

Joe Budden, Blood On The Wall

[Intro: Joe Budden]

Whoo! (Uhh, welcome) Ohhh!

I'd like to welcome e'rybody, welcome e'rybody (yo y-yo yo yo)

To the muh'fuckin Padded Room (yo, y-yo, yo)

[Joe Budden]

How many niggaz fell victim to the streets

Rest in peace young nigga, it's a heaven for a G

I'd be a liar if I told you that I never thought of death

My nigga, we the last ones left (I-look) I-look (I-look)

I said - how many niggaz fell victim to the streets

Rest in peace young nigga, it's a heaven for

I'd be a liar if I told you that I never thought of death (I-look look)

My nigga, we the last ones left; but life goes on

And I ain't gon' stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall!

L-look, look, look, look

Maybe it started with the rims on the whip

Uh, I lost the Hummer, push the Benz through the strip

But I'll swim with the fish before I lend niggaz shit

Cause personally, they ain't worth the phlegm that I spit

That's why, sometimes I think the end's comin quick

My old ass father shot twins out his dick

So, if they so happen to come out without a older brother

Won't be alone cause comin up at least they'll have each other

At least they'll one another cause life's a muh'fucker

But while I'm here my only job is not to see 'em suffer

Through dope boys, shootouts, stick-ups and undercovers

The world is full of suckers but don't worry, I'm your buffer

Buffer, like I shoulda been for BJ

Well he never listened to nothin we say

(It was) half past 12, midnight on a weekday

Not even 20 hours past his release date, we stay

This nigga hit him up four times, one kick the heart

And that kicked my heart

Call his pops, niggaz pick the phone up

So he can come find his son lyin in his own (blood) blood

On the block that we ran through

House we grew up in, corner we would post on

Shot dead in front of niggaz we would be with

But how the fuck nobody see shit? (nigga)

It's on there to be a brother to his brother lucky

Cause in the belly of the beast I know this shit get ugly

Get on my knees and have a convo with the Lord above me

Maybe sometimes I hear him wrong, I think he sayin "Fuck me"

Only he could judge me, care less what they thinkin of me

Cause honestly I'd be aight if no one ever love me (love me)

I write "I only fear Joe" in blood

Smear'd slow on my brain by my earlobe (earlobe)

And I ain't gon' stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall!

Y-yo, yo, yo

All I tried do is raise the bar

See my, weeks is scabbed up, days are scarred

Still I love to see a muh'fucker hate from far

More they talk 'bout me the more I pray for y'all

I mean, I don't get how Prodigy gon' acknowledge me

When the nigga 'bout as big as an apostrophe (ohh!)

For him to possibly think that he is hot as me

is far from a prophecy, it's more like a mockery

Used to be hip-hop to me, 'fore you bombarded me

with everything ass like side of me has gotta be drugs

Four-fifths and snubs, what's that about?

Nigga you can't lift the guns that you rappin 'bout

But real talk, I can't front on your old shit

Now you just old as shit! Not old and sick

'Stead of holdin my dick, here's a better way (dawg)

Never mind me, worry about your Medicaid
... Shit's so unfair
Nigga beats carried your ass most of your career
Wanna blog, here's a reason - I FUCKS "Murda Music"
Anybody ever dissed this nigga is still breathin
Jay-Z, Saigon, Nas already peeled him
2Pac, he ain't alive but you ain't kill him
50 signs the bum only cause where he was from
Put his stamp on a nigga and still nobody feels him
Not a murderer, a gangsta, robber
Washed up 90's nigga, now a gangsta blogger
Me that, underground flow strike like the pound blow
Your sound's old, not even worth a download
I would have niggaz hunt you like a hound's nose
Problem is you pussy, the whole town knows
So why let the body count grow
for some fiend-out nigga now starrin in a clown show (clown show)
And I ain't gon' stop 'til a nigga see blood on the wall!