I Gotta Ask

Joe Budden

[Verse 1]
Look, standing in the cypher rocking
To driving some of the hottest cars New Jersey's ever seen
To dropping some of the dopest mixtapes that you ever heard
And it's all courtesy of weed, a couple of Percs, and lean, baby
I wish you niggas that would owe me
Some bread would come and drop it off
I wish she start tongueing a girl, but she won't pop it off
Wish I knew you wasn't with the shit, so what you hopping for
When pussy's thrown your way every nanosecond it's not an option ya'll
Normally a sponge but this some shit I just cannot absorb
Why ya'll are dressed like Metro Boomin wish you would knock it off
Wish the best MC didn't mean who is most popular
But I just booked my next nine months
Ready to lock and more[Hook]
Money is a lot to grab
Before we get to it there's a question that I gotta ask
Wheres all my niggas with the rubber grips, (bust shots)
And if you with me mama, I'm rubbin' ya tits, and what not
[Verse 2]
I hear they thinkin' bout speakin' my name
Bet if they could I'm takin bets
Money on my hood, money on me I'm good
Money on the wood, money on wishin' that money would
That's him against the wild life
And I got money on the woods, (Baby)
Two bitches three's company how I half with her
This Hennessy don't do the trick, then watch this yac trip her
I'm tryna' buy a compound I need the pad bigger
Thats seven bed rooms, eight and half baths, I figure
Bad strippers, fraudulent hourglass figures
Got every bartender thinkin' she'll get a glass slipper
You see a line of bottoms, come and get a order, and now
They brought in the room, they all coming in
Every rapper in your crew, my crew is slaughtering them
Put vegetables in your house, nobody walking again
What time you get off, I'm showing up there
Nine in one hand, .45 in the other, round quarter to ten[Hook]
Money is a lot to grab

Before we get into there's a question that I gotta ask
Wheres all my niggas with the rubber grips, (bust shots)
And if you with me ma, I'm rubbin' ya tits, and what not[Verse 3]
How many MC's must get dissed in the great words of Buckshot, my answer is "why the fuck not"
Come to bars, I'm the same nigga that love to club hop
Don't be the guy to get your entire team in a rough spot
We the OG, thorough niggas, huggin' the block
Right down to the crooked business, thats fudgin' them docs
The early teams in the hoods, out there fuckin' with cops
No they fuck with us back now, especially if you black now
It's joe

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

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