# Don't Make Me

## Joe Budden

Top down with the fresh cut
With A Baker through the speakers, "Best Of"
A crisp white tee, I'm still feelin' dressed up
Everythin' else healthy, don't get me messed up
A good pair of shades on, you gon' always see me in disguise
Not for style, I don't want you to seein' my eyes
But for now, tell God hurry my plans
'Cause I just had to bury my man
Us two was on some brother shit
But if I learned anythin', if you take life for granted
It'll grant you some other shit
I know I can't be the only one troubled with
I talk 'bout hard shit like I discovered it
Thought I had enough of it, still won't cut a wrist
I just wrote the book, he published it
Simply read holdin' back the years
'Cause when I strayed, it looked like
He holdin' back some tears, he sayin'
Don't make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad
Don't you make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad
Sometimes I feel like it's a ghost behind me
Nudge in my back, got the toast behind me
Clockin' my every move, takin' notes behind me
Crowd laughin', there must be a roast behind me
But the boy won't bend
Though the road to the riches is startin' to look like it don't end
But still I'm on nine-five speedin', truly love it
No idea where I'm goin', that's the beauty of it
But still I'm here waitin' on a sign
Or a FYI to be notified 'cause why?
Do it matter what he got it store for nigga's if they too broke to buy
I know I want heart, my back carryin' some tons y'all
From the devil's bedroom on to his front yard
Pop up in the backseat and keys the chauffeur
Let 'em know before I hop out with him on my shoulder, I said
Don't make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad

Don't make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad
Wouldn't be smart to tangle with ya guardian angel
Not when they got a strangle from every angle, head to ankles
Get mangled, so I don't got shit
My eyes everywhere, on my Stuart Scott shit
Tryin' to be fly every second that the clock tick
But there's a suicide bomber in the cockpit
See my intent is to be content
But that's contingent off fly hoe's usin'[Incomprehensible]
Since mama conceived me
Me and dude been stuck in a melee
He's tellin' me I gotta ball like Beasley
But I could give a fuck how a nigga perceives me
So until God retrieves me
I'm followin' behind the nigga that misleads me
If need be, bounce from where he tryin' to keep me
But every time I try, he tells me that he needs me
Don't make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad
Don't you make me bad, no, no
Don't you make me bad

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