

Happy Holidays

Joe Budden

Everydays the same to me
Seven days in every week
Some look forward to it
But I don't change as for the holiday's

You can have your Christmas tree (Hello)
Go get drunk on New Years eve
Some look forward to it (Can anybody hear me)
But I don't change cause every day's a holiday

Hey, Cause every days a holiday

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Mic check 1212

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If ain't tell me tomorrow was my birthday I would never know

Understand I'm kinda bad with dates

I don't need a party but a nigga need cake

Cause I got to much on my plate to celebrate

Whole family unemployed

So incomes now a void

Footin everybody's bills

So naturally I'm annoyed

It's like the year kinda flew by

And like a fool I sat back and scrutinized

I'm high beaming on a dark road

All my goals now ashes on charcoal

I spark stogs

Disregard car's

Just cause my hearts cold

I'm carrying cargo

No offense

Don't need a phone call or a presents

I mean honestly I don't want none of ya'll present

Cause I won't pretend like my everyday struggles went away so I'mma treat th
is like any normal day

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If they ain't tell me tomorrow was Halloween I'd never known
I've never been the type to keep up with dates so while ah
Everybody is putting there mask on
Nigga I rock mine all year
Just to avoid stares
To come across like a nigga who cares
So to my peers I can look like I'm really sincere
Yeah
Everything's not what it appear

I fear being rare my costume aware
I swear I won't take it off like near
It's weird
Even when I take it off shits near
The summer out fit is sheer
So I dispise the kids cause they know I see them all as me
Don't love ya'll enough to let you see me bare
Let you see how he's impaired
Naw I'm not there
We tend to run from anything weird
At least on halloween ya'll would stay right there
Yeah

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If I didn't read it was Christmas I'd never known
Maybe I'm wrong I don't give a fuck about dates
So while everybody's unwrapping gifts
I'm trying to capitalize of mine
Just to get some shine
Outta recline while I'm still in my prime
To many time when the date came I ain't have a dime
So I look at my friends with envy
For some reason them getting gifts would offend me
Like there home was perfect
Mine felt empty
They say that it's the thought that counts
I had plenty
Like why
On thanksgiving my family would never visit
And even when they did it always seemed so scripted
Like they was forced to
Like small talk would resolve the 364 days they ain't call you
I should act like ya'll somebody I'm close to
Holidays don't make me socials
I have to be vocal

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