

What Y'all Want

Joe Budden

I can see what they mad for, shit I would be mad too
They wouldn't acknowledge me, shit my name was taboo
Could fuck who I want now, should be my next tattoo
Passed up on your bitch, she'll settle and have you
You live in a basement, me, I'm in a castle
And since I'm a drop-out, that's my cap and tassel
Closest thing to a rockstar, my friends call me Axl
To keep it a hundred I think the credit is past due
(What y'all want)
I mean, shit's to be expected by now
When the top-tier MCs dodge, it don't annoy me
If they hearing it like I am, it ain't a shock they avoid me
(What y'all want)
Personally, I think you niggas is beat
He done battled a million times, he got yet to be beat
Signed to an M&M but it's these other niggas that's sweet

(What y'all want)
Top down and adopted the crown and
I walk out fresh kicks and all this hatred on me
And I won't give it back, so yall gonna have to take it from me
(What y'all want)
Shoulda got this dough by now
Or should I be that nigga, I could show you how
Been a few years, figured yall would know by now

I see why they call him lame though, I would call him lame too
They wanted me out of here, but since then my fame grew
Used to be on house arrest, bracelet on my ankle
Couple million later and they shocked that I'm the same dude
Quick big up to Wu Tang, deaded all that Meth stuff
Youngin's go and look for beef, adults don't let it fester
Some of yall still judge though, still believe in Esther
Yall gonna let that ho stop yall from hearing what the best does?
Some of yall don't know no better so yall just neglect
So they'd rather compare my current girlfriend to my ex
They say I'll loose my mind if Kaylin leaves me, I digress
I think my track record should show what yall would think about my next
Counting my money like it's gonna make you some
On my dick like it's gonna make you come, bum niggas
See it from my perspective, here's a little word for you
You make enough bread, it eventually goes to work for you

I see why they think I'm old though, I would think im old too
Reinvented mad times, I keep making old new
Now a nigga worldwide, back then I was local
And every dude yall said was better than me then is old news
Modern day present fans are fickle it's depressing
1 single, 1 album yall gone say he with the legends
The veterans be pissed when we pay mind to they selections
And the newbies get gassed every time they Jay elect them
It's niggas with more money and less respect
To me that tomfoolery's dead, bottom line real niggas
Know what's more important and dollars ain't in attendance
When that eulogy said, so let's get it clear first before
You compare them to me
Wait a couple years, make sure they don't disappear first

It'll save us some confusion
Everything ain't a classic and everybody ain't dope some of that is an illusion
The funny thing about a label push, you never know
Shit could go either way, go ahead and run along side it
End up on the wrong side of it
When your life change it could be only weeks away
I'm a result of the fans and debt in the middle man
With that logic I don't got to rely on a good day
Did great on a label
Did greater on my own, so pick the MC of the moment and ponder could they?

[Hook]