

# 1000 Faces

Joe Budden

Thug changes

Now we were once two n-ggas of the same kind  
Quick to holla at a hoochie with the same line  
Sorta, honestly Ill never guessed you were a hoarder  
And all that would manifest cause of what we both thought of her  
So im like "how could you get mad of what she thought of me"  
I found out seasons don't only change quarterly  
Cuz you got bended, it was real fickle  
With me saying "girls are a dime a dozen" knew a n-gga with a nickel  
I guess nobody told him that gossip and slander is not the answer  
Wish I'da known that she woulda flipped out of propaganda  
Ice in my veins, some people are less skilled  
And he brought me up on charges when his ego got killed  
When my friends in doubt, they learned a valuable lesson bout  
In 30 years I ain't reckon how to reconcile  
What hurts more? The act of getting cut off  
Or realizing that your 2 cents wasn't worth

Check it, nothing could help somebody switch up more then thirst can  
I seen the ill effect that fame can have first hand  
And I to blame for the person that you became  
When you're already on that path its so hard for me to explain  
Look, some indicate that im watching who I never met  
I see some things happening now that you would never let  
Fewer in your right mind, were you showing me the right person at the  
right time  
Or were you trying to make it easy? didn't really please you to pleas  
e me  
Did that make you change everything about you to appease me?  
My prides in shambles, wondering why and when did you decide to gambl  
e  
Or are you competing with Mya Campbell  
When did that become suitable?  
How could you make something so ugly out of what was once beautiful  
Next time beauty's headed towards me I plan to dodge  
Until I see its not just being used as a camouflage

Only reason I continue to antagonize  
just my way of bringing truth into a pack of lies  
Reveals peoples true colors, moves a bad disguise  
Even though its something I predicted I just act surprised  
That way an arm never jinx on me  
Drunk mouse, sober tongue homie drinks on me  
That way im protected, yall got no choice but to respect it  
Seen too many come and go to be affected  
And how is it not expected  
Im hip to what its bound to be  
And then relations combined, they weigh a pound to me  
And so the bullshit, make sure its tasteful when its done  
You can keep your 1000 faces, just try being faithful to one