

# Hiatus

Joe Budden

Two years, waits up  
Still sleep, wake up  
Girl gon break up  
Mind right, cake up  
Friends came, friends left  
Bullshit is endless  
Been that, Hip Hop  
Really not impressed  
Maybe just my love died  
Sober, still above high  
Slugs fly, eyes up, dry but still a thug cries  
I cry til I can't cry no more  
Believe my own nonsense I can't lie no more  
Soul's dead, breathless I can't sigh no more  
Wheel's already fell off, I can't ride no more  
I guess I... pack up all of my belongings and just troop it  
You know its beef when a smart nigga get stupid  
Then its justified, rational nullified  
He's been shot 8 times, almost thought my brother died  
See he was raised different, I know his mother tried  
His arms tied, I'm tryna teach dude to touch the sky  
But still shorty wild  
Turned on by 40 cal  
Was young never saw me wild, clutch Robert Horry style  
No wonder why I picked up triggers to beef  
I only ever fist fought with niggas bigger than me  
I never been the one to try to grab shit in my reach  
Incompliant, you have now witnessed the breach  
I feel like life is all written, understand my math  
Got on my knees told God I had a plan he laughed  
I mean..  
Hours pass, no sleep  
Cowards get a slow leak  
Showered twice the whole week  
Powerless control freak  
Thinkin' about suicide  
Won't though, I'm scrutinized  
Life nigga, do or die  
Hood want him crucified  
Jewelry on, fresh dressed  
Model broads, excess  
Phone calls, death threats  
Tell me whats the next step  
Whats what?  
Whos who?  
Paranoid as usual  
Gripping on my deuce deuce  
Either way a lose lose  
All I need is one mic  
Razor blades, gun fights  
Grew without no sun light  
Understand sons plight  
If done right, wont seek and fail  
I dont follow the path  
I'm creating my own to leave a trial  
No rhyme or reason  
Nor reason to rhyme

No more food for thought  
Shit was seasoning mine  
Now they counting my desire  
Second guessing my fast life  
Bringing weapons of mass in when you question my passion  
I live for this  
Not the baguettes and the fame  
Got signed having the answer then the question changed  
Saying jump off dont sound right  
Is blasphemous, down right  
I astound mics  
Music is just what feelings sound like  
So even though when I do it its flames  
For a while felt like I was making music in vein  
We dont view it the same  
I use it for change  
Y'all do it for change  
I use it for pain  
But keep doing your thing  
Soundscans sky rocket  
Build all this hype bout it  
People might cop it  
This is just my logic  
Maybe its psychotic  
Though labels try to stop it  
This is my antibiotic  
So let me start doing what dudes like  
A nigga in the booth feeling fresher then some new nikes  
And I cruise like cruise-control  
No fuck that!!  
I cant do it, I might lose my soul  
Even though shit help a nigga to his goal  
Would defeat the whole purpose  
Nahh that ain't what Jerz is  
Nahh that would be worthless  
Bars sounding nervous  
A nigga much deeper then what you see on the surface  
I rather resort back to snatching purses  
Finally understanding what the gift and the curse is  
If I was more concerned about a purchase  
I would tell yall its about to go down like bird shit  
It takes courage, me verses urges  
Words split and got caught up in label merges  
And whats worse is  
I've been deserted in the circus  
Up and left the circuit  
It's dead like herses  
Sicker then the pedaphiles working in the churches  
That ain't the type of shit I need fit for my verses  
So lemme help niggas understand mouse  
Why try to fit in when you a stand out?  
No album but the money never ran out  
Beside from rap I'm kinda focused on land now  
Cause I dont know where the game is  
It's just been attacked by Hurricane Chris  
So niggas cant fathom what money and fame is  
Well some niggas get it by using their stainless  
Well some niggas get it what the kid sustain in  
Me! .. Im regular Joe I dont let it change shit