40 Licks

Joe Budden

Look I can give a fuck about opinions, like 'em or love 'em
I never change up, if you don't like 'em then fuck 'em
Cause I was brought up sayin' sticks and stones
Only let you know about whoever's doin' the throwin'
Dudes is far from what they pretend to be though
I done fired a few shots and got plenty of gold
Nah, if it ain't love, let's begin to be foes
Cause now my minds kind of off, I'm like Emily Rose
When I seen my first man get murdered
I took a little strike from the game like a Transit worker
Won't keep pushin' cats to get paid
And be a grown ass man with no acalade's
And know the truth hurts I can't fabricate
So nothings made up, just the facts I say
My son 'bout to have a brother
It's a different father, same mother, if it ain't one thing it's another
Sometimes this rap thing seems so easy
Til you home lookin' at that TV
Pissed you havin' a fit, changin' it FUCK MTV
Cause you starin' at them, thinkin' that should BE ME
The game and myself is like Jessica and Nick, 'bout to leave
The folks thought we'd never ever split
Try to work through it all that we done for eachother
Both talented but one is too dumb for the other
Let it go to its boiling point
Til it felt like one long episode of Boiling Points
But all I gots this mic and this booth while I'm in it
I figure might aswell tell the truth while I'm in it
Latifa said enjoy my youth while I'm in it
I told her I do but the proofs still tinted
I'm like an old man when no friends or family
Tryin' to cleanse whatever's left of his 'sanity
It's no happy dude here
I'm mad at the world while I'm wishing y'all Happy New Year
It's only fair somebody had one
New Year's for me always be like my last one
New year, same girl, she the same soldier
Think it's all good, probably cause I told her
But I got some resentment, shit that I ain't over

I don't trust baby girl far as I can throw her
Rightfully or wrongly she's gettin' quick sized
I'm on the horn askin' chicks for their tit-size
Face smilin' and there's tears in the kid's eyes
Hidin' it from hoes, by talkin' about my dick size
In the hood with the best of 'em
I'm still hood, just not hood like the rest of 'em
Where's the answer
Don't ask for a cig', I'm so self-centered I won't even share this cancer
Look to the sky
Talk to an invisible man and hope one day my prayers get answered
This shit gets hard with every pull from this cig' or cigar
More like what every lick from the gutiar
GOD!

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