

# Joe Budden, When Thugs Cry

[Chorus]

How can you just leave me standin'  
Alone in a world that's so cold  
Maybe I'm just too demandin'  
Maybe I'm just like my father, too bold  
Maybe I'm just like my mother, she's never satisfied  
Why do we scream at each other  
This is what it sounds like  
When Thugs Cry

[Verse 1]

first off I got a seed comin'  
so I won't even front like I don't need nuttin'  
dependin' on record sales to see somethin'  
but if that fall back  
how the fuck I'm s'posed to feed lil' budden  
I've been in jail before  
I've been a bum before  
but a nigga ain't never had a son before  
I dealt with caine and fire I done banged with fighters  
but I ain't never changed a diaper  
I ain't ready  
ever since I signed niggaz been on my back  
like Mouse, "what up? when I'm gettin' on the track?"  
and so the hood hates me  
figured they be much kinder like Joe "congratulations, and we commin' right behind ya!"  
everybody in the hood I dap says I'm responsible  
for erverybody in the hood that raps  
they don't like how I do shit  
Say I changed  
but I#m the same nigga y'all went to high school with  
after all these years I'm still the same drug addict  
and it's fucked up I'm sober with the same drug habits  
I still pinch, thief, con and lie, rob, shoot  
difference now is I ain't high  
Cats is after me  
at least I got a crew to warn me  
I don't like walkin' around with this 32 on me  
atleast my mans is real  
atleast my family's there  
is it worth rappin? the answer's yeah, but i don't know...

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I#m a survivor  
I seen darker days  
a mama's boy with my father's ways  
but I had to see my mom in tears  
when pop went to the newports that he must ain't find in years  
my lil' brother lives in the same state  
I ain't know that  
I got a little brother  
I didn't know that  
see I was never told that  
if so I'd of been at the door witha basketball and a kodak  
love my baby moms to death  
she don't believe that  
shit I ain't never there for her to see that don't wanna  
lose my wiz  
beggin' her to do this bid  
not jail but this music shit  
and I know your family hate me but we come far  
just us against the world unarmed

Me and My Girlfriend  
come a time when your mind ain't right and you get used  
to not being used to  
I'm cool with where the lord placed me  
but I hold my heat and pray I never have to take it off safety  
I pray for all my niggaz pinchin' on the curb  
Jersey City will get the recognition it deserves  
I pray for my son he'll have genes like me  
pray that he don't have to go through everything like me  
pray to god to bring out the things I never knew I had in me  
the rest of my mom and dad in me, uh huh

[Repeat Chorus]