

When Thugs Cry

Joe Budden

How can you just leave me standin'
alone in a world that's so cold
maybe I'm just too demandin'
maybe I'm just like my father too bold
maybe I'm just like my mother
she's never satisfied
why do we scream at each other
this is what it sounds like when thugs cry

(yo) First off I got a seed comin'
so I won't even front like I don't need nothin'
dependin' on record sales for me to see
somethin'
but if that fall back how the fuck I'm supposed to feed little Budden
I been to jail before
I been a bum before

but a nigga ain't never had a son before
I dealt with caine and fire
I done banged with fighters
but I ain't never changed
a diaper
I ain't ready
ever since I signed niggas been on my back
like mouse what up, when I'm gettin' on the track
and
so the hood hates me
figured they be much kinder like Joe congratulations and we comin' right beh
ind ya
everybody in the
hood I dap
says I'm responsible for everybody in the hood that raps
they don't like how I do shit
say I changed
I'm the
same nigga that you all went to high school with
after all these years I'm still the same drug addict
and it's fucked up I'm
sober with them same drug habits
I still pinch, thief, con and lie, rob, shoot
difference now is I ain't high
Cats is after
me
at least I got a crew to warn me
I don't like walkin' around with this 32 on me
at least my mans is real
at least my
family's there
is it worth rappin'
the answers yeah but I don't know...

yo I'm a survivor
I seen darker days
a mama's boy with my father's ways
but I had to see my mom in tears

when pop went
to the store for them newports that he must ain't find in years
my little brother lives in the same state
I ain't know
that
I got a little brother
I didn't know that
see I was never told that
if so I'd of been at the door with a basketball
and a Kodak
love my baby moms to death
she don't believe that
shit I ain't never there for her to see that
don't wanna
lose my wiz
beggin' her to do this bid
not jail but this music shit
and I know your family hate me but we come far
just
us against the world unarmed
me and my girlfriend
come a time when your mind ain't right and you palm a rug
and you get used
to not being used to
I'm cool with where the lord placed me
but I hold my heat and pray I never have to take it off
safety
I pray for all my niggas pinchin' on the curb
Jersey City will get the recognition it deserves
I pray for my son,
he'll have genes like me
pray that he don't have to go through everything like me
pray to God to bring out the things I
never knew I had in me
the rest of my mom and dad in me (uh huh)