

Forget

Joe Budden

Faces be looking familiar, sometimes it's hard to know
I've been in a whole lot of places, I've met a lot of folks
Ain't had a window to open, needed a pot to throw
In my hood the story of Mouse is one you gotta know
Could ask ma to push the i8 Beamer
Can't remember where I seen her, I think it was La Marina
Singing all the words to Trina
Whole demeanor said freak like old pictures of Adina
But know all these broads shaped the same and waist trained
I'm on my third passport, I can't remember these niggas
Like all the faces is blurred of most these industry niggas
Mean game somehow for an inkling of the fame
And I can spot them from their accents when I'm thinking of the
ir name
I've seen dames sip pink champagne
And do drugs that'll put Charlie Sheen to shame
What my pain is to arcane
The drugs over these years made its way to my mental
Pardon if I don't remember when you gave me a demo
Or that one night we met up in Aces
When it count 'em an accountant, I'm just better with faces
So it's regular Joe, a regular wherever if I'mma go
That's since forever ago, so it's however it could go, Joey