

# Joe Budden, Old School Mouse

You now listenin to a different type of boss  
Abstract, they cut him from a different type of clothe  
Jers say that mouths want a different type of soft  
Only started when I was lookin at different type of lofts  
Told em, I'm a don, show me somethin with a pool next  
I need four bathrooms, it ain't gotta be a duplex  
White tee, boots yes, see 'em in a suit next  
Or somethin European shirt lookin like a two X  
Runnin for the ball like I'm Plaxico Burrese  
Or in Cancun breakin a back on a brunette  
Gimmicks down pat like they rehearse that much  
I don't response to a sublime, it ain't hurt that much  
Yea I scream out Jers that much  
Cause these other dudes fightin for New York like it's worth that much  
And these sitcom niggaz caress and hold bitches  
To them they 'golden girls', to me, they old bitches  
Chicks lookin at G-Ucons lookin to cheat you  
Owe a nigga money, you know he lookin to see you!  
Niggaz lookin to beat you  
Fiend treat the hood like its Saw part two, cause they just lookin for needles  
I wake up grateful that I'm breathin first  
Cause dudes'll kill you, they don't need a reason first!  
These niggaz'll still hit em  
They know the hood is too poor to hire CSI, and Gil Grissom  
Nowadays, gotta keep a blue steel wit em  
I know about snakes, cause I used to deal wit em  
Used to give my heart, used to rob, steal, wit em  
Let 'em meet mom, share my last meal wit em  
To rap now, you ain't gotta have skill wit em  
Just appeal...witta lil bit a' rhythm  
A dude has that and ready to attack y'all  
You gotta kiss ass or else you get blackballed  
If you don't like niggaz, still give 'em dap y'all  
I swear to God this hip hop shit is a trap y'all  
I don't even remember how I used to act y'all  
Something wrong wit the math, I know I can add y'all  
I came out screamin Desert Storm everyday  
And soon as I stop, he don't wanna play  
Stacks sayin what you did for Clue, shit I just laced it  
I didn't even know that dude was doin his tape, shiiiiitt  
He don't want the fame no more, its fuckin wit me  
Don't hear Reasonable Doubt the same more  
I can't listen to Blueprint (Naaw!)  
Got a resentment toward Hov, tryin to hate on em, throwin in my two cent  
They say don't bite the hand that feeds you  
Even if I wanted to, I can't, no teeth to  
Don't get me wrong, I still got love for Clue and Hov  
But they both rich, so what that gotta do wit Joe?!  
I gotta bring home food for Joe...Trey that is...  
Like, fuck why I say that shit?!  
See, girl why you take that shit, but it's just how I feel, so naw, don't erase  
that shit  
Child supports a bitch, but I take care of mine  
But the Lord just say I ain't there for mine  
And the judge I look at (what about?)  
Don't wanna hear, nor do he understand that things got pushed back  
I'm sittin here with all this anger, stop me  
He's like what about this thing called a Gangsta Party?  
Must think I live life like it's a Gangsta Party!  
I'm 10 seconds away from a gangsta robbery, nigga!!  
No four leaf clover, I can't luck up  
Feel like removin the seeds and gettin fucked up  
Feelin quick temper, somebody bound to get fucked up  
I feel like everyone around me's a fuck up

Ratchet on me, I'm screamin out What What  
Bout to live life like my last buck's up  
I ain't got time to run around stuck up  
Not when I just seen a group of niggaz gettin stuck up  
So you damn right, I'm on my grind  
Look like some shit is on my mind niggaz  
Need to talk, but nobody to turn to  
So I go to horoscopes in the Jersey Journal  
It's always somethin bad, I don't know why I read it  
Then I play it off, its fake, I don't believe it!  
Smoking like two packs a day  
Still got about five cartridges stashed away  
And that's just were I'm at today  
I'll be in a better place if I just pass away (Sike!)  
Just hop in the casket and lay  
That's old school mouse, move on, put the past away