

Make It Through The Night

Joe Budden

This for all my real niggas out there that never got to see another day.
All my niggas out there still in the struggle, still tryna make it out, this
for y'all
If I can make it through the night

Another collar, another dollar
Life's short but we live it cause we gotta
Another day, another blessing for a scholar
School of Hard Knocks, just reppin' my alma mater
That was back when I ain't have shit
God on my shoulder with the Devil on the ad-libs
Had to think some decisions through
When times hard, who the fuck you gon' listen to?
Toilet by the bunk, put you in a different mood
Locked up, Thanksgiving eatin' prison food
Back on the ropes, won't see a nigga budge
No bail for a felon so you gotta see the judge
They used to call us all lost niggas
Had the same dreams to make it 'til we lost niggas
Some was married to the game, I divorced quicker
But I can't judge, one day I'll see the lord with you

I'm feeling like I have my fate on the line
Heading closer to the exit sign
If I can make it through the night
This game ain't ever been no friend of mine
I'm just tryna make most of my life, my life
If I can make it through the night
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Yeah I'm just tryna make it (HA-HAAAAAAAAAH)
Note from the marshall, you can't even borrow
And it's sad cause they comin' with the padlock tomorrow
And for you to blame the world, gotta blame yourself too
Cause everybody feel you but nobody can help you
Bad thought get in your head, then you loop it
Stress build up then you do somethin' stupid
Put a mountain in front of you, you just try to move it
Count on one hand the couple niggas you cool with
Either they ain't pickin' up or they ain't got it
You learn the hard way when your actions are idiotic
Product of your environment, and you're the product
Home invasions, niggas is gettin' tied up
This is goin' through your head while you're in the bullpen
Backed into the spot but you should've pulled in
First nigga move and you're on him
But you're really prayin' for a R&R in the morning

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They say tomorrow ain't promised, most nights I ain't want it to be
Nah a nigga couldn't front it to me
Too many nights for dinner I just ate an uncomfortable sleep
Had to open up the oven for heat
I was a born loser, thoughts of a sinner
Only made it out cause I fought like a winner
Threats all my life, I'm good, was all talk though
Death around the corner, all you gotta do is walk slow
Land of the haves and have-nots
Gun tucked, better to have it than to not
Try to make it out but crabs are in the lot
That'll plot, so if you take a stab you'll get shot
Look, I'm just proof a couple niggas said a prayer for me
Wasn't fair for me, God had to bear with me
Nothin' to live for, didn't have a care with me
Suicidal, had my mama sheddin' tears for me
Cause my son might need me
Life is hard but dyin' is easy
I thank God every day that I awake
I avoid another funeral, a homi' or a wake
I escape from niggas that lived through it
Better days ahead, we just gotta get to it

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