Joe Budden, Sidetracked

[Joe Budden]
Whatever happened to that?
Joey! Yeah
Seems like I gotta buy a weed bag (so easily sidetracked!)
I think it mighta been next week
Mighta been next month, shit (Joey!)
Look, sometimes I wanna make money
But sometimes I ain't motivated; sometimes I think it's overrated
Sometimes I'm thinkin I wasn't supposed to make it
But what I show is basic, I normally poker-face it (what else?)
Sometimes I wanna make music
Sometimes I think it's just useless
So y'all don't hear a lot of new shit
Clueless, dependin on what my mood is (ohh!)
Sometimes I wanna dress down
I mean I wanna let up, but y'all be let down
I'm so easily sidetracked
I just lost my train of thought, but besides that
I wanna stop somebody and keep it real
But know that they'll understand 'fore I tell 'em how I feel
I wish I knew how it'd feel
I swore I needed somethin from the store (like what?)
Got a call that I just ignored, my day is hectic
I'm overwhelmed with thoughts, leave a message
This Saturday I, planned on goin shoppin for my kid
Wanna smoke, no cig's, I'm like "Where the fuck's the store?"
Got a migraine, but I forgot that I was sick
Cause these jeans don't seem to lay right over my kicks
And this'll be the last time I buy this brand
That I try this brand - oh shit, the bitch called me
She seems like the perfect girl to cheat with
Sleep with, I bet that she can keep a secret
I turned the radio on, and heard a beat sick
Know I can kill that shit better than he did
Sometimes I could be so analytical (why?!)
With no audience, so who am I a critic to? (nobody)
I'm so easily sidetracked
I just lost my train of thought, but besides that
I spent years tryin to figure out why is that
Beat of my drum thrown off by a hi-hat (ohh!)
I should hit the club, get a outfit
But fuck that, the lifestyle ain't about shit
That no longer gets me up, it don't arouse shit (why?)
See I'm on my OnDemand in the house shit
I've lost so many relationships
(Tell me) Is it, just because I don't relate to shit?
Me I (me I) I hate ignorance so much
I'm prayin for niggaz that didn't grow much
Maybe our whole generation was raised wrong
I'm only responsible for me, I gotta stay strong
I'm so easily sidetracked
I just lost my train of thought, but besides that
I spent years tryin to figure out why is that
... Why? But besides that
Uh uhh, I'm so easily sidetracked!
Uhh, goin on nigga, I spent years tryin to figure out why is that
Why? I mean, I'm so easily sidetracked
Fuck is goin on?
Yo, cig's still unlit, lookin a pic of a man cross-eyed
On my way to kill the nigga 'til the thought died (uhh)
Or it's a lie, I'm just hogtied
Got frog eyes, cause chick with a phatty walked by
Nice complexion, nice tan
And so behind her I ran 'til I seen her desination was a man

(So) In the street I stand, with my heat in hand
For what reason, I don't remember beefin
Note to self on my hand, "Get even!"
But I don't remember needin re-venge
Now anybody comin toward me I'm reachin
Leg bleedin - (so) fuck it
I'll retrace my steps followin the path of my blood leakin
Led me to Juan's house which I visit every weekend
To my knowledge, me and him wasn't speakin