

# Dumb Out

Joe Budden

It's stuck between platinum and flop, underground and mainstream  
Conscious, backpack, scratch that, same thing  
I'm somewhere between the real and the fakeness  
The red pill, blue pill, real and the Matrix  
And I can't take this  
If the game needs a new look, I'm between a tummy tuck and a face lift  
And everything I say in these pages  
Is straight from the heart, nah magazines, y'all can't rate this  
But I'll be debatin it, it's a bit outrageous  
Like it's an air virus, and this shits contagious  
I'm downloadin like niggaz actually play this  
Maybe I'm buggin out, maybe I'm on a spaceship  
See I was on my stay out chill shit  
The way Mouse kills shit, I'm here just to lay out real shit  
Besides, other dudes styles remind me of spinnin rims  
That shit got played out real quick  
See some wrote him off, some said he was done  
Made a joke of, hope he enjoyed the run  
I don't enjoy bein shunned, so I'm back as Neo  
Fans enjoyed The One, annoint me as begun  
I had the whole hood thinkin' he would never eat  
Rappers tried to diss, thinkin' we would never meet  
I heard it if you said it  
You wrote it on online then I read it, now I match it nigga bet it  
Cause I remember clearly  
Once "Pump It Up" stopped soarin, there's a few mother fuckers stopped calli  
n  
See I remember shit spread like cancer  
I would call folks said, folk ain't answer  
A few chicks runnin started pullin they pants up  
A few stopped actin like my private dancer  
But a lightbulb hit once they started the neglictment  
See there I was, thinkin' I was all that sexy  
  
Can't be finished, what nigga I beg ya pard'  
I just let niggaz get a head start  
I walk to the finish, y'all spread out chase  
Nah spread out pace, and I'll still win the race  
See I'm joggin  
Other niggaz legs starts wobblin, when opportunity is start knockin  
You got the crown, pass off like Stockton  
It's time to work, I'm offically clocked in  
He is a problem, weavin and bobbin'  
Through the speculation that his label tried to drop him  
I can't leave, even though it's big options  
Kev only signed me, to keep this shit rockin'  
Don't ask me how I'm doin, I been better  
Stuck in cold Feburary, with a thin sweater  
I'm far from a "YES" man, I'm a trend setter  
It's no games, just a Def Jam Vendetta  
Don't put niggaz in the same sink as me  
I mean metaphors, storylines, deep shit, club shit, girl shit, world shit  
They don't use to ink like me  
Niggaz don't even THINK like me  
Who sees what I'm watchin, he ain't poppin'  
Don't deserve to drink water from the tub that I wash in  
WAIT, start again, it's a privilege to breath the same air that I farted in

They want no parts with him  
I dare niggaz categorize me  
If my names on a mixtape, then capitalize me  
I been stopped goin' to Mixtape Awards  
Don't need them to tell me, the mixtapes is yours  
I had other ideas, while hittin' loot  
I'm thinkin' red carpet, I went and copped a suit  
See I'm thinking Grammy's  
Sunglasses on, with my On Top family and a bad bitch handy  
Each day there's a "W", it felt like heaven  
I'm at an actress's house, that felt like neckin'  
R&B on, looked and felt like Meagan  
Gave me headache too, I felt like an Excedrin  
Talk very fly  
Least until I bought every pie, me bein' war readys in my eyes  
And these dudes might as well be Jamie Foxx  
Trying to sound like somebody that already died  
The kid keep a snub wit 'em, good pair of gloves wit 'em  
Your first week ain't right, they can't fuck wit 'em  
Now if you don't sell 5 mill, they had enough of 'em  
Let me find out Hip Hop's turnin' Republican  
I'll sum it up to what he is about  
Still new to most, they still feelin' him out  
Things were type bland, Joey seasoned him out  
I'm the nicest dude out since "Reasonable Doubt"  
Say it ain't so  
Rest In Peace Luther, there's some other niggaz gay on the low  
So live, who can see 'em, no guy  
I'm the Mets, was suppose to be ill in '05  
As ill as the flow gets, need a pill a dosage  
So if you can't tell, I'm prepared for '06  
About to OD, anybody that know me  
Can tell you I'm bout to make shit feel like it's '03  
More like '99  
No names should be mentioned but mine, unless you talkin' Big Pun in his  
prime  
Maybe '96 Jay, before Dame was throwin' money around  
Or 2pac without Humpty around  
Or 50 before Em, Nas talkin' like a gun in his song  
Cam'ron during "Children Of The Corn"  
Beans before the cops came through and try to grill 'em  
I'm talkin' '95, Big L before they killed 'em  
Em before 8 Mile, Shyne before the jail shit  
Canibus, no album out before the L shit  
Talkin' bout Kiss, DMX when he was fuckin' wit coke  
Or Cuban Linx, with Raekwon and Ghost  
I do it all, who blendin' so well in the game  
Talkin' Fab, back when he was still spellin' his name  
On my Diddy shit, Memphis Grizzly shit  
Like back in the day when Clue swiped all of Biggie's shit  
Rappers don't need trouble with I  
Unless it's Rass Kass before the D.W.I  
Or Talib with Mos, Common before "Be"  
If they any less common, don't put 'em before me  
See, I'm not a rapper, I'm a prophet  
Chill Joe stop it, skill will speak for you, don't pop shit  
Fuck jail, I'm on my payroll cop shit  
I call that bootleg cable, it's no box shit  
All black, lookin' grimey in the crowd  
Heat on him, no shirt, don't try me when I'm out  
I toast somethin' tiny that'll blaow  
Ain't gotta see Paul Wall, if you want somethin' shiney in your mouth  
I probably fool cats, cause I don't ride out in some big car

In the streets, like I ain't some big star  
And these young mother fuckers, is about to fuck up  
Like leavin' they whole career in some bitch car  
No names, but it's no sublime  
Nigga you know who you are, I'll end it before it goes too far  
Your pub still fucked, you a liar money  
Joe's still spendin "Pump It Up", "Fire" money  
Glock for hire money, don't try to mug me  
Call ASCAP, maybe B.M.I for money  
Please, what's wrong wit 'em, somethin' ain't the norm' wit 'em  
Ain't too many dudes out there, out performin 'em  
Some require these skills, I was born wit 'em  
Street's askin' what's takin' so long wit 'em  
Jump Off, I'm the best to happen  
He's the answer, the who's got the next in rappin'  
I suggest you ask 'em  
If Hip Hop is all smoke and mirrors, then I'm the Windex and a napkin  
New dudes is whack, some vet's is has-been's  
Some were Top 20, till I crept right passed 'em  
It's a wrap, Joey sealin' it nigga  
Cold out, Long Johns still dealin' it nigga  
Still peelin' it nigga  
If I only get 'em two times, just know it was the dilinger nigga  
It's that YAK music, don't know how to act music  
Gettin' my Kanye on, puttin' out "Crack Music"  
Car jack music, out what they lack music  
Send my little man, get rid of the pack music  
That I'm back music, that click clack music  
That A-Team, Muggs, that Fab and Stack music  
Now who said they fuckin' with me  
They just said that fuckin' with me, they didn't mean it (NAH)