

Just to Be Different

Joe Budden

I feel like there is no need for conversation
I wonder if the things I did were just to be different
I would rather reveal myself than my situation
I wonder if the things I did were just to be different
(Going... going... gone)
Look, look, look...
See, I don't trust no one (talk to 'em)
So stubborn -
I could dream a thousand paths, wake-up and walk a old one.
(Why?) And I follow wherever it take me
Instead and wherever the crew go like Tre Lee.
They see distinguished
I see a nigga erasing that fine line between crazy and genius.
Got the jewels out, see 'em on my Colorado shit (but...)
I'd rather put the suit on and not follow it. (Look)
Anything is perception, (I mean...) anything is deception (but...)
When niggas fuck with 'em 'cause I be the exception
(Look) I got a warm reception way before any song hit
I think too outside of the box to be cornered
(I'm) Too real to be fickle
Grounded, but too fly to meet a nigga in the middle
Too big to be belittled.
Wise way beyond my years, here's the motto of a manchild:
Why try to fit in when you a standout? Oh...
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Uh, you in that mood yet?
Why not?
Look...
They said I had to make music that would have the kids feining
Screaming, make nuttin' with a meaning
(But...) I ain't know the meaning.
They told 'em go Hollywood
For a split-second thought I prolly could
But pollee on, would I be understood?
Tol' me even if you not able to cop cable
Anytime you hit the club you better have a table.
Tol' me they won't take me at my worse
Tol' me "image is everything"
(So I...) Tol' 'em I'd obey my thirst (whoa!)
Tol' me do what'chu gotta or what'chu on
Hit the scene, make it rain -
I told 'em I'm already in the storm.
Anything's in an uproar (whoa)
They tol' me front, I said what for? (I mean whoa)
Said it again, I said, fuck y'all!
I won't succumb to all the stereotypes
Won't sacrifice me for what the stereo hypes.
They tol' me get in where you fit in -
This is what's in demand now
(So I...) Tol' 'em why try to fit in when you a stand out? Oh...
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Naw'mean?

Yo...

I understand some's off 'bout me, but nuttin's false 'bout me

I never gave a fuck of what a nigga thought 'bout me.

(Oh!) I look down upon what some see as a must

Maybe I'm regular an' the World needs to adjust.

I mean I'm everyday people, hood, but still formal

I'm normally abnormal, takin' life as a lesson.

I'll leave the past in the past, Tomorrow's not promised

An' Today's just a gift, I guess that's why it's the present.

Did I outgrow me or shit jus' didn't stick

The baggier my jeans, the more shit didn't fit.

(But I!) Didn't quit, inspired by hate, even wit' homeless

When you a star you already down wit' The Joneses.

My thoughts outloud - (I mean...)

Sometimes if the leader walks slow enough, he fuck aroun' gets lost in the c
rowd

But he ain't gotta speed-up, ay'thing'll pan out (why?)

'Cause they'll spot'chu from far when you a standout.

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