

Get No Younger (feat. Ezo)

Joe Budden

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking - w/ ad libs]
Uh, it's that knock right here
Uh, y'all in that mood yet?
Taha, you need a subo to play this in the car by the way
Let's go
I'm a be quiet, let homeboy say what he gotta say
Get his little shout outs out the way
Goin, goin, gone[DJ On Point - talking over Intro (echo)]
This joint right here is called Get No Younger
Featuring Ezo
Shout out to The Klasix on the beat
Dave, Mike, I see you
Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3
Let's go[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]
Now look, I'm in that 550 feelin like Chuck Liddell
Aside from Rampage Jackson it's "fuck the world"
My lean came so mean, So Fresh and So Clean
Like a Sunday morning listenin to Joel Osteen
Like my beat down low, I'm rimmed up with the seat back
Boo with the sweet back, I definitely need that
Even if her body make a nigga want eat that
Bitch you don't Make a nigga Better, better see Fab
I know a bird named Amy, love to tea bag
Set you up right for some loosies and a weed bag
Alcoholic, cute face but her weave bad
And she went to the Winehouse straight from the Rehab
The recap rappers and they G stacks
Fixated on imaginary ice like freeze tag
I speed past, ease past with my G swag
I'm at a level most niggaz couldn't see past[Chorus - Ezo]
On my grind, chasin dollars (chasin dollars)
In the fall or the summer (fall or the summer)
Streets are pullin me under (pullin me under)
And I ain't gettin no younger[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus (echo)]
Shout out to Paree
Jill, Grimstyles
Can't forget Jay, what up?[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]
Whoa, whoa, some say "sky's the limit", still I'm tryin to reach higher
So on my deathbed, I'm figurin how to be fly-er

I'm talkin above heaven (but)
But talkin about death is me beatin a dead horse and a nigga love "Slevin"
I'm a '80's baby with a '60's mind state, Yankee fitted backwards
Lookin at whippersnappers
Livin young and reckless, never mind who the best is (might as well)
They need to get rid of their style, put it on Craigslist (nigga)
'Cause you ain't crazy, stop it
Even if you was wild like Randy Moss, start feelin Patriotic
How I'm gon' lose with Tom Brady in the pocket?
Beggin dude to come back like the Yankees did "The Rocket"
And just like Clemens did
Reappear to get the most wins it in, damn dickheads is so sensitive
Pussies get hemorrhages, find a way to benefit
Even when it seem the whole World is against the kid[Chorus][Verse 3 - Joe Budden]
Whoa, I mean, the burner's in the air (is that what you want?)
Like J. Holiday I'll put you permanently there
It's Bedtime niggaz, weapon of mine niggaz, Wesson or nine niggaz
"Minority Report", I'm ahead of your mind niggaz
You wanted to beef, you got twenty with you, I got a hundred with me
Now this is somethin to see (oh)
Boogieman your whole squad, put you under some sheets
In that Dodge Richard Reid had under the sheet
On some Jetsons shit but if the shook type approach me
I'll fill 'em with metal 'til he look like Rosey
Niggaz ain't off the hook like Joey
My feet is up cozy, at the end of my bed
Get on my Puff Daddy All About The Benjamins shit
And turn my back on Danja/danger like Timbaland did (ya heard?)
Hoodie over my head, the snub showin
Fuck what the World's come to, where the fuck's it goin?[Chorus - without ad libs][Outro - DJ On Point -
talking until the end (echo)]
Shout out to my nigga Trees Bland
Bland Management
Shout out to Phat Gear down in A-T-L
Can't forget Hall of Fame, Coliseum, Jamaica Ave.

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