

Joe Budden

"Dessert For Thought"

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(feat. Styles P, Pusha T)

[Styles P:]

Dark forces, get on the level
Cause you might see an iced out cross on the Devil
Illuminati and Masons, what are we facing?
See you at the crossroad, that's Vacation
Shit is like Fright Night, get you a Night Light
Two blunts, Zeitgeist, remind me it's Christ like
Now niggas wanna look like women
Tight pants, costume jewels
I guess their CEO might bend 'em
God bless Pac, but they ain't got thug like feelings
God bless Big, but they don't know the every day
struggle
I keep it thorough, everywhere I'm bubbling, you bubble
gum
Chew you up, spit you out, nigga, cause I'm
troublesome
And if they lyrical then what the fuck am I?
The maker of miracles, every couple of lines
Parallel lines in my soul in my mind
Make the jewels unfold every time of the rhyme
Use respect, and I'm spectacular
Audio fucking up your cardiovascular
Lyrically spit shit, flip like a spatula
Married to the game, and you just a bachelor
SP and the Mouse in this bitch
And I want it quiet as a mouse in this bitch
Burn you in your car and your house is the shit
Don't ever say you hard if I ain't bout for the shit

[Pusha T:]

It's like a never ending story, I'm here for my glory
The engines too loud, these haters can't ignore me
Feeling like a legend, anyone that came before me
Drug dealer, posing all this mother fuckin' jewelry
Came from the crack house, back room, black out
Smoke hit they lungs, make 'em UFC tap out
No plan B, it was nothin' else to map out
So we throw stones while we living in this glass house

It's been a minute so they ask where the fire went
My kitchen clean, but I still got the Pilot lit
Made a fortune outta fumes, my Mcguiver shit
Reality TV, before Survivor bitch
Yuuuck, put our lives on display
Who's thinkin bout tomorrow we ain't promised today
This rap game fickle, we ain't promised to play
The last of the greats, pay homage to me

[Joe Budden:]

If my past had a encore, it be like a onslaught
A lot of niggas died, it's too many to mourn for
I'm thinkin bout my youth, us as little kids
Am I wrong for having thoughts Bishop Eddie would
long for?
I got decade old wounds that are still bleeding
That chapter of my life is closed, yet y'all still read it
Straight face on, pretending to feel decent
Casket shopping for a loved one that is still breathing
Swear that shit got in the way of Summer
Avoiding calendars, since all your days were
numbered
Laid out in the bed, can barely sit up
Those were your last breaths, I was mistaking for
hiccups
Y'all don't get the picture, when your medicine is liquor
I'm talkin phone ringing, being too afraid to pick up
I know you in a better place and that joy is felt
I learned when death calls it won't leave a voice mail
You would be proud, I'm due to be caked up
Wanna make your dreams come true? Gotta wake up
Groupie niggas I don't see how you deal with it
Broke and starving, but clinging to your Meal Ticket
Broke hustlers debate that trash
Back and forth to they vacant stash
Still in all I know a few that'll make that cash
Quick flip, even Rex Ryan ain't lose the weight that fast
Y'all should treat me like royalty
Last of a dying breed that puts money and power
behind loyalty
Careful, that bitch shit'll rub off
Me, I'd rather die with my balls than have to live with
'em cut off
Long winded, be patient enough to hear 'em
I'll give you the jewels if you brave enough to wear 'em
But know before you swallow it up
Food for thoughts only as important as what'll follow it
up

