

# Welcome To Real Life

Joe Budden

Yo I see shorty on the staircase  
In front of an empty beer case  
Weird face  
Almost like he was scared straight  
Like he ain't have a care in life  
Whiping tears from his eyes  
That already appeared to have been cried  
We chopped it, said he was adopted  
And there's a lot of shit he just tucks in his closet  
Real calm, said he would always feel harm  
And all he wanted to do was meet his real dad and real mom  
"All the nice home and clothes do is remind me  
In all these years they didn't even try to find me  
Nevermind love, I feel like they never liked me  
If I thought there was a god I would ask the nigga WHY ME"  
But some things you better off havin never knew  
Maybe they wanted better for you than they could never do  
You got a family, I see that you don't care for them  
But love is always gonna be love no matter where it's from  
What if I said your moms couldn't give birth  
Contemplated leaving earth  
Til you brought her life worth  
Whatever you going through could always be much worse  
Don't make a mistake mistaking your blessings for a curse  
Told dude you in the right place, right here  
Can't run to your corner when life don't wanna fight fair  
Things'll become quite clear  
When you decide to wake up and stop having fantasies about a nightmare

You damn right she on a high horse  
She said "don't worry bout hers nigga ride yours"  
Before you talk clean your own backyard  
Souped-up and sought after by the athletes and rap stars  
Developing a name, creepin to fame  
She quick to trade her vagina for a seat at the game  
And it's so foul she don't see the shame  
In the act or the fact that she view it as an equal exchange  
She stay with the newest on, louis vuitton

Buying groceries with coupons, sleeping on a futon  
No self-esteem to cover her lack of confidence  
She get on twitter retweetin' all the compliments  
Pretty face, nice strut with a nice butt  
Disguise of a slut only tryin to get wifed up  
But when it's party time she won't be a second late  
Once she leaves V.I.P. it's back home to section eight  
What confused me  
Is niggas tried to kick it, but she come across bougie  
In her best friends jewelry  
Part-time mother  
But something real shady when her 2 year old daughter  
Much closer to the babysitter  
Cry when she alone  
Product of a broke down home  
Won't change cause she already grown  
Already set in her ways no need in tryin to help  
Cause she rather find wealth before she can find herself

Real quick, let me introduce ya'll to maverick  
Lifetime addict who recently kicked the habit  
Looking for a job companies won't let him have it  
Cause his drug and gun charges up and down his whole jacket  
Constantly rejected, can't deal with the aggravation  
So now he scared to be honest on the application  
Past caught up as every door shuts like "Sorry we can't help ya"  
And then he's back home to the shelter  
Nothing to lose giving up like the other minions  
Pending his trail in the court of public opinion  
Til he got a call from a temp agency  
Said they had a void ask could he fill the vacancy  
Unlike what he appears  
Been employee of the month for a year  
Self doubt is related to fear  
And they'll never replace him  
If you wanna catch up with your dreams you gotta be willing to chase them