

# I Couldn't Help It (Produced By The Klasix)

Joe Budden

We had a beautiful relationship at one point  
But then, then that shit changed with the quickness  
Maybe 'cause I was fuckin' other bitches  
Or maybe we had no business havin' business Not the girl that I would wanna raise kids with  
But still that shit happened regardless  
I was so young, back then so heartless  
And the shit I was thinkin' could of caught me some charges Listen, I tried to talk to her normally  
That shit ain't work for one second, she was on to me  
I tried to explain, how I ain't have a dollar to my name  
Pursuin' this rap shit, chasin' fame Young dude stressed in the hood like Jesus  
I ain't ready for no child but she was  
When you piss poor get to havin' sick thoughts  
While the chick probably sittin' there thinkin' 'bout marriage I'm thinkin' abortion like a savage  
On purpose accident to have a miscarriage  
Her a mother of mine I couldn't end up seein'  
Plus what type of mother would you end up bein' You already a psycho, I wouldn't let that pass  
I ain't think lifetime bond, I thought fat ass  
All them times you were pregnant and miserable  
All them fights we had that got physical Every time I sent you packin', pissed at you  
Like I ain't want to live with you, yeah, I kind of planned that  
Ain't considerate, sounds just like me  
Then you put someone out that looks just like me I grabbed my little dude up, looked 'em in his eyes  
And you can't understand right now I apologize  
How could I not want you here, be that selfish  
Fuck was on my mind at the time, my bad I couldn't help it Nah, I mean I couldn't help it, for real I couldn't  
help it  
Even though I try, must've been somethin' goin' on inside  
No lie, couldn't help it, nah, I couldn't help it Now this is how you know we go through phases  
'Cause he done sold millions of records  
Plus they done been together for ages  
I don't really know how to say this Me and old boy done shared a couple of stages  
But he wasn't around when I saw her in Vegas  
She said remember me, I thought I should lie  
I looked baby up and down and said should I? Maybe she my old broad, maybe she a singer  
I looked down, seen a chunky rock on her finger  
She said I'm Blanks wife, how you been and what you doin' here?  
I should of asked her that same shit Snoop had already told me that bitches ain't shit  
And the industries so small, that's how the game is  
When you famous, everybody's a bilingual plaintiff

And the defendant speaks one languageBut we exchanged numbers like fuck it  
All we gon' talk about is music  
Neither one of us will ever use it  
But shorty she ain't hesitate to use itFour a.m., where do I begin?  
She's leavin' the club, I'm about to win  
She's so aggressive like, what room are you in?  
I ain't answer, she said meet her downstairs in tenSo now we totally disrespectin' his star  
I'm with his bitch and she in his car  
She said hop in, let's head to the strip bar  
Bad ass friend with her and then she kissed maAnd now I'm so confused  
She starts tellin' me about how she's so abused  
How he beats her ass, how he takes that figure  
And I'm in my head thinkin' I don't blame that niggaWe hit the club like everythin's wonderful  
She touchin' me, I'm feelin' uncomfortable  
And then the DJ threw on somethin' slow  
I'm grindin' on her friend, now she wantin' to goDude's wife started whisperin' in my ear  
I'm startin' to see it clear, she don't care  
Shorty's down with whatever  
She said, let's go to your room all together  
I'm sure the two of us will make it worth your wildNow your friend looks great and I really wanna fuck her  
But I can't be your side dude, can't be your lover  
Caught on my old school shit just to thug her  
We got to the room, told her I ain't have a rubberI thought it worked at first  
One looked disappointed and one looked hurt  
But her trifelin' ass went and made shit worse  
She reached down, pulled a few of those out her purseGot on her knees, started playin' with the head  
All her dudes lyrics started playin' in my head  
Her friend jumps in, probably feelin' left out  
I'm filled with guilt 'cause all I can think 'bout wasHe have her on TV with your kids  
I got her on the TV in her ribs  
Please God forgive, regret what I did  
That ain't the lifestyle I wanna live  
Just then I couldn't help itNah, I couldn't help it, for real I couldn't help it  
Even though I try, must've been somethin' goin' on inside  
No lie, couldn't help it, nah, I couldn't help it

Songwriters

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