

# Joe Budden, 40 Licks

Look I can give a fuck about opinions, like 'em or love 'em  
I never change up, if you don't like 'em then fuck 'em  
Cause I was brought up sayin' sticks and stones  
Only let you know about whoever's doin' the throwin'  
Dudes is far from what they pretend to be though  
I done fired a few shots and got plenty of gold  
Nah, if it ain't love, let's begin to be foes  
Cause now my minds kind of off, I'm like Emily Rose  
When I seen my first man get murdered  
I took a little strike from the game like a Transit worker  
Won't keep pushin' cats to get paid  
And be a grown ass man with no acalade's  
And know the truth hurts I can't fabricate  
So nothings made up, just the facts I say  
My son 'bout to have a brother  
It's a different father, same mother, if it ain't one thing it's another  
Sometimes this rap thing seems so easy  
Til you home lookin' at that TV  
Pissed you havin' a fit, changin' it FUCK MTV  
Cause you starin' at them, thinkin' that should BE ME  
The game and myself is like Jessica and Nick, 'bout to leave  
The folks thought we'd never ever split  
Try to work through it all that we done for eachother  
Both talented but one is too dumb for the other  
Let it go to its boiling point  
Til it felt like one long episode of Boiling Points  
But all I gots this mic and this booth while I'm in it  
I figure might aswell tell the truth while I'm in it  
Latifa said enjoy my youth while I'm in it  
I told her I do but the proofs still tinted  
I'm like an old man when no friends or family  
Tryin' to cleanse whatever's left of his 'sanity  
It's no happy dude here  
I'm mad at the world while I'm wishing y'all Happy New Year  
It's only fair somebody had one  
New Year's for me always be like my last one  
New year, same girl, she the same soldier  
Think it's all good, probably cause I told her  
But I got some resentment, shit that I ain't over  
I don't trust baby girl far as I can throw her  
Rightfully or wrongly she's gettin' quick sized  
I'm on the horn askin' chicks for their tit-size  
Face smilin' and there's tears in the kid's eyes  
Hidin' it from hoes, by talkin' about my dick size  
In the hood with the best of 'em  
I'm still hood, just not hood like the rest of 'em  
Where's the answer  
Don't ask for a cig', I'm so self-centered I won't even share this cancer  
Look to the sky  
Talk to an invisible man and hope one day my prayers get answered  
This shit gets hard with every pull from this cig' or cigar  
More like what every lick from the gutiar  
GOD!