

Invisible Man

Joe Budden

(And you know why his name is On Point 'cause he on point pussy)

Uh, cheah
Ah, ah, ch-cheah
Taha
Ah, ah, ah
Goin, goin, go

As we continue on
The name of this joint right here is called Invisible Man
Featuring Emanny, shout to Chemo on the beat
Shout to mixtapekings.com

Can anybody out there hear me? I feel like my voice is lost
'Cause I know the whole World can't see me, close to just fallin off
But with everything I am, I still find a way to stand and keep movin
While I'm here so strong and still, like I'm invisible

When I'm alone in my room, sometimes I stare at the wall
With the phone off, near a withdrawal
Got a paranoia problem, so I'm known to keep a trigger round y'all
B.I.G. told me they be prayin for a nigga +Downfall+
I'm vacationin on a beach with no sand (and, oh!)
Tryin to check the time on a clock with no hands (what else?)
Feel like I'm gettin close but I'm nowhere near it (AH!)
I touch it but don't feel, listen but don't hear it (OH!)
Starin out a project window under mad stresses
Me and my mental got two different addresses
One's national, Trump International, rational
One is still stuck on the Avenue (oh)
If you don't understand, fine (but my)
My body's playin hinds with the mind, tryin to escape a landmine
Revamped, designs I search but can't find
Recant times when the future was a tan line (oh!)
Damn, shit was much brighter then
Now it's just vitamins mixed in with Vicodin
If they gonna set you up to lose, why try to win?
'Cause a scar don't stop nothin on a Viking's skin
So niggaz can come after me
Even "Intelligent Hoodlums" become Tragedies (they become tragedies)
I move in silence, the Jadakiss of Jers (why?)
So when it come to Benjamins I don't say a word, ya heard?

See I can ball in the cufflinks
Step out, tear down the party and the club scene
But I think it's obscene, the lifestyles of the rich and shameless
I pick anonymity over being famous
From the start, even if they don't see it, I play a part
Rather than sell a record, rather do it from the heart
I rather put me before y'all
I know niggaz might call it self-centered, I call that bein smart
So I stand behind mics, not even worried about the limelight
That'll manifest when the time's right
If I was Kanye, I wouldn't have these problems (but then)
But then I'd have Kanye's problems (cheah)
Blessed with everything they ever fronted on the planet
But loot's the only thing I ever wanted on the planet

Back on that canvas, just lost my bandwidth
Granted, I'm a always counter, granite
I been where you tryin to go, the God said it
So eggin me's not strong-minded, it's hard-headed
Thought I was on the right route, tacklin the game
'Til they handcuffed my mouth, put the shackles on my brain
Popular stranger, gone but still here
Handicap my career, I put it in a wheelchair
Let's keep the deal fair, nothin but real here (so!)
Amazed after all these years I still care, it's weird

Shout to Amadu, Junior
My nigga Mitch Mitchell out in Vegas
DJ On Point, Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3