

State of You

Joe Budden

If you think that it's so damn easy
Then what do you need me for?
Just look at the state of you
Babe, snap out of it
You're not listening to this

Yeah... talk to 'em! Ohh
HUH? Joey!
It's, it's, that on top

Must be I'm just avoidin the inevitable, dodgin my fate
So many things a nigga gotta escape
Autobiographical, I need my life to maybe hop on a page
That'll end with a sigh, goodbye, with my mouth open cockin a gauge
How you the greatest at your job, but they dockin your pay?
Guess when God's holdin a bar they start mockin your ways
Murder my fans while I'm rockin on stage
Naw let me chill, I ain't thinkin at a logical state
I catch 'em while they noddin they head, sayin the words
And start a blood bath, right as they repeatin the verse
At the show let 'em know that they help lead to me bein disturbed
I'm thinkin {"You're not making any sense"} ha ha, listen (OHH!)
How much longer you expect me to be degraded
By niggaz who can't appreciate bein appreciated?
Y'all made this beef related
One less person to judge, just one more problem alleviated (HUH?)

Ya mean, uh, fruck's goin on?
Yeah! Listen

I'll stand before your honor, without a alibi, lost kinda
Just a product of a lost genre
Cuffed like I'm a cause drama, headline un-remorsed trauma
Sweat drippin from my head like I performed a concert
No alibi for my unlawful conduct
I need a pardon from the president, call Obama
And tell him I was goin all out
I was doin God's work, I thought the nigga called out

{"Snap out of it, you're not making any sense"}
They don't hear me, check it!

You lookin at a more honest improve in me
All of the comments and scutiny, drive him to lunacy
Committin hate crimes as if I got immunity
A opportune time to have opportunity
Not, but when he don't stop by it just ruins me
Pride is persuin me, why's it rebukin me?
I got demons by my door, staked out
I'm inside goin over my escape route

Now I've had it up to here
Don't ever try that again
Why are you so quiet so suddenly?
Go on, have it
You're just dying to tryyyyy me!

Yeah, uh-huh-uh, uhh
Muh'frucker, uh, uh
Let me tell you

Yo, see I'm in search of privacy
On e'ry social network, but don't wan' network with society
That's, probably why my net worth ain't so high to me
These Percosets work, now they FUCKIN with my sobriety
I'm chasin a hit - all in Heath Ledge
+Dark Knight+ overdose, I ain't chasin the SHIT!
I got a audience, they just got me hatin this shit
Or is it how I view life, and how vacant it is
Watch me and see a horrible movie, bad reviews
Scattered views with a cold heart, wrong attitude
I ain't got a thing in common with these rapper dudes
Nigga! {"You're not making any sense"}
Okay, aside from some drawn-out thoughts, mags and tools
I don't think they know what it FEEL like to be battered, bruised
And still they can't see me with the ink
So try fuckin the world ain't as easy as you think, nigga!

Oh, Joey! Ta-ha
Fruck's goin on?
You need me for?
Fuck them all niggaz, geah
The fruck's goin on?
Nigga! Ta-ha, yeah
It's, it's...
Warn yourself