

Words of a Chameleon

Joe Budden

Check it, I'm the voice of every dead nigga's secrets
That's why the fucktards want me dead before I can speak it
Yall call it crazy, I'm the heartbeat of every aborted baby
High off every line snorted in the 80s
Let it breathe, no wonder why his thoughts ratchet
See the world through the shades that Stacks wore in his casket
I steal his body from the graveyard on foot, ain't no looking b
ack
Bring him on tour with me and when it's over put him back
If you couldn't tell, the behavior says if a nigga send me to h
ell it's a favor
I never felt that was major, God forgive me or don't, maybe He'
ll help later
Until I'll share pop's nightmares elevator
Which taught me not to doubt a coward for a thing
Yin-yang theory, shit Juwan Howard got a ring
All it takes is the smallest nigga in your camp to get eternal
Half a match book will transform to an inferno
And jail's so grotesque
That cause of my past, I can't bask in my success
Peep how my brain masturbates, I mean, I wake up
Walk on my deck and stare at a beautiful yard that just reminds
of the yard
I unlock a cell, a buried man, wrongly accused
Bet it all, the judges to put him there, won't be amused
This ain't Joe yall, more like the mind of every rape victim
Who can't retrace the face of the nigga that had his way with e
m
When my heart stops it crops
Every 9-1-1 call that took too long
But don't look at it wrong
Cause the irony of my group's name is though he seem the luckie
st
Where we lay our heads seems to be where it's bloodiest
To say we're rebels would imply we're against
That's a lie nigga, we just convinced
So in case the puppet-masters didn't know Joe
They tried making us the guinea pigs
We just killed it and kept it as a logo