

# When It All Implodes

Joe Budden

They say the World's coming to an end, homie I don't care  
Bullet proof in my closet that I don't wear  
Niggas talk behind my back as if I won't hear  
Back against the ropes like I won't dare  
Bitch I don't tear  
I know too many niggas facin' 25 to life  
I know too many ain't make to 25 in life  
Too many look up to me, I'm who they idolise  
No soap opera I ain't your guiding light  
Worry bout my car and the kit, wattup Michael Knight  
I bared my all, you would think I'm bout to die tonight  
I'm tryna not to get stuck, lifestyle of a Trojan  
It mean I'm tryna not to get fucked, wattup!

World keeps spinning as the drama unfolds  
I'll be in the front row when it all implodes

(I don't have to tel you thinks are bad)  
(Everybody knows things are bad. it's a depression)

I got a pocket full of money and a room full of hoes  
I'ma have a blast wit it, when it all implodes

They say the World's coming to an end  
I find it funny cause mine is just beginning  
Mind is full of women, mines like a rollarcoaster  
But I slow up the ride  
Then they feel sick to they stomach  
But all they could throw up is pride  
You talking bout a recession that I cordially ignore  
Fuck a dollar if you morally poor  
R R R all of your gonna see is royalty ?  
Nevermind income, spoil me with loyalty  
It's too many fake niggas not enough real  
There's too many emcee's, not enough deals  
Too many broke, when there's too many bills  
Too many ways to attain wealth, fuck the poor economy  
Blame yourself  
Guess we can't all leave the hood just rapping  
And say society is twisted like it just happened  
Nigga, I call bogusness so if you fucked up  
Probably cause you just noticed it

World keeps spinning as the drama unfolds  
I'll be in the front row when it all implodes  
I got a pocket full of money and a room full of hoes  
I'ma have a blast wit it, when it all implodes

They say the World's coming to an end  
Now everybody got a complaint  
Everybody tryna live like they some kind of saint  
Only nigga not tryna be something I ain't  
That ain't the picture I paint  
And if I did it'd be ?  
Life's a bitch, I'm fully ready to meet her  
I'll be in my best fit, I'ma have the fresh caesar  
Since I'm eager, be in the room, dusting off the heater

Have a fully loaded forty pointed at her when I meet her  
? gunpoint, bitch don't tempt me  
Force her eyes open, looking vacant, empty  
No wonder that they shower me with hatred and envy  
I've picked the wrong nigga couldn't make it against me  
Fuck ya healthcare, health scare  
Even though I'm well aware  
Counting down til I pull the trigger, like hell yeah  
I be the last time you impose  
Legs crossed with my cig lit  
Now watch it all implode!

World keeps spinning as the drama unfolds  
I'll be in the front row when it all implodes  
I got a pocket full of money and a room full of hoes  
I'ma have a blast wit it, when it all implodes