

Joe Budden**"No More Innocent Hearts"**

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[Verse 1]

I gotta deal with them saying the hood ain't feeling me
Stash box in every car, the hood still in me
Heavy artillery, if I pop the trunk it's like I'm fresh off a
killing spree
None of these niggas real to me
They like Neo to me, crown on, kneel to me
Thousand dollar jeans on, you know the drill wit me
See I can always play the club on some pretty shit
Or sign a dude and jack his pub on some Diddy shit
The streets talking, they wanna know 'did he quit?'
Nah, I'm fucking with labels, that's my sex in the city
shit
Dumb fucks, could teach you how to come up, and run
something
Nahh, they ain't even start racing
With the fifth to dudes who get it misconstrued
Gotta house on the water it's like I live on a cruise
And these young dudes, they ain't got a clue to stack
dollars
I put 'em in the sky, tell my nigga Stacks "holla!"

[Hook: sampled]

{Killa BH talking shit}

[Verse 2]

[Heartbreak]

Do you hear the words that's coming off of my damn
tongue?
I need a vasectomy, I got so many damn sons
Don't mistake the phone on ya hip for a handgun
Cuz niggas thought Gravano was a Bull until Sam sung
I'll let a barrage massage ya face, I hardly ate
Wondering how stardom tastes, wait,
I'm scorching ballads, long as they toss me cabbage
I sick the rap game to toss me salad

[Joe Budden]

I'm on my fifth passport
Which means I'm going places that you can't go
I mean you can't flow, how in the fuck we in the same
boat?
I'm in some shit that you can't row
My angle is bankrolls
And the first to wave hi to a haters, ask Maino
Got a bitch I call Drano, she unclog the pipe without me
saying so
Love to chain smoke, suck you till ya thang broke
Like a Margareta mango, she's such a strange hoe
But when she on that pole, I make it rain though
Money falling outta the sky, like when the crane broke
Why don't you and ya gang go flag rainbow
To me you niggas is all ass, bang bros
I'ma die Revere,
If you pay attention to speakers, you gon see that I'm a
pioneer
Turn me up and let the verse bang
Knife out will leave a nigga face like Berg-Chain,
understand my Jerz slang

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I gotta hundred on me that niggas can bring hundred
other armies
Still, niggas ain't gonna harm me, I'm in another
league
Put a nigga underseas, fucking with a whole nother
breed
Another creed, take heed, page one
Talking bout taking my son, you leave me no choice
raising my gun
So that 50 gon leave him dried up like a raisin in the
sun
I'll always be a step ahead, you wasting the sun
One call will put a hall to y'all
I grew a door that's like a vault to y'all
And it's no fault to y'all
I put a end to you quick
You and ya bitch, y'all got one thing in common
Y'all always gon get the short end of the stick
I'm getting sick, I think the fans been informed wrong
A gangsta rapper's nothing but an oxymoron
And so before nigga tone get gritty
Whoever ain't get the memo, look I own this city

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