

Through My Eyes

Joe Budden

What if I told you grandma raised me, she was blind and all
I was trapping, lil rapping, schools, nine and all
Been to hell and back, couple ditches, all kinda falls
Fiending for them pills, I tried to triple that in Tylenols
Who's to question bout my hustle and the way I'm eating?
Got a family, no job, I wake up late for meetings
Early morning, all momma's dishes got the razor treatment
Gotta feed the team, God I can't afford to pay the deacons
Man I believe in a lot of things
But I really heard them choppers scream
Daddy a man, he ain't invest, I went and copped the thing
Sinning since a gremlin, did some shit to make the doctor scream
Speaking of my daddy, that's another story
I really like to call that my mother's story
I was ripping and crippling, chilling it wasn't for me
And I'd be lying if I say he ain't do nothing for me
Apologize if I'm talking bout me
But my fans say they want hear me talk about street
I could finish it by eight, I'd hit that block bout nine
Purp and cubicles at work, we leave that office by three
Shit, shit I got a whole beat to go
Long story short we trying to see the dough
Ain't mentioned my daughter yet, you should meet her Joe
Just cause you get a shot don't mean you make this shit, it's free to throw
Kinda smart, won't say I wouldn't have been nothing
But it's something bout the streets that make a nigga keep jumping
When they call, just cause I leave won't mean I make it back
My daughter three, I mean she's smart but try explaining that

(I see it my way)
(And it ain't gonna change)
I mean is sinning really sinning when the end justify the means?
(And you would know why)
Am I wrong for wanting for me and my team?
(If you look through my eyes)
(I see it my way)
Cops ain't really doing shit
(And it ain't gonna change)
They just wearing the uniforms and shit
(And you would know why)
Couple niggas dying every day
(If you look through my eyes)
I mean what else could you say?

So many things about this industry is misleading
Filled with so many feminine ways you would think it's a miss leaking
From all of my time in the streets I never got dissed for no reason
Know I'm in Slaughterhouse now, back then I wanted them pigs bleedin
I'm who the kids see, but I ain't a role model
Before I found the genie, he was hiding in a coke bottle
And since you talk about your dad you ain't discover
When you sign you'll probly find that most these rappers is your brothers
Who raised these niggas?
Higher learning, school daze these niggas
Since I can't let a few raise these niggas
It's one and the same, still got every cal I bought
Child support to running in labels

Begging them for now support the shit just as foul as I thought
From stepping out with weapons out, loved ones in heaven now
Persevered through Def Jam, you lead your through Kevin Liles
Got blackballed, bounced back ya'll, now me and Royce be on 7 Mile
Hunger of a draft pick even though I'm a legend now
And so I'm blind like Stevie
To the joy my son get when he see me on TV, but ya'll think it's easy
I can barely walk in public if you was in my position, Surf
Home and away games are played the same just on different turfs
Nobody loyal, I'm a loner, I don't have a clique
To top it off, rap money come slower than Viagra dick
Feel like all my prayers hit my loved ones with an asterisk
Cause rapper shit had me out the country when my gram's was sick
No blog could ever let you know the half of it
Why the fuck niggas think I be on my passive shit?
So I can't decide who's the braver man
Cause you a slave to them streets and I'm a slave to these fans

(I see it my way)
Ya know what I mean?
(And it ain't gonna change)
Niggas be wanting to switch places or trade places like shit is all good and
all that
(And you would know why)
(If you look through my eyes)
All niggas see is the cars and the hoes
(I see it my way)
See em in the strip club, little bit of jewelry on and think everything grav
y though
(And it ain't gonna change)
(And you would know why)
I almost punched one of these sucka niggas in the face last night
(If you look through my eyes)

But the hood shit don't stop
Don't stop cause you ain't in it
They only think you take a nigga out the hood, you can't take the hood out a
nigga
Ya'll don't feel me though
Young numb