

# No Love Lost (Outro)

Joe Budden

Mic check, mic check 1-2 1-2  
Made a lot of mishaps, lot of mistakes, lot of missteps  
Grown shit though, is when you can recognize that  
And I recognize that, and real recognize that  
Talk to 'em Last word, check it, unbeatable force, insurmountable object  
Bull should've known better than counting me out, I'm from the projects  
So if I ever do it for greed, indeed something is wrong  
Prepare for the future, remember I used to get heat from the oven on  
They wanted to see Budden gone, fiend'd out on sour  
But nobody helped put Budden on, had to bring my own power so  
I'm having a private party, that only myself attends  
And if the DJ plays the song to my soul, it'll give itself a cleanse  
They telling me all the pain I ever felt was self-infringed  
But I had help from friends, one even held the syringe  
Architect of my own path, I'd like to think it's designed the best  
Defied the odds, I never aged while giving time a test  
No niggas on house arrest, I'm on a minor rest  
You trying to call me or text me, don't even bother, I'm trying to give mine a rest  
I got a treasure but its content is invisible  
Was filled before with shit that I thought I treasured, but made me miserable  
My affairs together, here forever, yeah I'm back to work  
Learned in order to lose love, probably gotta have it first  
My life's a crap shoot, my dice are loaded, ain't no  
stopping me  
Most interesting man, a hard place is between a rock and me  
I'm torn within, and my eyes are heavy  
I'm born again, just means I died already  
Means I survived already, so fuck they want with me?  
World been against me so long, misery hates my company  
Isolated my whole life, not many know who Joseph is  
In order to reciprocate love, you gotta notice it  
Gotta recognize it, gotta feel it first  
Gotta be let inside it, feel its hurt and then kneel to its worst  
If you contain it, don't hide it, gotta reveal it first  
And when you think you hit rock bottom, gotta feel it worse  
Or, my rule book is just dated  
And for you to truly appreciate it, you gotta at least be hated  
Mama I made it, if anyone know my way was hard  
They prayed for my downfall on deaf ears, I was praying to God  
So God, I loved love till it resented me

And if it's still a stranger, then I love who it pretends to be  
No love lost  
No love found  
They found a little bit though  
I don't know where they found it out, but it was there  
So I guess the moral of the story,  
Is as you mature, so will it  
Just gotta find it  
One

Songwriters

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