

Why Would I

Joe Budden

You can always count on me

I got no time to be wasteful, treat my time like it's rare
I appalled at the fact that you think I got it to spare
I got so many folk, pulling me every which where
They bombard me problems, niggas think that I care
They be clogging my air
But I just dismiss it
They say I'm unfair, they depend on me to fix it
They say I don't give back, they say that I'm evil
Help yourself please before you expect me too
I got so many hoes, that vie for attention
I ain't saying no names, they would die for a mention
They love my sense of humour, they say I'm a clown
They say I can be insensitive but they stay around
And it's normally a model, nigga, shocked that I got 'em
But way before the deal, was never a problem
Y'all judging it wrong, you think this what I offer
But it's all in the mind, more about what I taught her
Solo maintenance, no Victoria secrets
All I ask is that they make the bed when they leave it
We can be in the PJ, could be at the Clearview
You talk to the pilot from your seat, can hear you
Some niggas got beef with me
But I'm an adult so it's not I'm afraid
It's that I know the results
And the song never changes
Sung from the pulpit
My time is important I got enough of the bullshit

I don't wanna waste your time
I got so much I could be doing with mine
Why would I waste your time
You handle your shit, I handle mine
That way it's all good
It's all, it's all, it's all good
It's all good
That way it's all good
It's all, it's all, it's all good
It's all good

I can show you a mansion show you some cars
It speaks in volumes that I'm showing you bars
The money means nothing you make it you lose it
Some niggas stay broke and just make up excuses
I could be out the country hiding under the bucket
Shop when I land, I ain't checking no luggage
Bet I give it my all, I can give you a quarter
But even in that I can give you slaughter
I can be at the jeweller, can be at the theatre
Can be at the strip club or can be with the Realtor
I can wanna relax and vacay with dude
I can be anywhere that means away from you
From the kid on the block, selling dope
Now I'm in VIP behind a velvet rope
I tap shawty on the shoulder, tell her to go
She say she depressed, I'm helping her cope

I can take her to Gucci, can take her to Mike Korrs
If you had the World what would you strive for?
It's a gift and a curse
Everything is a drawback
I could be in grey-house but nigga I'm off that
It's the size of your heart when your facing a wall
Are you afraid of heights or afraid of the fall?
The song never changes, sung from the pulpit
Time is important, enough of the bullshit