Give Me Reason

Joe Budden

Whoahhhhhhhhh, whoa
Ladies and gentlemen, you now rockin with the best
(Geah) Jersey City, stand up
Patterson, stand up
Off top.. Just Blaze!

[Joe Budden]
Hold up nigga, slow up nigga
Don't start a war unless your dough's up, nigga
Know what nigga? Joe's up nigga
Y'all shouldn't cry about it, grow up nigga
Guess what y'all? I know magic
I could make your pulse dissapear and no hat trick
Death threats - it ain't phase me
When I bring the T-Mac through the Rucker y'all, it ain't Tracy
Sewed up nigga, low cut nigga
So keep talin bout your wrists froze up nigga
You might see 30 whips roll up nigga
We be at the pawn shop givin your Rol' up nigga
Just wanted to make that known, you seen _New Jersey Drive_
Round here, leave that Maybach home
Before we vick that homes, we be on y'all jerks
You'll find out the hard way if your On*Star works, cause

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
I don't, need a reason to bust my guns
So don't, give me reason to bust my guns
You might, be the reason I bust my gun
(Pa-pow, pa-pow - pa-pow, pa-pow)

[Joe Budden]
'Til my day's up nigga, stay up nigga
Play Tony Montana, get your face cut nigga
That goes out to all of you play thug niggaz
How you want it, long nose or the trey snub nigga?
Return and die dog, if I start clappin in your crib
Nah I ain't tryin to turn the lights off
Trapped on the chain, got the jewels and cape
Be like Jared, Subways made him lose his weight, but look

I'm bout gettin money for all races
Only oldie but goodie I know is small faces
Wait, make you sure you heard right; woulda been put the hit out
But I ain't tryin to get my third strike
Lace up nigga, say what nigga?
Your Maybelline raps that you make-up nigga
Wake up nigga, stakes up nigga
For all my locked-down and my cased-up niggaz, cause

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]
Who's that nigga? New cat nigga
Don't disrespect, don't do that nigga
Hate to hear the sound of the tool clap nigga
Dual strap nigga when I do black niggaz
First hand with a three-eighty kickback
Brains on your lap dog, babysit that
Look, it's my turf, get up off the stoop now
I'm Omar Epps, who got the "Juice" now?
Street love nigga, G's up nigga
You lookin for a loan on your re-up nigga
Haters might wanna put hollows in ya
When you're young black spendin like a lotto winner y'know
I'm grown up now, I'm done with Jake
When I say pounds y'all I'm talkin bout London cake
I can serve it to you uncut or somethin baked
Hope you ready for me folks, cause I'm comin your way, cause

[Chorus] - fades out

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/