

Joe Budden "6 Minutes Of Death"

Visit "[6 Minutes Of Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"6 Minutes Of Death"

Its your motherfuckin boy
Yeah
Jump Off Joe Budden here
Clinton Sparks
We gonna get familiar with it
We gonna get familiar together matter fact
Boston stand up
Jerz stand up
Sparks, solid its your boy
It'ssssss...
It'ssssss...
THAT ON TOP MUSIC

[Chorus: repeat 4X]

Whatever it takes
To find a way
To find a way
To find a way
I'ma do

Aight
I'm dealin with some shit homie
Its in the back of my head
And its some shit homie
But I just rap it instead
See I got Wolverine claws in me
But the whole worlds throwin stones at me
Like they all got a bone with me
Got a childs mother
And I hate her to death
But that's my childs mother
So that's my major till death
Its wild how I love her
For putting little me here
And me and here could be forever
she gon still be there
but there some other niggaz
I just take care of the room
But they some other niggaz
Now lets get back to the song

I got a drug problem
That I ain't attended to
Because I got enough problems
And my solution is to stuff problems
But if something goes wrong with that
Then its back to PCP
And so long with raps
See I'm depressed lately
But nobody understands that I'm depressed lately
I'm sorta feelin repressed lately
And youll be hearin and seein me less lately
Like has anyone noticed the regress lately
Look deep nigga
Don't I seem stressed lately
Seem disturbed
Alotta regrets lately
Got a company
That I'm signed to
But they ain't in my company
When all I need is some company
When I start feelin like everybodies done with me
I'm tryin to see what everybody want fwith me
Then the mistress
Yeah the girl from *10 minutes its her
Now I'm needed ten minutes for her
I can't get into it
But I want y'all to know
That ill get into
But ill save that for *The Growth
And this rap beef
But I'm so secure with me
Its only rap beef
I don't need security
Wanna get at me
Wanna go to war with me
That's just one phone call from me
Check this shit
I got a whole hood
That don't appreciate me
It's not the whole hood
That depreciates me
What you gonna tell me
When it's the streets that made me
And I won't let the belly of the beast degrade me
And then theres rap critics
They say all I make is dance music
But to almost anything
You can dance stupid
They ain't like the single
But they ain't cop the album
Wouldn't give a chance to it

Not a second glance to it
They say he whines too much
Hes too bitter
They call it complaining
I call it explaining
I know normal niggaz get caught up in the game and
Lose they mind and y'all call it entertainment
Its some shit with me
And dudes been knew that
But I'm gambling a lot and I ain't used to do that
And then rap ain't payin the bills
Its more money more problems
Or its no money more problems
Its all enormous when you playin these games
That's how it feel to have a warrant on a famous face
Then the albums pushed back because they say he
need a
single at the moment
When what he need is a single moment
Then I'm involved in the he say she say
And that's on my mind on replay each day
Then theres the bullshit that she say that hes gay
But she wouldn't like to think that I ain't like her
Just because she was throwin it at me and I ain't touch
her
Shell say anything sides from I ain't wanna fuck her
I don't feel good
So I don't wanna go to a club
dont wanna go to a lounge
just wanna lounge
in the same sweats that I had on for days
same tee I had on for a week
what I got on it speaks
what I got on it reeks
no shape up
cause but that's just how I'm feelin
and one day at a time
its God willin
im tryin to see straight
but the fog keeps building
pulse start racing
the bulls startin to hate me
but I gotta be a king
cause its wolves tryin to play me
hoodie when its hot like its freezing winter
rest, starve, eat and sleep for dinner
and its hard trying keep this in ya
So I write it all down
So one day maybe
When life is all sweet ill remember
Then its probation

I know we all go through it
We call it pro-bation
But there's no pros to it
And my souls aching
Only a few peers know
Funny thing about the case is it's a few years old
I had some shit going on with my dick
It felt good but its bad
So I'm sitting here like what the bitch had
It's not Graph, Its real
Look scrappy its true
Dog whats poppin
Do he look happy to you
Now if it goes to the wire
Got the soul of a fighter
Bruised up and sloppy
I damage like Ali
Up late talking to the fans on the website
That's the only thing that send your man of to bed right
FUCK THE WORLD
FUCK MY MOMS AND MY GIRL
Well maybe not moms
Just let me remain calm
This too won't last
This too shall pass
At least that's what I say dog
That's what I pray for
And I'm the only thing that's standing in my way yall
But I gotta be wit me
There's no escape yall
I guess depression just stepped in and took over shit
like its known to do
I guess its that
Hey Joe I'm going home with you
Turn your phone off
I need to be alone with you
I need to be in the zone with you
Cause I'm the only thing you grown to nigga
Look I own you nigga
Been with me since ten
But you startin to confuse me
Cause Its been so long
You still trying to lose me
Like bitch how could you show me such cruelty
When everybody turns there back on you
Joe it's just you and me
You don't want me to see you right
And why you always come see me how we reunite
Tell me
I know you feel for me deep in your heart
Doctors, meetings, pills couldn't keep us apart

Now you got a deal
And you wanna get rid of me
But we roommates
I'm in your head Joe
You live with me
So I don't write for the fans
Nah
I write to my man
And hope hell just leave and understand
Like
Like please leave the kid in peace
Let me smoke this one cig in peace
Just leave me for a second man
Its been too long and I can't coupe it
And as long as you around I can't make that dance
music

[Chorus]

Visit [Joe Budden](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.