

By Law (feat. Jazzy)

Joe Budden

[Verse 1: Joe Budden]

See I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
Go ahead and judge me, I ain't gotta honor y'all
Shit, I told the judge I'll sit, never mind the bond
Nigga I won't budge in this bitch, it's like I'm a don
You can't con a con
Left from the long arm of the law
Actin' right as if my momma involved
My monologue say I'm back at it
One life, so son live it
I'm committed, never did it and wish that I undid it
Young kiddies listen, the one talkin' ain't really with it
Just forget it, would they be talkin' if they was really with it
Come visit and see that the loudest one ain't the one with it
And the one with it is the last one you want with it
Been stabbed and jumped slitted
Bad, then son ascended
And I pum-chika-chika-chika-pum-pum-ch-pum-chika
Every verse about me, worded proudly
Never worry or doubt me if you heard about me
Awake with nightmares, grew with murder around me
I'm still hitting my shmoney (shout) Shmurda and Rowdy
Ayyye, calling a bluff
I'm grown so I never think anything's more than it was like horrible bud
Never beefin' over these bitches cause it's more that I love
I ain't warring with cuz over what she's offering but
She got my hammer on rock, I'm like Thor in the club
While she semi off the Remy bitch got my dick all the way up[Pre-Hook: Jazzy]
Now you judging me, they start some shit you got no proof of
It's not OK if I don't do as bad if I do too much
Still got nothing, what you expecting from me
Why else you checking for me
Got nowhere left here to spare, I guess that's my fault
[Hook: Jazzy & Joe Budden]
Ayo by law
By law, by law
Guess I'm just a real nigga by law
Getcha, getcha, getcha hands high low, high low
Still gotta ride though, I know

Niggas 'round here we still live by code
Play this record if they kill me, yes the 5-0
I'ma always be a real nigga that's by law[Bridge: Joe Budden]
See I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
Go ahead and judge me, I ain't gotta honor y'all
Shit, I told the judge I'll sit, never mind the bond
Nigga I won't budge in this bitch, it's like I'm a don
You can't con a con
Left from the long arm of the law
Actin' right as if my momma involved
My monologue say I'm back at it
One life, so son live it
I'm committed, never did it and wish that I undid it[Verse 2: Joe Budden]
Look what the Lords been agin
Straight from the horses jaws of hay
With an enormous rage weighin'
Unfortunate we don't know the origin but it's important is all they sayin
This a formal statement
The airports are delaying got reporters waiting
Live from a caucus in a Secaucus basement
For Rage to leave the cage like a lawless agent
A psycho ward patient that's often pacing
Was Rage dragging a corpse like a dog with Steak-umms
For the organization's inauguration
I got shooters on call with the 4's just aching
In the four door Explorer with the awful gray tints
Notes over ya head, this a orchestration
How it is when the author give the authorization
Imploring you all to ignore the baiting
You gon' give ya opinion they gon' call it hatin'
By law
Yeah nigga I know
Still gotta ride though I know
Yeah nigga I know
Look, now the side show I don't play it
I might have my nigga Tory (Say it)
See we live by a code
Lemme see u get 'em, get 'em
Real nigga by law[Pre-Hook: Jazzy]
Now you judging me, they start some shit you got no proof of
It's not OK if I don't do as bad if I do too much
Still got nothing, what you expecting from me
Why else you checking for me
Got nowhere left here to spare, I guess that's my fault[Hook: Jazzy & Joe Budden]
Ayo by law

By law, by law
Guess I'm just a real nigga by law
Getcha, getcha, getcha hands high low, high low
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Niggas 'round here we still live by code
Play this record if they kill me, yes the 5-0
I'ma always be a real nigga that's by law

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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