

# I Couldn't Help It

Joe Budden

(Talk to em) We had a beautiful relationship at one point (but then)  
Then that shit changed with the quickness  
Maybe because I was fucking other bitches (or)  
Or maybe we had on business having business  
Not the girl that I would want to raise kids with  
But still that shit happen regardless (look)  
I was so young back then so heartless  
The shit I was thinking could have caught me some charges  
Listen, I tried to talk to her normally (but)  
That shit didn't work for a one second she was on to me  
I tried to explain how I ain't have a dollar to my name  
Pursuing this rap shit chasing fame  
Young dude stressed in the hood  
Like Jesus  
I ain't ready for no child but she was  
When you piss poor  
Get to having sick thoughts  
While the chick probably sitting there thinking about marriage  
I'm thinking abortion like a savage  
An on purpose accident to have a miscarriage  
Her mother and mine I couldn't end up seeing (plus)  
Plus what type of mother would you end up being  
You already a psycho I wouldn't let that pass  
I ain't think life time bond I thought fat ass  
All them times you was pregnant and miserable  
All them fights we had that got physical  
Every time I sent you packing Piss at you  
Like I ain't want to live with you  
Yeah I kinda planned that  
Inconsiderate  
That sounds just like me  
(Then you) Then out pushed something out that looks just like me  
I grabbed my little dude up  
Looked him in his eyes  
You can't understand right now I apologize  
How could I not want you here and be that selfish  
Fuck was on my mind at the time my bad I couldn't help it

Naw mean I couldn't help it  
(Talk to em right quick)  
For real I couldn't help it  
Even though I tried  
Must have been something going on inside  
No lie I couldn't help it  
I couldn't help it

(Talk to em) Now this is how you know we go threw phases  
(How) Cause he done sold millions of records  
(And then) Plus they done been together for ages  
I don't really know how I should say this  
Me and ole boy done shared a couple of stages  
But he wasn't around when I saw her in Vegas (ok)  
She said remember me  
I though I shouldn't lie  
I looked baby up and down and said should I  
Maybe she my ole broad maybe she a singer  
I looked down and seen that chunky rock on her finger

She said I'm blinks wife how you been and what your doing here  
(Look) I should have asked her that same shit  
(Cause) Snoop already told me that bitches ain't shit  
And the industry's so small  
That's how the game is  
When you famous  
Everybody's a bilingual plaintiff  
And the defendant speaks one language  
But we exchanged numbers like fuck it (I mean look)  
All we gone talk about is music (And then)  
Neither one of us will ever use it (I was wrong)  
Shorty she ain't hesitate to use it  
Four A.M. where do I began  
She's leaving the club I'ma bag the win  
She's so aggressive like what room are you in  
I ain't answer she said meet her downstairs in ten  
So now we totally disrespecting his star  
I'm with his bitch  
She in his car she said hop in let's head to the strip bar  
Bad ass friend with her (den she turned around and) and then she kiss ma  
And now I'm so confused  
She start telling me bout how she's so abused  
How he beats her as how he takes that figure  
And in my head I'm thinking about how I don't blame that nigga  
We hit the club like everything is wonderful  
She's touching me I'm feeling uncomfortable  
And then the D.J. threw on something slow  
I'm grinding on her friend now she wanting to go  
Dude wife start whispering in my ear  
I'm starting to see it clear she don't care  
Shorty down with whatever  
She said let's go to your room all together (and I'm)  
I'm sure the two of us will make it worth your while  
Now your friend looks great and I really want to fuck her  
But I can't be your side dude can't be your lover  
Called on my old school trick just to duck her  
We got to the room told her I ain't have a rubber  
I thought it worked at first (but)  
One look disappointed and one looked hurt  
But her trifling ass when and made shit worse  
She reached down and pulled a few of those from her purse (bioch)  
Got on her knees started playing with the head  
All her dude's lyrics started playing in my head  
Her friend jumps in probable feeling left out  
I'm filled with guilt cause all I could think bout was  
He has her on T.V. with your kids  
I got her on the T.V. in her ribs  
Please god forgive  
Regret what I did  
That ain't the life style I wanna live  
Just then I couldn't help it  
Ta ha, Ta ha, Ta ha  
Naw

I couldn't help it  
Mic, ma mic  
I couldn't help it  
Even though I tried  
Must have been something going on inside  
No lie I couldn't help it  
I couldn't help it  
Naw I couldn't help it  
Talk to em