

# Joe Budden, Real Life In Rap

Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]

I hate y'all duuuuuuudes

That get real life and rap confuuuuuuused

Don't get it fucked up, and don't get shoooot

Tryin to be somethin you're noooooot

-- my niggaz want war, whatchu think you good for?

[Joe Budden]

Yeah you talk like them threats is real

A pine box, closed casket and mommy's black dress is real

I only spit what I live, and I play my part, feds know

You just talkin burners cause your A&R said so

Don't play the game like it's just a scrimmage

Don't think that what you hearrin is just a image

How your songs though? You never spent a day in the bing

Niggaz is movin they mouths but they ain't sayin a thing

Half y'all vets is heartless and rep regardless

Only time you seen a courtroom was pressin charges

How you baggin up white, but won't scrap in a fight

Sheeeeit, c'mon mayne, shit ain't addin up right

When shit's thick, whatchu gon' do with that pound

But real recognize real, you must be new in this town

All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks

And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

Tired of hearin 'bout you rap dudes comin with the guns

Never caught a body, had the smell comin from the trunk

(And umm) I'm tired of hearin 'bout your 4's bust

While I was cuffed on a up North bus

Y'all fucked on a tour bus

All them stories 'bout you gettin money with gangsters

(Guess what?) The shit is pretty funny to gangsters

I'm tired of hearin 'bout that gat in your boot

Cause when it's said and done

and you finished that rap in the booth, it's back to the truth

And your shit is glass thug (and you) never outside

Cause youse a in the lab thug (youse a) pen and pad thug

It sounds good, you ain't pushin work in the projects

But you spittin 'bout it when you work on your project

Clown answer back, y'all never seen the hammers flash

Just photo shoots when cameras flash

All I'm hearin is another nigga's life over tracks

And you lames ain't willin to lose your life over rap

[Chorus]

[Joe Budden]

In direct beef between rappers, they be all thugs

See each other in the street and dap, it's all love

War stories ain't yours about the pounds your man got

Only time you move bricks is when the SoundScan drop

You ain't never cooked NOTHIN by that kitchen sink

And the only time you been behind bars was fixin a drink

You actin a fool, got real life and rap confused

With them ten o'clock songs, you just rappin the news

But I ain't mad atcha flow, he tryin to stack his dough

But everybody's a thug until them ratchets show

The same dudes that rap about (they get) stuck for all the 1's

And if everybody's a killer, where the fuck is all the punks?

I hope you gettin your loot; just remember

what you spit in the booth

There's other people that's livin proof  
Y'all cats with all the mouth, just stay in your lane  
And pray that a real NUCCA don't decide to call you out

[Chorus]