

Joe Budden**"Cut From A Different Cloth"**

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[Intro: Ab-Soul]

Look at me king

Look at me king

Soul

Kaylin on the couch sleeping

She wake up she gonna be like damnnnn

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Come and spar with a titan

If you ain't knew it's true I'm Zeus and I marvel at lightning

What a marvelous sight

Know the thought is enticing

Flow stupid like 50 Tyson don't trip with 50 Cent

I beat em all like Tyson, that's no coincidence

Ab-Soul, don't forget the hyphen, I might throw a fit

You think I lived in the Salvation Army but all it is

Is that we got a new 2Pacalypse Now

When? Before the apocalypse, wow

How do you come up with this?

If you behind Ab, then maybe you can stomach this

Who could fuck with it?

I know you got a dick but use your head, bruh

They sleeping on me by a colony of bed bugs

Cut from a different cloth and no one knows my thread count

My mind is like a sword, you'd swore I'd have a hair cut

Soul and Budden, no discussion

Joe, you know it's nothing

Wrote the score, and then I scored, metaphor, and 1

[Hook]

I don't know about you, hey, I don't know about them

I just do what I do, they just do what they can

They be hating on the man, with a knife in their hand

Cut from a different cloth, cut from a different cloth

All these niggas on my dick, all these bitches on my balls

Cut from a different cloth, cut from a different cloth

Middle fingers to the fakers, middle fingers to em all

[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

Yall can hold the applause

I just did what these other niggas was scared to do

Tell me life is hard, IÂ'll ask what the fuck do you
compare it to?

Quarter on the loose, IÂ'm blessed enough that I can
spare a few

Told me IÂ'd be dead, the fact IÂ'm breathing is a
miracle

Yall got Gollum, listening to all these dudes that yall
call lyrical

Excluding under conclusion

That you young and you dumb if thatÂ's how they
appear to you

IÂ'd be lying if I said your words ainÂ't bother me

Be lying I ainÂ't think it was trickery or reverse
psychology

I came in on Rakim, watch yall take the bar, yall
lowered it

WonÂ't stay in line like a battered wife, ainÂ't too many
spots yall can go with it

How long yall gonna febreze manure and think the
fans wonÂ't notice it?

Nah, I ainÂ't get angrier, but the chip on my shoulder
did

Not to gloat, if I ainÂ't one of the GOATS

YaÂ'll probably missed my track record

Either that or yall just ainÂ't been keeping track of
records

I just been waiting till that sentiment passed

Yall ainÂ't even gotta be drunk to feel this genuine
draft

IÂ'm letting Benjamins stack

ShouldnÂ't be hard to tell if the boy is potent

IÂ'm the only time youÂ'll see a madman be void of
emotion

Cause they fear me in any cypher the hear me in

Only rapping with Soul for the outer body experience

So hats off, yÂ'all fit for this

But yall the type we laugh at

IÂ'm way ahead, and when I aim for yours

Something tells me he wonÂ't snap back

All I ever been was a outcast

This time in the moment, I moved past that

But the burner name is Jackson

And your alias is Baghdad

ItÂ's not a game, try to execute

2KÂ'D my old bitch, know I keep a ex to shoot

If anyone tried to do the math theyÂ'd probably be mad
as fuck

Said IÂ'd never amount to shit, now they trying to add it
up

[Hook]

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