

## Dear Diary

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The soundtrack to my life is like CNN first shit  
Images like CNN but worse shit  
I would down the whole Pinot Gris  
But I'd see the Group Home without the Premo beats  
And it hurts my soul  
I'm a Warrior so though the odds is against a nigga Dirk gon choke  
Some people confide in the person that they sleep with  
Ive learned theres no such thing as a secret (oh)  
I can't describe the feeling I get  
You was riding shotgun I was wheeling the whip  
Shit I even let you rock out  
Being Bill Belichick tapin from the sidelines stealin my shit  
But dawg you was like a mini me  
Mocked me envied me turns out you was blowin hot air Kenny G  
But you was cool accepted you instantly  
Not a groupie but you had a few tendencies  
And though we share a few memories  
A couple wrong turns'll turn a friend to an enemy  
See phony people like phony people  
Even you could be mistaken if you phone these people  
Look when you invite the nerds to the cool table  
shit is bound to break up like a pool table Some wack dudes'll start feeling  
like the shit  
And you thinkin its you its really where you sit  
Or maybe you was neglected  
Cause when you take the front down and strip a nigga naked hes dying to be a  
ccepted (oh)  
I did that just the way you was  
Now you a stranger nothing like the way you was  
But uh you not real you not Rachel  
You not Worm you not Dill shit you not chill  
I thought you had some (?)  
fuck the fake shit I'm really feelin that you tryna screw me  
And you a lil smarter than the average dude  
So it took a nigga just a lil longer to see  
They tried to warn me fought with my girl every night about you  
shit only hurts cause she was right about you  
She run around wanting to shoot you the fair one  
I keep telling her chill I don't care none  
I got another side I never showed to you  
The side where everybody is disposable  
See relationships are never a threat  
Cause Ill erase the history and act like we never met  
Become done giving a fuck and done callin  
I got your e-mail I was done way before then (oh)  
Dear Diary I don't wanna keep shit inside of me  
Id rather just speak to you privately  
Maybe its my mood as far as I can see  
Theres really no point in having this guy with me  
Change from the days of us getting in your truck  
Its bigger than one song its bigger than a buck  
Its bigger than me bigger than buck  
Bigger than voodoo its bigger than luck shit its bigger than us  
I always call niggas fools for wanting to learn the hard way (when)  
When I'm really the fool for tryna teach'em  
When the blinds leading the blind you can't reach'em

If niggas aint as hungry as you then why feed'em  
Niggas aint tryna be lead then why lead'em  
Having big problems with your dogs why breed'em  
Ill keep my part up keep my guard up  
Was like Thundercats but changed faster than Cheetara  
Just a small part of a larger issue  
Sometimes acceptance is so hard to get to  
But we all equal no one lower or above me  
I love my team just as much as they love me  
If not more  
If I turn the knob we all going through the door I aint coming back for yall  
The whole crew feel the same as me  
How could you ignore something so plain to see  
I'm being ig'nant that get on my nerves every minute  
What's plain to some is really Burberry printed  
Being so real sometimes is a slow kill  
We was one squad you broke out like Mike Schofield  
I want fillet mignon you want oatmeal  
Add up our differences equals up to no meal  
No mills yup no deal why you gotta chase shit  
To know its no thrills  
For real a nigga still beefin with his baby momma (BUT)  
Only thing my baby aint a baby no more  
Hit her on MySpace maybe she aint shady no more  
Sent old girl a message no reply but she read it  
Some things are so embedded and our heads is  
Looking for O's but get X's, dealing wit ya exes  
I was one long line away from the Tetris  
She sent me the L that sent me to hell  
To the point where I was ignoring my son  
I don't see him don't talk to him  
I don't greet him don't walk wit him  
But I pay for him like hes an object  
No matter how right I am in court I can't object  
Dear Diary how could she deny me  
How she go to bed without her fuckin wit her psyche  
Is she wrong using him so I can come back (or)  
Or am I wrong for wishing I could get my cum back  
Looking for sun all I see is the hail  
How I'm gon trust All I see is betrayal  
Its like they keep trying more and more to subdue me  
And only you understand signed by yours truly