

Only You

Joe Budden

Still got New Jersey on his back
Matter or fact Jersey's back, ya heard
Listen

It's regular Joe Partner, rap is so Popular
Swear we gotta be the highest rated soap opera
Now a days it ain't about whoever flow hotter
It's about gimmick, image and whoever gross dollars
While I try to be me
Just a Man with issues
They even complained then
Some fans is so fickle
Cause ya'll fall for it, ya'll niggas believe 'em
Gotta learn how to read 'em, gotta learn how to weed 'em
If somebody promoting gangsta, dudes reaching
Cause Gangsta and Promoters are like two different regions
Im so tired of beefing
This shit'll only end in another man leaking and another man bleeding
Especially the rap beef, I Hate Rap Beef
Half these cats ain't real
They Only Rap Beef
Half these cats should chill, that's if you ask me
Cause if you catch em with the Mill Then its a track meet
Plus I feel like every beef is the same
Now Im caught in it Beefing with Game
And his image is the 'West coast Saviour' Must of been the only weapon in Ha
nd
I know Pac is in Heaven like damn
But that's a small problem
Real little in fact
Fab Chill
Wouldn't put you in the middle of that
I dont need a nigga help, nah niggas is trash
Five on one, but it ain't like one of them niggas can rap
And I got other shit to deal with like my little bro becoming a man
Gotta watch what he's becoming, he's fam
Dont know if he at the age where theres a gun in his hand
Cause he'll be done in a can
See, he's young, understand
Little nigga too smart to end up in a building
But every nigga that I know thats in Jail is Brilliant
And they all got a story, normally full of glory
A few Misteps and a couple of regrets
They all tight in the mental with credentials
After all the shit they been through
Matter Fact, they all got potential
Matter Fact, we all got potential
Some of us don't use it
So having it is useless
He don't wanna be a Shoulda, Coulda, Woulda, but he didn't
Now he sent in, bunkie asking how he get in
Now he Just it
Now he pisseded in
He got loved ones but now we gotta visit 'em
Yeah, He's talented, but now its all hindering
Shit you would of gave to 'em
Now you gotta send it in

Whatever you doing young'n
Dog, It ain't fine
Without a Breathalyzer
Nigga, walk a straight line
I gotta teach dude That Friends ain't Friends
And Love ain't love
No Matter how Heart shaped it is
You don't need friends, the cars and cake'll get
You need 'em when times are hard
They adjascent with
That ain't where you wanna be
And shouldn't Have Ta'
Wasn't in the before Flick
Shouldn't be in the After
Only trying to fuck you like incest
While you search like Credit Cards
For Who got ya Best interest?
And I dont wanna talk ya ear off about a whole bunch of shit I'm still learn
ing myself
Play ya friends from far
And keep your enemies close
Cause I done been through enough for us both