

# Through My Eyes

Joe Budden

What if I told you grandma raised me, she was blind and all  
I was trapping, lil rapping, schools, nine and all  
Been to hell and back, couple ditches, all kinda falls  
Fiending for them pills, I tried to triple that in Tylenols  
Who's to question bout my hustle and the way I'm eating?  
Got a family, no job, I wake up late for meetings  
Early morning, all momma's dishes got the razor treatment  
Gotta feed the team, God I can't afford to pay the deacons  
Man I believe in a lot of things  
But I really heard them choppers scream  
Daddy a man, he ain't invest, I went and copped the thing  
Sinning since a gremlin, did some shit to make the doctor scream  
Speaking of my daddy, that's another story  
I really like to call that my mother's story  
I was ripping and crippling, chilling it wasn't for me  
And I'd be lying if I say he ain't do nothing for me  
Apologize if I'm talking bout me  
But my fans say they want hear me talk about street  
I could finish it by eight, I'd hit that block bout nine  
Purp and cubicles at work, we leave that office by three  
Shit, shit I got a whole beat to go  
Long story short we trying to see the dough  
Ain't mentioned my daughter yet, you should meet her Joe  
Just cause you get a shot don't mean you make this shit, it's free to throw  
Kinda smart, won't say I wouldn't have been nothing  
But it's something bout the streets that make a nigga keep jumping  
When they call, just cause I leave won't mean I make it back  
My daughter three, I mean she's smart but try explaining that

(I see it my way)  
(And it ain't gonna change)  
I mean is sinning really sinning when the end justify the means?  
(And you would know why)  
Am I wrong for wanting for me and my team?  
(If you look through my eyes)  
(I see it my way)  
Cops ain't really doing shit  
(And it ain't gonna change)  
They just wearing the uniforms and shit  
(And you would know why)  
Couple niggas dying every day  
(If you look through my eyes)  
I mean what else could you say?

So many things about this industry is misleading  
Filled with so many feminine ways you would think it's a miss leaking  
From all of my time in the streets I never got dissed for no reason  
Know I'm in Slaughterhouse now, back then I wanted them pigs bleedin  
I'm who the kids see, but I ain't a role model  
Before I found the genie, he was hiding in a coke bottle  
And since you talk about your dad you ain't discover  
When you sign you'll probly find that most these rappers is your brothers  
Who raised these niggas?  
Higher learning, school daze these niggas  
Since I can't let a few raise these niggas  
It's one and the same, still got every cal I bought  
Child support to running in labels

Begging them for now support the shit just as foul as I thought  
From stepping out with weapons out, loved ones in heaven now  
Persevered through Def Jam, you lead your through Kevin Liles  
Got blackballed, bounced back ya'll, now me and Royce be on 7 Mile  
Hunger of a draft pick even though I'm a legend now  
And so I'm blind like Stevie  
To the joy my son get when he see me on TV, but ya'll think it's easy  
I can barely walk in public if you was in my position, Surf  
Home and away games are played the same just on different turfs  
Nobody loyal, I'm a loner, I don't have a clique  
To top it off, rap money come slower than Viagra dick  
Feel like all my prayers hit my loved ones with an asterisk  
Cause rapper shit had me out the country when my gram's was sick  
No blog could ever let you know the half of it  
Why the fuck niggas think I be on my passive shit?  
So I can't decide who's the braver man  
Cause you a slave to them streets and I'm a slave to these fans

(I see it my way)  
Ya know what I mean?  
(And it ain't gonna change)  
Niggas be wanting to switch places or trade places like shit is all good and  
all that  
(And you would know why)  
(If you look through my eyes)  
All niggas see is the cars and the hoes  
(I see it my way)  
See em in the strip club, little bit of jewelry on and think everything grav  
y though  
(And it ain't gonna change)  
(And you would know why)  
I almost punched one of these sucka niggas in the face last night  
(If you look through my eyes)

But the hood shit don't stop  
Don't stop cause you ain't in it  
They only think you take a nigga out the hood, you can't take the hood out a  
nigga  
Ya'll don't feel me though  
Young numb