

# My Time

Joe Budden

The alternate route is a long one  
But ultimately, in the end, it gets you to the same exact destination  
Yes sir, the journey's been long  
And the wins have been short  
But today, none of that matters

The time is now, zoom, get close  
The ego is gone, the room is for growth  
But talent is there, the feeling is new  
I mean, bottom is gone but the ceiling is too  
I was higher than Whitney, headed toward the top again  
Everything I write crack, like it's with a Bobby pen  
But it's more than what you hear in a song  
The wings are extended, the fear is gone  
Hold up, the clips are loaded, safety is off  
The business is in the black, I ain't taking a loss  
Hold up, standards are high, hoes never hold out  
The touring is cool, the shows always sold out  
The foes are mad, but fuck it no one else cares  
The kicks are custom, you'll never see em elsewhere  
The stakes are high, the risk is crucial  
And they love to hate me, but I love it when they do too

I've been waiting here for so long  
Gotta take what's mine  
Since time will never wait  
Who am I stand up fate?  
It's my time, it's my time, it's my time

Look, I've been hurt, I could pull up scars  
Now the earth is my pull up bar  
The journey was long, the roads were slim  
Though I thank God today, I probably owe it to sin  
Streets were hungry, I was torn apart  
Even though them jails were cold, they warmed my heart  
Was living the worst, but prayed for the best  
Ain't have a thing given to me, had to rape success  
Had to be used for approval, had to use whatever was useful  
Had to act old even when youthful  
Money don't make me, that ain't what I kill for  
Cause I was richer than I'd ever been, and was still poor  
Some never thought he would propel  
Some talked to me just to speak to themselves  
Some broke their arm, all while reaching for wealth  
So when you come into the game, make sure you leave with yourself

We all got demons, a few I rivaled  
Looked em in the eye, and they became suicidal  
They thought it couldn't happen, they were too prideful  
His head's an ornament on the wall as proof I survived you  
Bills were high, money was low  
Strip club was popping, wasn't money to go  
Going nowhere fast, but drugs was a one stop  
Couldn't shine selling that tan, I had my son blocked  
Now I'm on acres, in a house, with a loft  
The women are foreign, their blouses are off  
It's a whole new me, I redefined my style

And since yesterday's gone, I guess the time is now

[Hook]