Hiatus

Joe Budden

Two years, waits up
Still sleep, wake up
Girl gon break up
Mind right, cake up
Friends came, friends left
Bullshit is endless
Been that, Hip Hop
Really not impressed
Maybe just my love died
Sober, still above high
Slugs fly, eyes up, dry but still a thug cries
I cry til I can't cry no more
Believe my own nonsense I can't lie no more
Soul's dead, breathless I can't sigh no more
Wheel's already fell off, I can't ride no more
I guess I... pack up all of my belongings and just troop it
You know it's beef when a smart nigga get stupid
Then it's justified, rational nullified
He's been shot 8 times, almost thought my brother died
See he was raised different, I know his mother tried
His arms tied, I'm tryna teach dude to touch the sky
But still shorty wild
Turned on by 40 cals
Was young never saw me wild, clutch Robert Horry style
No wonder why I picked up triggers to beef
I only ever fist fought with niggas bigger than me
I never been the one to try to grab shit in my reach
Incompliant, you have now witnessed the breach
I feel like life is all written, understand my math
Got on my knees told God I had a plan he laughed
I mean...
Hours pass, no sleep
Cowards get a slow leak
Showered twice the whole week
Powerless control freak
Thinkin' about suicide
Won't though, I'm scrutinized
Life nigga, do or die
Hood want him crucified

Jewelry on, fresh dressed
Model broads, excess
Phone calls, death threats
Tell me what's the next step
What's what?
Whos who?
Paranoid as usual
Gripping on my deuce deuce
Either way a lose lose
All I need is one mic
Razor blades, gun fights
Grew without no sun light
Understand sons plight
If done right, won't seek and fail
I don't follow the path
I'm creating my own to leave a trial
No rhyme or reason
Nor reason to rhyme
No more food for thought
Shit was seasoning mine
Now they counting my desire
Second guessing my fast life
Bringing weapons of mass in when you question my passion
I live for this
Not the baguettes and the fame
Got signed having the awnser then the question changed
Saying jump off don't sound right
Is blashphemous, down right
I astound mics
Music is just what feelings sound like
So even though when I do it it's flames
For a while felt like I was making music in vein
We don't view it the same
I use it for change
Y'all do it for change
I use it for pain
But keep doing your thing
Soundscans sky rocket
Build all this hype bout it
People might cop it
This is just my logic
Maybe it's psychotic
Though labels try to stop it
This is my antibiotic
So let me start doing what dudes like

A nigga in the booth feeling fresher then some new nikes
And I cruise like cruise-control
No fuck that!
I can't do it, I might lose my soul
Even though shit help a nigga to his goal
Would defeat the whole purpose
Nahh that ain't what Jerz is
Nahh that would be worthless
Bars sounding nervous
A nigga much deeper then what you see on the surface
I rather resort back to snatching purses
Finally understanding what the gift and the curse is
If I was more concerned about a purchase
I would tell ya'll it's about to go down like bird shit
It takes courage, me verses urges
Words split and got caught up in label merges
And what's worse is
I've been deserted in the circus
Up and left the circuit
It's dead like herses
Sicker then the pedaphiles working in the churches
That ain't the type of shit I need fit for my verses
So lemme help niggas understand mouse
Why try to fit in when you a stand out?
No album but the money never ran out
Beside from rap I'm kinda focused on land now
Cause I don't know where the game is
It's just been attacked by Hurricane Chris
So niggas can't fathom what money and fame is
Well some niggas get it by using their stainless
Well some niggas get it what the kid sustain in
Me!... I'm regular Joe I don't let it change shit

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