

Connect 4

Joe Budden

Yeah... uh, C. West
We do this, Joe Budden
Yeah, young Chris, what, what?
Yeah, uh

To the heart of North Philadelph, pour my spirit and flesh
Give me the crown, watch me wear it the best, I ain't hearin the rest
Long gone, dancin with bigger fish here
Fish scale advances for glitter wristwear
Ch-chea, motherfucker this year Chris here
Homie the strong's so vital, survival of the fits here
Ain't shit sweet y'all, life about a bitch yeah
Say I drive her crazy though I ride that hoe fifth gear
Talk so much poverty cause I live here
Talk facility cause my family's doin a bid there
You ain't rappin or ballin, we got our hustle out
That's what a thug about, anything to get the fuck up out
the ghetto, dodge the devil, prolong my demise
Got a green sticky lah baby, 365

Hold up, a nigga went from lukewarm to hot
Scratch that, from coldest winter to hell's kitchen
Aside from predictable shots and shells spittin
Wouldn'ta even known it cause nothin felt different
E'rything dope in this game ain't on the radio
That proofs me, check the dames and the ratio
Brain like fellatio, I mean it used to be cane like Horatio
Fuck you, pay me though
Look for him, style in whatever I put on
Come from where you give a wrong look and you would look wrong
Broads off the hook for him
But I treat 'em like Subway, I give 'em 5 dollars and a FOOT long
Young niggaz take your vitamins
Your 28-inch rims higher than watchin me admirin
JUMP OFF e'rything that they aspirin to be
But the bullshit gets tiresome to me
See, only one concern, gettin my bread right
Hate to see you lose your (Life) over a website
I'll feel (Sorry)
Y'all'll only know what I show why Chris Brown and Rihanna that real story
Off puttin words together like (Scrabble)
Build your (Monopoly), they just gon' attack you
Can't (Pictionary) it, they gon' think it's (Taboo)
When you get more, they can't (Connect) the (Four)

Dawg.. geah, Joey, Chris
Yes Chad, I fuckin know the sound