

More of Me

Joe Budden

I give you my all
But it seems like that's not enough
Letting you get more of me
So while the world keep on changing
The one thing remaining is
I keep letting you get more of me

My story, my pain, can't nail it
My tears overflowed, you can't bail it
My talent, ?
Niggas tried to cross the god, but they ain't nail it
My path, my walkway, you can't trail it
My ladder, my mountain, can't scale it
It's my life, my struggles, can't help
I'm just grateful that He kept me alive for me to tell it
Check it, see the music industry changed me
It was everything that I'd have never guessed it was
So my discography is all full of hand-me-downs
I couldn't figure out another way to dress it up
So every verse fight with the truth
Nah, no one better than this mic and this booth
It's no better way, I owe my todays to my yesterdays
You live with regrets, probably die with em too
So I trust God more than myself, I'm trying to tell ya
Drunk in the basement, now I'm in the wine cellar
I learned to never let the fear settle in
And now I'm more prepared than I've ever been
Not one ounce of hate in my glance?
Just one of the things OG taught me way in advance
Said it's two types of folk in this world
Got the ones that's out doing it
And those busy saying they can't

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You know some niggas never learn
Some learn and never apply, but wait
Some apply but never teach
My only right to preach, I spent time being each
Grab your magnifying glass I need ya'll to look closer
At the only dude to do every drug and get lower
If niggas knew a third of all the weight that he shouldered
They'd know it's an insult to think I'm only bipolar
I got a unique talent, don't know how I obtained it
How do I sustain it? Can't even explain it
I get more info from words that aren't spoken
More fixated on people or things when they are broken
I used to think everybody was pure
Now I'm busy trying to come up with everybody's cure
And that mindset led to?
It be the people you help most, normally do the most harm
Made it my whole life, most times I ain't bite

So no need to stick to a script that I didn't write
Preconceived notions, nothing less than a failure
Base your's off of the cover and miss the best-seller
While I'm at it, let me tell you about this angel I met
? fly, from every angle was fresh
And the way that she was jamming to the song called 'I'm Not Perfect'
Made me wanna know what her imperfections were
Now listen, and they weren't hard to find yall
Both parents were addicts like mine are
Mine are, but her story wasn't new to me
Most of life, shorty was homeless like I used to be
Could tell she never felt appreciated
Looked too much like her dad, was her mom's least favorite
Picture a bond supposed to be sacred
Looking up at your mom's eyes and seeing hatred
Pop left when she was young
Well she still young and he still gon' keep it 100
While I'm just amazed that a woman so beautiful
Could through such ugliness and not become it
World keeps spinning, learned sinners keep sinning
And I can't even tell her some fights ain't fight worthy
Cause my pops got 20 years clean, but her pops got 20 years dirty
She moved to Jersey where he happens to reside
Thinking they'll be closer but it's only fiction
Cause she so young, all it does is cause friction
God picked the right nigga though, to teach about addiction
Years ago she should've been on?homi'? watch
So check the time out, just not on mommy's watch