

No Idea

Joe Budden

Look, I was always told you can't make it make sense don't trust it
So I'll be out the country with the phone off, f-ck it
Grown from when I was dusted
But took something away out of every moment I suffered
So y'all can go on and judge it
There's a reason that I'm tellin baby girl she gotta practice patience
I plan on changing my ways I'm just procrastinating
Putting it off like I'll never be in a casket layin
With both my parents going crazy as the pastor's praying
Prideful, I don't even succumb when I'm defeated
All it do is get me mad, and I'm comfortable heated
I come from a family of drunks, I'm the one that succeeded
So nowadays I talk to God when nothing is needed
I'm sorry I don't speak the language of
Rappers in the closet, but they won't hang it up
I'm only trying to build what they attempt to destroy
We had a perfect game until it was Jim Joyce'd
Check it, what was once so majestic
Is now only adored by epileptics
I record to resurrect it, by my own accord I can't accept it
But when something gives you nightmares, can you afford to recollect it
If you can just know them odds stacked
Airplanes ain't shooting stars, you can't B.O.B. that
I found out when discussing paper
Some will sell their soul and deal with the repercussions later

With every curve they throw
Every shot that blows, I'm still here
It be the ones that's pretending to know that really have no Idea
I just let em all go ahead and speak my name
How far you gonna reach for fame
Go ahead and fuck up your career
I don't care, cause they have no idea

So sick it's livid, all pics are vivid
A stiff of being gifted, gotta be equipped to live with
His critics, misquote him and miss tidbits
So he's mislabeled, misunderstood, misfit'd
Anytime I was misinformed or misguided
I went and got advice from a dude that wouldn't apply it
And he'll give out that lesson for free
Without a grudge, but I keep the past present with me
So every morning on the wake up, and she's applying make up
I'm pondering all the different ways for us to break u
Women have a tendency to get fickle
Predictable, lie and say his dick little
It be the ones you could see yourself with forever
Giving you a lecture talking about you neglect her
Couple years in, the strip club will upset her
And she'll act like you ain't have them same habits when you met her
When you can't take her
You start dropping hints for her to read between the lines
But she'll act like Fantasia
It'll be so much to be said but no one will convey it
The relationship will be over but no one will say it
A doomed fate, living with who you'd soon hate
Ex life partners trying to co-exist as roommates

Once you go through it you'll believe it
And you'll never give a woman more than you'll want her to leave with

How can the fans think us rappers are invincible
Cant find anything about that logic that's sensible
I'm thinkin they should know better off of principle
To them we're action heroes, to labels we're Expendables
My old approach was apprehensible
Some started thinkin their 15 minutes of fame was extendable
They dont cherish the moment like they probably should
Once they star's submitted they act Hollywood
Gwapped up stacks to grip
Now you're being chauffeured in the back of whips, life style's immaculate
Out of touch with reality, I'll help you get a grasp of it
Success breeds change, but so does a lack of it
The homie's sending out subliminals,
Since you a failed rapper, failed criminal, four bars is the minimal
Since you ain't from the streets I'll help and tell you the way it works
Say a nigga snitching, I'm saying show me the paper work
I don't get why the inferior bother to diss me
Heart of my city, when I go take a part of it with me
I think god will understand that was part of my misery
So instead of "father forgive me" it's "father ya dig me?"
Spectated just to see if I'd get checkmated
Less progress brings less hatred which would segue it
I learned the hard way somethings are better kept sacred
Fail at given em your all, you'll just be left naked

[Chorus]