

# Send Him Our Love

Joe Budden

Listen!

If you listen to this it's evident you trying to figure out if I'm dude  
Or maybe somebody told you I'm that dude  
Or maybe you one of the few that dissagree with me  
And got your own views about whos really that dude  
Well...

The south movement got ten months left  
And come valentines day the game will merge to the west  
And I feel it's absurd that the east is the selling the less  
Screaming new york new york the pioneers is suppose to be the best  
You blaming all the vets on the current state of the game  
They won't retire so the generation just remain the same  
A bunch of oppurtunist that was giving oppurtunity  
Too make a difference in music but gave no oppurtunity  
Nothing new or fresh just the same ass sound  
Same ol' producers with the same ass sound  
Up and coming artist's got identity crisis  
Cause whenever you you the labels turn you away  
But when you me you think of a way  
To cast the criticisim aside get on a track say what the fuck you wanna say  
The radios gonna play whatever the listeners say it should  
And I want the listeners say they should indeed they should  
Indeed I should smack a few niggas like suge  
But then they'll black mall me  
And the that's a long story no crossover so I wrote the crossover  
But if the album sellout I'd be considered a sellout  
The fans keep asking whens the album gonna come out  
Ask your local execs I'm out!

Look!

What up ray was speechless I ain't no what too say  
Got the call like at 8 am with nate saying  
You had passed away I'm like why niggas stay playing  
Your myspace page playing I started my day aching  
It hit me like a tumor felt like it was too soon to  
Thought it was a rumor untill it wasn't a rumor  
Can't beleave that it's over  
But if god called you I ain't even mad at him he must have needed a soldier  
I was like your mentor you was like my friend NAH  
When I seen you I would treat you like my kin and more  
We use to scream fuck thease niggas like tim dogg  
You was the only rap nigga I would fend for  
Was phiening for beats stuck between a dream and the streets  
You just wanted to be seen as elite  
Cause you loved far rock like I jersey so I feel ya  
But love something too much guaranteed it will kill ya for realer

Nah I mean...

I remember we was in the studio doin... doin you know what will happend  
It was me you and core... You told me to keep my verses 16  
But you know I can't do that I went ahead and gave them mad bars you was mad  
as fuck!  
You went and tried to strech your shit but I wasn't havng it though nigga

Rian squad keep your head up

Remeber we would diss each other on tracks laugh about it when we met up

I'm looking in your casket praying a nigga get up  
For a minute I couldn't help too think that you was set up  
No matter who you are you gotta answer when the lord calling  
I told you go and fuck with jimmy that's before ballin'  
Go get your cash right hard to slow down livin the fast life  
I just heard you on flex show last night  
Like was it old beef or was you getting stuck up  
A line outside your funeral ran was really fucked up  
And I was too but the difference is  
I was mourned all at the ignorant value of life that living gets  
Pulled the burner on you but you fought that dude  
I read the paper it said the pigs caught that dude  
It's sad another black man taking by a black hand  
Wish your last night in the club we could have saved your last dance  
God damn!

I remember like... I remember we was in Cancun  
That was my first time out there in Cancun  
Me and you was rolling together you talking about where the bitches at  
Like nigga I dunno your pose' to be the gorgeous gangsta  
Don't ask me nothing I don't speak no Spanish  
I love you nigga!

I know the kids really need you  
I keep telling em' Pac wanted to sign Biggie wanted to see you  
Pun wanted to cypher L' wanted you to bring some of that good cash up and get a little higher  
Go and help Jam Master J get the crowd a little hyper  
Or maybe Freaky Tah switched up and needed a Ryder  
Maybe Allyah single up there and needs a Ryder  
I know you and Rick James would set the studio on fire  
You in a better place up there at the Pearly Gates  
You can be the gorgeous gangsta and niggas won't hate  
Some niggas tapped the bottle poured out a little Hennessy  
I'm in the clouds screaming squad up in your memory

I remember you called me that day I think you was in far rock  
You had some bitch in your car and your car broke down  
And you called me talking about do I got triple A and shit  
I'm like nah but at least that answer your question  
And you like what question?  
I'm like well I just heard a song of yours  
Talking about you wanted to know why she won't stay with you  
And she wanna go ride with a G'  
I love you nigga!