

Joe Budden, Nobody Loves Me

[Joe Budden]

Look here..

See I grew up around the projects
Grew up around the glocks yes
Taught to fend for myself whenever Pops left
A good kid turnin' into a hood prospect, why?

[Stack Bundles]

If so, it was after the bread risin' (Right)
After I put the hood on like Lil Red Ridin'
The gangsta that's glorifyin'
And strugglin' bubbled number for a stack
And that's a fact...until that?

[Budden]

(Oh!)

And if they did, I never felt it
Spent a couple nights in a box, I couldn't help it (Dawg, I couldn't help it)
When niggaz on the tier ice grilled, I had to melt it
Dream was on the right track...somebody rebelled it
Was taught cash rules, but I ain't have a dollar for livin'
No window, no pot to piss in (So!)
So all my dudes in they cells that's locked in prison, is it 'cause..

[Bundles]

(Nope!)

Til I pissed a few niggaz off like Bill O'Reilly (Right)
Exposed the game's soft spot like Maury (Ha!)
Showed the hustlers how we
Turned an advance to a grand finale (Heh)

[Budden]

Look here

I was doin' pull ups and eatin' pancakes (And then?)
And then I pulled up in that pancake (Talk to 'em!)
Suicide doors, iced the band and the face
Yes Jerze...(Ok)

[Bundles]

Til I proved my name was a factor (How?)
Summertime, played the crate
Bathin' 8ths and chains that'll change the chill factor (Schieeeeet!)
Two toned toy to antagonize the children (Right)
It's still Roc For Life like they kicked me out the building

[Budden]

But I ain't goin' nowhere, at least no time soon
So get used to me, real niggaz rep, that's how it used to be
F-Y-I, still got the deuce-deuce wit' me
Why?

[Bundles]

(I know...so?)

That's why I got niggaz robbed for their jewelry (Right)
Brought heaters to where my goons be (Right)
My divas in (?) (Right)
My groupies rockin' that Juicy (Whoo!)
40's on me but usually
The roofless coupe's on the corner like a hooptie
(Right, right)
Oh!
I know!

[Budden]

It's like I didn't feel the love
Until I put the 645 on dubs
And sueded out the guts
In the belly of the beast, you make it out with guts
In that title, homeboys is naked without the trust (Ya Heard!)

[Bundles]

Rep-wise I'm celibate, ain't a soul fuckin' wit' 'em (Uh huh)
Emcees watch they mouths like Chris Tucker wit' 'em (Heh)
Up and comer's owe me, until I'm paid, you stuck wit' 'em
(Why?)
'Cause..