

## Aftermath

Joe Budden

You ain't gon believe this but, you used to fit right here  
I'd hold you up and say to your mother  
This kids gonna be the best kid in the World  
This kids gonna be somebody better than anybody I ever knew  
And you grew up good and wonderful, it was great  
Just watching everyday was like a privilage  
Than the time comes for you to be your own man, and take on the World  
And you did, but somewhere along the lines, you changed, you stopped being y  
ou!

Shout to all my fans, glad I can inspire y'all  
Got a couple haters, still trying to acquire more  
You're praying to a higher power hoping I should fall  
But even my writers block ends in a fire wall  
Everybody acts reckless judging by they past efforts  
If they ran shit why it won't show up in they track records  
How can the critics ever hear me and say I'm a suffer  
How when they play with words and I make em' play with each other  
Choppers over the booth, ready for prime time  
Come one with his thoughts, intertwine with his mind  
Go toe to toe, blow for blow or do it rhyme for rhyme  
Be competitive coke heads and go line for line  
Honestly that crap of yours you should raffle off  
With me they getting Genius Bars without the Apple store  
Under the microscope I rebut' the scrutiny  
If I'm to be compared it's only to who I used to be  
Take a closer look at rappers and you might discover  
This faggots talking Boxing, avoid the Mike Buffers  
Now you the type to cuff her, me I get tired of her  
See you the type to get hype to hug her but won't try to fuck her  
No pencil thin bitches, me that ain't the style he dates  
Might sit on her face and leave the imprint of a smiley face  
Introduce the newcomers to my habitat  
The calms before the storm, this the debris from the aftermath

Let me tell you something, here right now  
The World ain't all sunshine and rainbows  
It's a very mean and nasty place and I don't care how tough you are  
It will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it  
You, nore nobody is gonna hit as hard as life  
But it ain't about how hard you hit  
It's about how hard you can get hit and keep moving forward

Let me change pace, the alternate route is a long one  
But you'll ultimately end up in the same place  
So I tell aspiring artists "think beyond greater"  
I know some niggas with platinum plaques and bronze paper  
But better living should be earned, never fed or giving  
So I traded my recognition instead for a vision  
They always told me that I'd end up dead or in prison  
Who ever thought that same dude getting head while he whipping  
At the chick would hang up on, give em' the dial tone  
Now buying wild homes, straight cash without loans  
I always managed to do better when his doubts shown  
I'll teach you how to turn them diamonds into milestones  
Class is in session, and look who's come to tutor  
They passing the fake off as real like Brian Pumpers jeweler

Where I'm from niggas with fear getting slumped by shooters  
But my equal to dumping rugers is being done by computers  
I'm getting bread, every verse like the lotto  
Give them substance but they treat every word like it's a hollow  
My niggas off parole I'm tryna give them something pure to follow  
Cause he ain't have a pot to piss in, just a urine bottle  
I come from where so many people where raised with neglect  
Cops trying to meet they quote, thirsty to make an arrest  
All my wrong doings did, was put my faith to a test  
Which made me much stronger, guess my mistakes were correct

Now if you know what you're worth, go out and get what you're worth  
But you gotta be willing to take the hit  
Not pointing fingers saying you're not where you wanna because of him or her  
or anybody  
Cowards do that and that ain't you  
You better than that