

## Joe Budden "If I Gotta Go"

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If I gotta go Can anybody tell me where? And if I gotta go Does anybody even care?

Lo look look, we gon' party like it's one nine nine Somethin' triggers makin' my mind design crime When at times my minds fine inclined to find dimes Resigned from prime time

I need my stars to align when signs say they benign Tell whoever cares if a stray happens to hit me I need to take all the money I made with me If I'm heaven bound I'll put a hole in every turncoat If hell bound I'm poppin' shit through the inferno

My jargon is I'm an arsonist Since eleven when I found out what arson is Look at me, fully styled in that foreign whip I get a high from it, love that Johnny Carson shit

I got fascination for the aggravation Shoot 'em or [Incomprehensible] I love the fabrication Waitin' on a antidote but I lack the patience, so On the second thought, got my own vaccination

If I gotta go Can anybody tell me where? And if I gotta go Does anybody even care?

All I ever dream about It makes me wanna run and shout All I ever dream about It makes me wanna run and shout

Problem is I'm smarter than everybody But too numb to show it, they too dumb to know it Eventually my A's turned into D's Eventually my O's made its way to E

I'm tense, I'm not at ease, there's nigga's with degrees

That ain't never made it hot nor turned up the degrees There's nigga's with credentials, accolades paperwork But couldn't figure out how to make they paper work

Me I fight to stay alive, everyday is work
Especially when they say there's six million ways to
murk
I wish the world was more like me
More likely to see through the eyes that I see

Or be tired like I be, let's hide our ID's
There's holes in my arms untied this IV
At times wish the world would comprehend like I do
Know it sound like I don't wanna mend but I'd like to

If I gotta go
Can anybody tell me where?
And if I gotta go
Does anybody even care?

Lo look look, I wonder what's behind the clouds Flew all over the world still I couldn't find out Maybe I'm normal and everybody else isn't Apron on over the stove in hells kitchen Nails bitten, failed livin'

Another derailed mission for a nigga jail smitten Enough to get the pound If I don't like the shit around me Maybe I should change the shit That I'm around, how that sound?

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