

# Whatever It Takes

Clinton Sparks

It's ya muh'fuckin boy, "Jump Off" Joe Budden here  
Clinton Sparks we gon' get familiar with it  
We gon' get familiar together man, hey...  
Sparks, holla at ya boy - that old time music!

[Chorus: Joe Budden]

Whatever it takes, to find a way, to find a way, to find a way  
I'ma do whatever it takes, to find a way, to find a way, to find a way  
I'ma do whatever it takes to find a way, to find a way, to find a way  
Whatever it takes to find a way, to find a way, to find a way

[Verse]

Alright I'm dealin with some shit homey, it's in the back of my head  
And it's some shit homey, but I just rap it instead  
See I got wolverine bones in me, but the whole world  
is throwin stones at me like they all gotta bone with me  
Got a child's mother, and I hate her to death  
But that's my child's mother, so that's my mate to the death  
It's wild how I love her, for puttin little me here  
And me and Huck'll be forever, she gon' still be there  
Then there's some other niggaz, are just a character role  
But they some other niggaz, now let's get back to the song  
I got a drug problem, but I ain't tell the truth  
Because I got enough problems, and my solution is to stuff problems  
but if something goes wrong with that  
Then it's back to PCP and so long with rap  
See I'm depressed lately, but nobody understands  
that I'm depressed lately, I'm sorta feelin repressed lately  
But y'all been hearin and seein me less lately  
Like it's anyone noticed the redress lately  
Look deep nigga don't I seem stressed lately  
Seem disturbed, lot of regrets lately  
Got a company, that I'm signed to  
but they ain't in my company, when all I need is some company  
When I start feelin like e'rybody's done with me  
I try to see what e'rybody want with me  
Then the mistress, yeah, the girl from ten minutes it's hard  
Now I'm needin ten minutes from heart  
I can't get into it, but I want y'all to know  
that I'll get into it, but I'll save that for the growth  
Then it's rap beef, but I'm so secure with me  
It's only rap beef, I don't need se-cu-rity (never)  
Wanna get at me, wanna go to war with me  
That's just one phone call for me, check the shit  
I got a whole hood, that don't appreciate  
It's not the whole hood, that appreciates me (okay)  
What you gon' tell me, when it's the streets that made me  
And I won't let the belly of the beast degrade me  
And then it's rap critics, they say all I make is dance music  
But to almost anything you can dance stupid  
They ain't like the single, so they ain't copped that album  
Wouldn't give a chance to it, not a second glance to it  
They say he wines too much (and) he's too bitter (and)  
They call it complainin (but) I call it explainin (y'know)  
How normal niggaz could get caught up in the game and  
lose they mind and y'all call it entertainment  
Some shit with me, but dudes been knew that

But I'm gamblin a lot and I ain't used to do that (nah)  
Rap ain't payin the bills, it's mo' money mo' problems  
or it's no money mo' problems  
All enormous when you play at these stakes  
That's how it feels to have a warrant on a famous face  
Then the album's pushed back, cause they say he need a single  
at the moment, but what he needs is a single moment  
Then I'm involved in the he say, she say  
(that's) in my mind on replay, each day  
(then) Then it's the bullshit that she save he's gave  
Cause she wouldn't like to think that he ain't like her  
Kust cause she was throwin it at me and I ain't touch her  
She'll say anything side from I ain't wanna fuck her (nah)  
I don't feel good, so I won't wanna go to a club  
Don't wanna go to a lounge, just wanna lounge (I just wanna lounge)  
In the same sweats that I had on for days  
Same tee I had on for a week, what I got on it speaks  
What I got on, it reeks  
No shape up, chillin, cause that's just how I'm feelin  
And one day at a time, it's God willin  
(see I'm) Tryin to see straight but the fall keeps buildin  
Pulse start racin, the bulls startin to hate me  
But I gotta be a king, cause there's wolves tryin to play me  
Hoodie when it's hot like it's freezin winter  
Rough start, eating sleep for dinner  
And it's hard tryna keep this in ya, so I write it all down  
So one day maybe when life is all sweet I remember  
Then it's probation, I know we all go through it  
We call it probation, but there's no pro to it  
Yeah my soul's achin, only a few peers know  
Funny thing about the case is it's a few years old  
Had some shit going on with my ohh, that felt good but it's bad  
So I'm sittin here like what the bitch had  
It's not rap it's real, look scrappy it's true  
Goin what's popping, do he look happy to you?  
Now if it goes to the wire, go the soul of a fighter  
Bruised up and sloppy, or damaged like Ali  
Up late talkin to the fans on a website  
That's the only thing that send your man off to bed right  
Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl  
Well maybe not mom, just let me remain calm  
This too won't last, this too shall pass  
At least that's what I say y'all, that's what I pray for  
And I'm the only thing that's standin in my way y'all  
But I gotta be with me, it's no escape y'all  
I guess depression just stepped in  
and took over shit like it's known to do  
Guess it said, hey Joe, I'm goin home with you  
Turn your phone off, I need to be alone with you  
I need to be in the zone with you  
Cause I'm the only thing you've prone to nigga, look I own you nigga  
Been with you since 10, but you startin to confuse me  
Cause it's been so long and you still tryin to lose me  
Like how could you show me such cruelty  
When everybody turns their back on you Joe it's you and me  
Still you don't want me to see you right  
And why you always come get me, how we reunite, huh?  
I know you feel for me deep in your heart  
Doctors, meetings, pills couldn't keep us apart  
But now you got a deal and you wanna get rid of me  
We roommates, I'm in your head Joe, you live with me  
So I don't write for the fans, nah, I write to my man  
In hopes that he'll just leave and understand

Like, like please leave the kid in peace  
Let me smoke this one cig' in peace (just give me 10 minutes)  
Just leave for a second man, it's been too long and I can't troop it  
And long as you around I can't make that dance music

[Chorus to fade]