

Joe Budden "Overkill"

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[Verse 1: Heartbreak]

Be advised, this kid is on his grind
If greatness is what'chu seek, I'm the nigga you will
find (me!)
I'm lyrically inclined, rap's like catchin' a fish wit' no
hook;
You can't get 'em on the line.
Givin' a little time, Jersey City will prevail
The writtens I'm spittin' sound like I'm fishin' for a
whale.
(Uh-huh) Of course I'm sicka', my flow off the Richter
I'm forcin' niggas ta' get up in the Scale.
I gotta' excel, so I sell Ecs.
You're like Nextel, who you gonn' tell next (who)?
Can't grind off packs 'cause y'all watchin' 'em
I ain't seen a dime off rap 'cause y'all droppin' 'em.
I go hard on tracks, think of the buck from it
An as far as rats, I hope the fucks from it (fall).
I like ta' mix karate wit' gunplay
So all you dumbfucks get nunchucked an' gunbutted.
The opposite of what'chall embrace
The game wants lames that'll march in place.
I'm one of the last from the Garden State
That spit like he in a jungle goin' hard wit' apes, nigga.
[Verse 2: Joe Budden]

L-Look, Look...

Comin' up, used ta' grab the pound for a dollar
Overseas now, prefer the pound over the dollar.
Fuckin' wit' that water, you get drownt' somethin'
proper
He act like an inmate, but sound like a scholar.
I mean... hoppin' out chain danglin', poker grill
Sober still, except for an occasional dose of pills.
Show the steal, all of it 'till it's overkill
For Oprah bills I'll turn this bitch inta' Cloverfield!
(Nigga!)
I understand why niggas ain't try'nna bond wit' me
(why?)
Fresh as a fuck, ay'day is like the prom fa' me.

Rappers ain't fond of me, fuck them! My ma' should be
The game's fixed anyway (an') you could ask Tim
Donaghy.
I'm on some all kinda' weed, sleep where the Pira[±]a's
be
An' honestly (fa'real), I'm ay'thing dudes is try'nna be.
I get money an' haul off (now...)
While they at rock bottom, the poor guys can't even fall
off.
(Joey!) I'm all Spartan, avoid ya four sparkin'
'Cause ay'thing is funny 'till a nigga's George Carlin!
Not greedy, I jus' want a fortune of the fortune
If all rappers do is record, why would I call 'em?
Look, I ain't heard of that (naw!)
An' these hater's Killin' Me Softly, but I don't mind takin'
on Roberta's Flack.
I'm known ta' 1-8-7 murda' tracks
Go an' tell whoever wanna' know The King of Jers. is
back.

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