga  
Even if I don't scan a few milly my nigga  
I fell and I got up and I'm still me nigga[Talking]  
It's, it's, it's what? It's that On Top music

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