

## Joe Budden

# "Are You In That Mood Yet?"

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### "Are You In That Mood Yet?"

*[Joe Budden]*

Yo, I don't wanna live no more  
Sometimes I hear death knockin' at my front door  
I'm livin everyday like a hustle, another drug to juggle  
Another day another struggle, yo  
I know it's fucked up what a lack of cake'll do  
A few people wanna move in and stay wit you  
You wish you could help 'em all, but you ain't able to  
Cause the rent's a lil' late plus the cable's due  
You and your girlfriend are beefin' in a serious way  
You used to be faithful (NOW) you at a curious stage  
(for real)  
Finally got your mind made on going your separate  
ways WAIT  
Nah homeboy, her period's late now THINK  
Your time's runnin out do it quickly (WHY?!)  
Cause she starts crying, mood's gettin sticky  
If I don't want it she'll want nuttin to do wit me  
JUST GET THE ABORTION AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE 250!  
But if you say that to her than you wrong  
You ain't think bout that you was gettin your groove on  
Can't take care of myself nevermind a new born  
I guess the pussy got too good for too long  
Seems like my money goes by too easy  
Why I hate that my job only pays bi-weekly  
Hoopy done shitted, you spendin more money tryin to  
fix it  
Than when you did tryin to get it (C'MON!)  
Fridge is empty, but I survive the hunger  
Who the fuck keeps callin from this private number?  
There's crime on my mind and my nails are dirty  
The floors are real cold in the jails of Jersey  
Depression starts talkin and his voice is raspy  
CAUSE HE AIN'T SHUT THE FUCK UP IN 3 AND A HALF  
WEEKS!  
Look, beard is full, hair is nappy  
These jeans ain't mine so they way too baggy  
Priorities fucked shit startin to gas me  
It's like my lil' man's life slipped right past me (talk to  
em)

Startin to trap me  
His name's Dwayne SO WHY THE FUCK MY SON KEEP  
CALLIN' HIM DADDY?!  
Same shit that I feared after all these years  
I gotta breathe I can't believe my ears  
Wipin out my eyes I'm damn near in tears  
But you can't be mad, you know you ain't been there  
(nah)  
Grab his moms I throw her against the door  
But in the back of your mind you know it ain't her fault  
(nah)  
I ain't mad at all, I'm just bothered  
I get honest for real I ain't been the best father like  
Toys 'R Us, Chuck E Cheese  
You know a lil' boy grow up wit these needs  
New Year's or Christmas, even the birthday  
At least bring the nigger to his school on the first day  
(OHHHH)  
I can't believe it, this the same way that I was treated  
So maybe it's history repeated  
I know it sounds sick the idea of havin another kid  
But this one it really feel like it's his (OHHHH)  
It's the truth and I hate that fact  
WAIT, shouldn't of said that I take that back  
Look, I apologize let's rewind this whole story like NaS  
C4 just erase that track (C'MON!)  
I don't care if only the track trust me  
FUCK! what niggaz say only God can judge me  
FUCK! what niggaz heard or think or even thought  
Tried to fix my shortcomings I just came up short  
Ya heard?

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