

# Joe Budden

## "No Idea"

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### "No Idea"

#### *[Verse 1]*

Look, I was always told you can't make it make sense  
don't trust it  
So I'll be out the country with the phone off, f-ck it  
Grown from when I was dusted  
But took something away out of every moment I  
suffered  
So y'all can go on and judge it  
There's a reason that I'm tellin baby girl she gotta  
practice patience  
I plan on changing my ways I'm just procrastinating  
Putting it off like I'll never be in a casket layin  
With both my parents going crazy as the pastor's  
praying  
Prideful, I don't even succumb when I'm defeated  
All it do is get me mad, and I'm comfortable heated  
I come from a family of drunks, I'm the one that  
succeeded  
So nowadays I talk to God when nothing is needed  
I'm sorry I don't speak the language of  
Rappers in the closet, but they won't hang it up  
I'm only trying to build what they attempt to destroy  
We had a perfect game until it was Jim Joyce'd  
Check it, what was once so majestic  
Is now only adored by epileptics  
I record to resurrect it, by my own accord I can't accept  
it  
But when something gives you nightmares, can you  
afford to recollect it  
If you can just know them odds stacked  
Airplanes ain't shooting stars, you can't B.O.B. that  
I found out when discussing paper  
Some will sell their soul and deal with the  
repercussions later

#### *[Chorus]*

With every curve they throw  
Every shot that blows, I'm still here  
It be the ones that's pretending to know that really have  
no Idea

I just let em all go ahead and speak my name  
How far you gonna reach for fame  
Go ahead and fuck up your career  
I don't care, cause they have no idea

*[Verse 2]*

So sick it's livid, all pics are vivid  
A stiff of being gifted, gotta be equipped to live with  
His critics, misquote him and miss tidbits  
So he's mislabeled, misunderstood, misfit'd  
Anytime I was misinformed or misguided  
I went and got advice from a dude that wouldn't apply  
it  
And he'll give out that lesson for free  
Without a grudge, but I keep the past present with me  
So every morning on the wake up, and she's applying  
make up  
I'm pondering all the different ways for us to break u  
Women have a tendency to get fickle

Predictable, lie and say his dick little  
It be the ones you could see yourself with forever  
Giving you a lecture talking about you neglect her  
Couple years in, the strip club will upset her  
And she'll act like you ain't have them same habits  
when you met her  
When you can't take her  
You start dropping hints for her to read between the  
lines  
But she'll act like Fantasia  
It'll be so much to be said but no one will convey it  
The relationship will be over but no one will say it  
A doomed fate, living with who you'd soon hate  
Ex life partners trying to co-exist as roommates  
Once you go through it you'll believe it  
And you'll never give a woman more than you'll want  
her to leave with

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

How can the fans think us rappers are invincible  
Cant find anything about that logic that's sensible  
I'm thinkin they should know better off of principle  
To them we're action heroes, to labels we're  
Expendables  
My old approach was apprehensible  
Some started thinkin their 15 minutes of fame was  
extendable  
They dont cherish the moment like they probably  
should

Once they star's submitted they act Hollywood  
Gwapped up stacks to grip  
Now you're being chauffeured in the back of whips, life  
style's immaculate  
Out of touch with reality, I'll help you get a grasp of it  
Success breeds change, but so does a lack of it  
The homie's sending out subliminals,  
Since you a failed rapper, failed criminal, four bars is  
the minimal  
Since you ain't from the streets I'll help and tell you the  
way it works  
Say a nigga snitching, I'm saying show me the paper  
work  
I don't get why the inferior bother to diss me  
Heart of my city, when I go take a part of it with me  
I think god will understand that was part of my misery  
So instead of "father forgive me" it's "father ya dig  
me?"  
Spectated just to see if I'd get checkmated  
Less progress brings less hatred which would segue it  
I learned the hard way somethings are better kept  
sacred  
Fail at given em your all, you'll just be left naked

*[Chorus]*

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