Thou Shall Not Fall

Joe Budden

[Verse 1]Look, I'm on a war path
Tell the opposition
Naw keep it to yourself, I'm my only competition
But keep the hate coming
I love the criticism
But understand I'm successful by my own admission
I never had shit
But a bad bitch
Naw let me stop lying mostly they was average
If you'd say my voice would be heard by the masses
A dust head nigga from Jerz I wouldn't grasp it
Questions you can ask it
Teamed up with the Klasix
Working on a classic, smash hits, and that's it
Maybe niggas thought my knees gonna buckle
Newport in my mouth with two G's on the buckle
Got more now than them few G's when I hustle
Spanish broad with them two D's like I love you
But sexy lady it was nice to know you gotta move on
They can't chink my armor a nigga to strong
I think niggas is shady but the proofs gone
I put the jewels on cause fools thought it was gone
You've been warned
[Verse 2]I tried to told dudes way back in 02
That eventually the game would go back to being soul food
I mean soulful while everything is woeful
I try to stay fresh like whole foods on the pro tools
But Mista F-A-B wanna mention him
Fell the fuck off I won't mention him
Only respect one Fab and I'm friends with him
Phonte backed out I guess niggas pumped sense in him
They went and pumped slugs in my little brother
But dog I still love little brother
This other guy ain't know whose dude
Got glued to You Tube
Hit Jin asked him if he digested his food smooth

How you beef with Joey?
They're queers without ears to say he ain't show out of fear

He clear scared of the old me
The nerve of the young folk
Yosemite Sam is getting gun ho
Nigga bank account got one "O"
He could snort lines with his dick it won't come dope
They stringing you along don't take it and try to jump rope
Dog, this how you know you shouldn't feel glory
Cause I ain't even show and end up being the story, I'm sorry
[Verse 3]Mic check
I need it to be known I'm grown
I'm on some next shit
I'm thinking oil money, Texas
Not a necklace
You gotta to shot at mom dukes
Before the techs spit
I don't go out looking for Drama like the feds did
Music with a message
But I'm no backpacker
Some vengefulness in me
But I'm no backstabber
No baller in the strip clubs I'm throwing cash at her
I'm trying to help shorty and her goals attach faster
Was insecure growing up
Niggas laughed at her
Now she think she got some self
worth because her ass' fatter
I told her give yourself the ace you sew
Next time they chain you up you
could break through those
Nigga call you out your name mommy break dude nose
Gotta get you where you going might take you slow Maybe bend
But never let'em make you fold
Accept your short comings baby
They gone make you whole
I'm gone

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