

# Ayo

Joe Budden

Quarter on the loose  
Loose quarter  
Few questions I ask myself

Maybe it started with "Slaughterhouse", or was it tour life?  
Maybe it wouldn't had started at all if I had your life  
Maybe it was needed or I was thinking immorally  
If I wasn't myself could I say I gave the fans "All of Me"?  
Can't decide if I'm more ashamed of what this all mean  
Than I am of ignoring all the lessons that was taught to me  
Headed up field but couldn't dodge the last tackler  
High to the floor we thinking moves her ass backwards  
How could I do with no regrets at all, willing to bet it all  
Not realize that quicker demise, how could I neglect it all?  
I'm so seasonal, some of you knew what to bring back  
With a heart this cold, how'd ya'll think I'd be receptive to fall  
I'm plenty comfortable when danger's around  
And even more so when strangers around  
In a bigger picture, was sicker down on my triggers  
And all the alarm enforcers  
Down to a nigga, that I'm about for drugs and liquor or the harm it causes  
Life and death, I tried to lynch myself  
Thought I could keep it all a secret, I convinced myself  
But really the folk that loved me, they could tell I was loakin  
I couldn't see him, cry me a river cause it fell in the ocean  
Numb to my words now, maybe felt it was open  
I cut so many people loose, I need help with devotion  
That's just some of the things I ask my Lord the savior  
And when He calls to me, well He have done us all a favor

How did I make it here?  
Who I are?  
I feel so lost  
Now I'm not seeing it clear  
Is it my fault?  
Is it my fault?  
It's all in my head

I'm looking around like this can't be happening  
Round of applause for the angry rappers  
Lord my girl cried me a flood then me a river  
That's love depending on me when I'm a dependent on liquor  
I'm up in the shoe store, she got no love to show  
You ever look at a bitch she was fucking behind your bitch back like fuck I  
was fucking you for, come on  
I'm an artist so I'm intelligent  
I would tell you to do some soul searching  
But it's hanging up in my closet with your skeleton  
That's gotta be a god's work, even a diamond gotta be polished first  
The quarter is on the loose and I ain't been out here getting my dollars' worth  
I had to remove the goggles first  
To see through the sipping Patron and 50 phonies fool  
I need to go get me a kidney donor  
Guru, Nate Dogg, go head blink your eye  
Your doctor told me you close, go ahead drink and die  
Buried under the stone where the Patron 5th sits by

That reads hella somebody who never wanted to be this guy

They say knowledge is power, great cause every day I learn  
As of late been having revelations bout this hate turn  
Hate the way they judge me, 2 I got the case adjourned  
Hated the belly of the beast to I became its tapeworm  
When I said I'd stop getting high tried to say it's done  
No, I'm the type to walk through the fire to check the way it burn  
They say my brain is off, I say how can it be?  
If I'm out my mind how can I be in sanity?  
The people used to say that I was scared of progress  
They don't know how hard a nigga tried to advance  
But I don't know who's more to blame  
Is it them for really not knowing me  
Or is it me for never really giving them a chance?  
Get too close, be too big of a threat  
Now it's been little than no time  
Thinking why I ain't get rid of you yet  
Gotta recognize my maturity  
Gotta see I'm grown  
Letting my skeletons out the closet just so I never be alone  
Since I got trust issues I won't discuss with you  
Besides God tell me who the fuck's supposed to save you  
Pop one, have one man to man, what's going after the light's out?  
Somewhere in his head probably feel it in his place too  
Plus more people will see me soon  
I mean I'll be on national TV soon  
So when I ask if people I have around are cancer for me  
That's 4 million more that might be able to answer for me  
Joe