

# Joe Budden "No Comment"

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[Intro:]

Uh-ohhhh, uh-oh  
Uh-ohhhhhh! That on top, ohh!  
Ta-ha, Joey (yeah, shit go hard too)  
No comment, no comment  
Ta-ha, whole bunch of yappin  
Jersey! That M.J. bullshit  
Let me talk to 'em, I-look look look

[Verse 1]

Since the world don't revolve around me  
(Then what?) Hoodie on, revolver on me  
I'm the wrong one you wanna amp (why?)  
Cause niggaz could get missin  
like you straight out of LeBron's summer camp (ohh!)  
Anytime the fed's see me  
I tell 'em that the only thing FUCKERY here gets you an  
STD  
My life, should be sold as a movie  
From the (Slum dog) tryin to be a (Millionaire), no  
groupies  
When did the civilians decide to be a thug?  
Motivated by the hate (BUT) inspired by the love  
Rappers sayin my name like it's a bright tactic  
Jackson 5, put your (Mike) in a casket  
Let the fans gas you and tell you you're nice  
Be a legend in RAP, but a failure in life  
For real, I don't think these dudes is spectacular  
Pretty Ricky thugs who move like spectacular, nigga!

[Chorus:]

What up with you and so-and-so? Heard you got a diss  
Don't know about THAT, but I know about this nigga  
No comment (what) no comment (what)  
No comment, I ain't got a comment  
Bloggers, Twitter, Budden TV  
No comment, y'all ain't gettin nothin from me  
I said, no comment (what) no comment  
No comment, I ain't got a comment

[Verse 2]

So I been called a snitch (BUT)

But I been called worse by better so let's skip over the  
lecture  
That's a common lie (why?)  
Cause if I ever call the cops it's only gon' be to report a  
homicide  
How am I in beef? I walk about free  
They only talk about YOU, when you talk about ME  
So go ahead and act hard  
And somebody gon' grab chalk (and) and turn the  
streets into a blackboard  
So I'm supposed to put niggaz on a pedestal  
for rappin 'bout a bunch of bullshit that they don't ever  
do  
You look stupid when you go there  
Say I'm only hot online you ain't heatin up nowhere  
SHOT-gun in SHOT-gun, ride right past ya  
Windows down, got every right to blast ya  
No wonder he thinkin he'll provide a disaster  
Cause bitches keep tellin him that size don't matter (ta-  
ha)

[Chorus w/ ad libs]

Things niggaz say I don't mind it  
Say they lost respect for me, who the FRUCK is askin  
you to find it?  
This is me practicin censorship  
Since the new definition of real nigga is sensitive  
In his interview, say I'm askin for a hearse  
But couple months BACK he was askin for a verse  
Only hurts is the team used to bump you  
Now he look like a fiend, I should slump you

[Outro - ad libs to the end]

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