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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