

# Outcast

Joe Budden

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Stuck in the e'eryday struggle, only mines is hourly  
Jungle full of wolves with a few lions that's cowardly  
Used to make it hot, even that was too mild for me  
School of hard knocks, tried to make the teacher proud of me  
Sue me, script straight out of a movie  
Too late, won't get kicked and pushed like Lupe  
From groupies to housewives, from scams to skirmish  
From sane to loco, from hustler to hermit

You let niggas plot and believe me they goin' try  
My nigga been shot nine times and won't die  
And so death threats become death threats  
When they want you on your death bed and you ain't been put to rest yet  
You in ICU  
See the gunman in your head, damn can't wait 'til I see dude  
Hate hospitals, I don't wanna go see dude  
Know I love you to death, I feel it's no need to

In my mind there's bloody hallways and project windows  
Dice games, thick clouds of project indo  
Niggas creepin' off with the project nympho  
Or plain clothes searching for some project info  
Projects I resemble, so I don't stand out lookin' clean cut  
Hangin 'round the project kinfolk  
Cutthroats and liars, connects and suppliers  
Fiends and they buyers, liquor store right by us

Kicks over the wire  
If you Dave Blaine start choking in the water, send in the divers  
Show dudes the real definition of survivor  
In my mind I'm butt naked walking through the fire  
Oxymoron, stubborn as a brick y'all  
I'm a five star suite with the view of a brick wall  
A high class scumbag, conceited nobody  
Popular stranger, I see shit like nobody

A Tarantino, Martin Scorsese  
Coming up, I was that nigga they called crazy  
In my hood, they like fuck 'em all, gotta pay me  
Then get shot in the ass for thinking it's all gravy  
I'm on my third C.I. now  
And my bitch running round like she a P.I. now  
Going through his phone book and his Levi's now  
It's two choices, chillax or leave right now

That's how it be right now, ain't ya ordinary rapper dude  
Menace To Society, a nigga with a attitude  
A soul of mischief, I know all about that  
Poor righteous teacher, nah, more like a outcast  
And I'm out with that

That's the word of the day, Jersey  
Jump off, runnin' my shit right out  
Don't turn me off there  
My jazz shit, bro

That's the word of the day man, huh