

## Joe Budden "Blood On The Wall"

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How many niggaz fell victim to the streets  
Rest in peace lil nigga this is heaven for a g  
I'd be a liar if I told you I that never thought of death  
My nigga we the last ones left

How many niggaz fell victim to the streets  
Rest in peace young nigga this is heaven for a...  
I'd be a liar if I told you I that never thought of death  
My nigga we the last ones left

But life goes on

And I aint gonna stop til a nigga see blood on the wall

Maybe it started with the rims on the whip  
I lost a hummer pushed the benz thru the strip  
I'll swim with the fish before I lend niggaz shit  
Cuz personally they aint worth the phlegm that I spit  
That's why sometimes I think the ends coming quick  
My old ass father shot twins out his dick  
So if they so happen to come up without an older  
brother  
Wont be alone cuz comin up at least they'll have each  
other  
At least they'll have one another cuz lifes a  
motherfucker  
But while I'm here my only job is not to see em suffer  
Thru dopeboys shootouts stickups and undercovers  
The world is full of suckers but don't worry I'm your  
buffer  
Buffer like I shoulda been for bj  
But he never listened to nuthin we say  
It was half past 12 midnight on a weekday  
Not even 20 hours past his release date  
This nigga hit him up four times  
One hit the heart  
And that hit my heart  
Called his pops niggaz pick the phone up  
So he come find his son lying in his own blood  
On that block that we ran thru  
House we grew up in corner we would post on  
Shot dead in front of niggaz we would be with

So how the fuck nobody see shit  
And so I'm there to be a brother to his brother lucky  
Cuz in the belly of the beast I know this shit get ugly  
Get on my knees and have a convo with the lord above  
me  
Maybe sometimes I hear it wrong and think he's sayin  
fuck me  
Only he can judge me careless what they think about  
me  
Cuz honestly I'd be aight if noone ever loved me  
I write I only fear joe in blood smeared slow on my  
brain  
By my earlobe

And I aint gonna stop til a nigga see blood on the wall

All I tried do is raised the bar  
See my weeks is scabbed up days are scarred  
Still I love to see a motherfucker hate from far  
More they talk bout me the more I pray for yall  
I mean  
I don't get how prodigy gon acknowledge me  
When the nigga bout as big as an apostrophe  
For him to possibly think that he as hot as me  
It's far from a prophecy more like a mockery  
Used to be hiphop to me 'fore you bombarded me  
With everything ass like sodimy it's gotta be  
Drugs four fifths and snubs what's that about  
Nigga you can't lift the guns that you rappin bout  
Real talk I can't front on your old shit  
Now you just old as shit, now old and sick  
Instead of holdin my dick heres a better way  
Nevermind me worry bout your medicade  
Shits so unfair nigga beefs carried your ass your whole  
career  
Wanna blog? heres a reason  
How the fucks murda muzik  
Anybody ever dissed this nigga is still breathin  
Jayz saigon nas already peeled him  
Tupac he aint alive but you aint kill him  
50 signs the bum only cuz where he was from  
Put his stamp on a nigga and still nobody feels him  
Not a murderer or gangsta robber  
Washed up 90's nigga now a gangsta blogger  
Me that underground flow strike like the pound blow  
Your sounds old, not even worth a download  
I would have niggaz hunt you like a hounds nose  
Problem is you pussy the whole town knows  
So why let the body count grow  
For some fiended out nigga now starring in the clown  
show

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