

Joe Budden, Are You In That Mood Yet?

[Joe Budden]

Yo, I don't wanna live no more
Sometimes I hear death knockin' at my front door
I'm livin everyday like a hustle, another drug to juggle
Another day another struggle, yo
I know it's fucked up what a lack of cake'll do
A few people wanna move in and stay wit you
You wish you could help 'em all, but you ain't able to
Cause the rent's a lil' late plus the cable's due
You and your girlfriend are beefin' in a serious way
You used to be faithful (NOW) you at a curious stage (for real)
Finally got your mind made on going your separate ways WAIT
Nah homeboy, her period's late now THINK
Your time's runnin out do it quickly (WHY?!)
Cause she starts crying, mood's gettin sticky
If I don't want it she'll want nuttin to do wit me
JUST GET THE ABORTION AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE 250!
But if you say that to her than you wrong
You ain't think bout that you was gettin your groove on
Can't take care of myself nevermind a new born
I guess the pussy got too good for too long
Seems like my money goes by too easy
Why I hate that my job only pays bi-weekly
Hoopty done shitted, you spendin more money tryin to fix it
Than when you did tryin to get it (C'MON!)
Fridge is empty, but I survive the hunger
Who the fuck keeps callin from this private number?
There's crime on my mind and my nails are dirty
The floors are real cold in the jails of Jersey
Depression starts talkin and his voice is raspy
CAUSE HE AIN'T SHUT THE FUCK UP IN 3 AND A HALF WEEKS!
Look, beard is full, hair is nappy
These jeans ain't mine so they way too baggy
Priorities fucked shit startin to gas me
It's like my lil' man's life slipped right past me (talk to em)
Startin to trap me
His name's Dwayne SO WHY THE FUCK MY SON KEEP CALLIN' HIM DADDY?!
Same shit that I feared after all these years
I gotta breathe I can't believe my ears
Wipin out my eyes I'm damn near in tears
But you can't be mad, you know you ain't been there (nah)
Grab his moms I throw her against the door
But in the back of your mind you know it ain't her fault (nah)
I ain't mad at all, I'm just bothered
I get honest for real I ain't been the best father like
Toys 'R Us, Chuck E Cheese
You know a lil' boy grow up wit these needs
New Year's or Christmas, even the birthday
At least bring the nigga to his school on the first day (OHHHH)
I can't believe it, this the same way that I was treated
So maybe it's history repeated
I know it sounds sick the idea of havin another kid
But this one it really feel like it's his (OHHHH)
It's the truth and I hate that fact
WAIT, shouldn't of said that I take that back
Look, I apologize let's rewind this whole story like NaS
C4 just erase that track (C'MON!)
I don't care if only the track trust me
FUCK! what niggaz say only God can judge me
FUCK! what niggaz heard or think or even thought
Tried to fix my shortcomings I just came up short
Ya heard?