

# 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 understand 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!