

# Slaughtermouse

Joe Budden

Yeah, yeah

Look, it was around '99, baby comin' while I was at rock bottom  
Ironic shit, I was listenin' to "Rock Bottom"  
Pockets rabbit ears, no paper, lot of cotton  
Had some charges stemmin' from me and my squad robbin'  
Had to leave the hood, shit stayin', not an option  
I bumped your shit forever, felt we had a lot in common  
A rapper expressin' wit who spoke in depressive stints  
All that introspectiveness, I couldn't measure what it did  
Listen, I'm writin' to you now cause we don't get to talk much  
'Cept for in the stu' when we be passin' through the halls and such  
I wonder if you catch me stare at you in awe much  
And we be busy workin' so I never share my thoughts much  
Remember signin' four niggas with an attitude?  
Well maybe we'll get your star power and his magnitude  
All I thought was it was 'bout to be on  
But I never guessed that I was 'bout to be wrong  
We encountered some things, maybe we should've figured out all along  
Who the fuck was I to be too vocal in my doubt for some songs?  
Even I can't be that dumb to step over the threshold  
And be the guy who says no to so many records sold  
Whole career, I never bit my tongue, I let it go  
Too many times bein' the rebel, ain't end in what's best for Joe  
That second album came and added truth to the slander  
But we learned what's good for the goose ain't good for the gander  
Guess I'm askin' for advice right now  
Experience and leadership to help suffice right now  
I guess I'm askin', "How would you do it?"  
Before I do somethin' too stupid  
Before my group lose it just to get our views lucid  
Every other day these niggas want a new exclusive  
Should I be in the mix more? Maybe I'm too secluded  
Do you think you'd be as famous now  
If you had to put out "My Name Is" now?  
The way the game is now, awful lyrics, shit is shameless now  
Just tell me how you'd maneuver if you came in now  
It's just thoughts, everything is criss-crossed  
Gotta be cool with Complex and Pitchfork if I wanna get my shit off  
These simpleminded niggas won't think you fuck with us  
If they don't see you poppin' bottles in the club with us  
It's about fashion now, which I hate  
Because I dress like shit, I'm just the best when I spit  
But different times, I was feelin' like the odd man out  
Like I should leave, they'd be better with the odd man out  
Like when I wasn't on that intro, I felt a little weird  
But that was for the team, so I didn't really care, for real  
For the team, how I happen to be  
When Bad met Evil, nigga who was happier than me?  
Think back, the way that I was on that shit  
You woulda thought it was my album and I was on that shit  
Like fuck rap, happy to see a friendship get mended  
Cemented and any frivolous tension get ended  
Joell you my G, Weapon Waist you my OG cuz  
Nickel you know I look at you like it's blood  
Here's the flowers, before this end is covered in mud  
We can disband right now and it's gonna always be love  
For a brief period I tried to rhyme like y'all

I was high, maybe tryin' to prove that I'm like y'all  
But I'm not, I suck at all that syllable shit  
I'd rather make the pen bleed to see the feelin' you get  
I'm bein' honest, we might never sell a million and shit  
To me it's more value in keepin' it trill with my nigs  
And to Em, one of the illest ever on the mic  
We're less different than we are alike  
This ain't about star power, I ain't on the hype  
Never mind skin color, I see beyond the white  
My whole life I fought trauma like you  
Had ups and downs with my baby mama like you  
I had my fair share of transgressions like you  
Had a bad temper once and fought aggression like you  
Did drugs, popped pills, fought depression like you  
These are things you'd never pick up from our sessions in the stu'  
I beefed with Hov, 50, Game and Wu  
Got in my own way a lot, I'm sure the same as you  
The whole label think I'm crazy, I been peeped it  
I'm only mad I couldn't keep a better secret  
Still when I hear your voice, my head goes wrong  
Takes me back to that little boy with my headphones on  
And the way you saved my life back then is how I'm savin' them  
Plaques and charted tracks won't take me away from them  
So I hope you understand  
Fuck this record deal, you inspired me as a man  
I'll cut it short, before I start feelin' like a Stan  
HouseGang for life, word to the pig on Royce's hand  
Success'll never disable me  
No record label will ever label me  
My morals ain't for sale, can't under-the-table me  
I'll ride it out, even when everything ain't savory  
My brothers love me, they won't enable me  
And they won't kill me, they won't Cain and Abel me  
It's how I feel at the moment...