

## 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 back  
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 hell 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 em  
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 luckiest  
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