

# Don't Make Me

Joe Budden

Top down with the fresh cut  
With A. Baker (Anita Baker) through the speakers, 'Best Of'  
A crisp white tee, I'm still feelin' dressed up  
Everythin' else healthy, don't get me messed up  
A good pair of shades on, you gon always see me in disguise  
Not for style, I don't want you to seein' my eyes  
But for now, tell God hurry my plans  
Cause I just had to bury my man  
Us two was on some brother shit  
But if I learned anythin', if you take life for granted it'll grant y  
ou some other shit  
I know I can't be the only one troubled with  
I talk 'bout hard shit like I discovered it  
Thought I had enough of it, still won't cut a wrist  
I just wrote the book, he published it  
Simply read holdin' back the years  
Cause when I strayed, it looked like he holdin' back some tears, he s  
ayin'

Sometimes I feel like it's a ghost behind me  
Nudge in my back, got the toast behind me  
Clockin' my every move, takin' notes behind me  
Crowd laughin', there must be a 'Roast' behind me  
But the boy won't bend  
Though the road to the riches is startin' to look like it don't end  
I'm on 9-5 speedin', truly love it  
No idea where I'm goin', that's the beauty of it  
But still I'm here waitin' on a sign  
Or a F.Y.I. to be notified, cause (WHY)  
Do it matter what he got it store for niggas if they too broke to buy

I know I want heart, my back carryin' some tons ya'll  
From the devil's bedroom on to his front yard  
Pop up in the backseat and keys the chauffeur  
Let em know before I hop out with him on my shoulder, I said

Wouldn't be smart to tangle wit ya guardian angel  
Not when they got a strangle from every angle, head to ankles  
Get mangled, so I don't got shit  
My eyes everywhere, on my Stuart Scott shit  
Tryin' to be fly every second that the clock tick  
But there's a suicide bomber in the cockpit  
See my intent is to be content  
But that's contingent off fly hoe's usin' ??  
Since mama concieved me  
Me and dude been stuck in a melee  
He's tellin' me I gotta ball like Beasley  
But I could give a fuck how a nigga percieves me  
So until God retrieves me  
I'm followin' behind the nigga that misleads me  
If need be, bounce from where he tryin' to keep me  
But everytime I try he tells me that he needs me