

Anti

Joe Budden

I ain't the social type!
Joey!
Nah mean!
I ain't with all the congregating!
Fuck niggas, hahaha!
It's, It's, It's that 0-9!

Hey yo I can't lie spent a few years trying to under stand why
When, how is it now I'm so anti
Face asked if you've ever seen a man cry
I think before that shit ain't even pan right
So I don't look at rap dudes like you fans might
Rude, it's true excuse I got a slant eye
Regard it's my security guard that's why
I'm walking around feeling like I can't die
Or I'm feeling like opportunity ran by (ME)
And I'm chasing it (OR) am I facing it
(NIGGA) No past I'm erasing it
I'm an addict got a habitual habit and I don't avoid voids
Good at substitution replacing shit
I'm just trying to find my place with shit
Pacing quick I ain't go no patience with
Niggas dead can't speak they mind
What the fuck they got a mouth for
Me I'm so full of rage so used to being caged
I probably shouldn't be outdoors
Everybody so scared of the truth
Look in my eyes an stare at the truth
They doing interludes and every interview
Talking about there prepared to shoot (bom bom)
I'm thought fool I'm resort to getting near a booth
They awful what I do to them unlawful
Boss dude ain't got a high up to resort to
Just giving yourself a bad name
Yackidy yack the threats in fact is that lame
You can't tell that axe arranged
Think I'm wearing a bulls eye
Just all them cats got bad aim I'll explain
I'm past real they past phony
Ignore the personal an physical attacks on me
I remain cool relaxed homie
Brand new I ain't got a scratch on me
So what your squad gonna do
Lay a hand on me I'll lay a hollow on you
Change hands stab his pockets run his wallet on thru
Every club in new york nigga bottles on you
Better tell them what reluctance is
I'm controlled by uncontrolled substances
Soon as he thru I'll show him what substance is
Know I'm nicer when I'm toasted I'm only rubbing it in (NIGGA)
You got beat up ignored in school
Signed a deal niggas thought you was cool
Only take one goner to slaughter your crew (SLAUGHTERHOUSE)
If your resume got deaded today they'd call you a fool (HOW BOUT THAT)
All them years rapping nothing else happening
You need a new day to day
Old heads in the game with no other way to get paid

Gasping timeout take a break from the play or grab a Gatorade
Bad contract team can't make a trade
Majors fucking you in the ass you gonna stay a slave
Five-Nine in my ear saying hey behave
But shit is fucked up and I blame it on the way it was paved
I chill for the sake of your age
You great live but let me know when that stage get appraised
All in raising the stakes
Swear you and your label should prayeth
Thank God I was placed in this decade by mistake
I don't belong here dad fucked mom in the wrong year
Wrong peers amongst niggas with wrong ears
Wrong advancing funny sounds every songs weird
Wrong fashion it's like everybody's gone queer
Be clear I ain't here to be fronting
You can dislike me I ain't here to pretend
Run but you can't hide I can't lie
Told niggas in the first two bars I was anti

Oh!

Leave me running!

Joey!

No wonder, wheres an escape route when you need it?

Talk to 'em!