

Joe Budden

"Realestate"

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Yea... Joey...
It's that on top muzik!
Yea, wait a minute!

[Verse 1:]

Yo, I left the jumpsuit on a park bench
Slept there, smellin like the park stench
Freezin, covered with a dark trench
That room, more like the Kryptonite to my Clark Kent
Tired of all the IQ tests, and all the arguments
Nurses light the candles with the calm scents
I ain't been calm since, they actin like I ain't got any
common sense
Too much time spent for a godsend
So I left on my own reconnaissance, handful of
Klonopins
Lookin for a car jack vict', preferably dark tints
Seems you got to eat to get even and my odds slim
They say I'm a animal, cannibal, hannibal
Lookin at my past I see how that's understandable
So you god damn right I'm unmanageable
Everything I'm lookin at is a fuckin intangible
Got me thinking that I'm really a skits
Maybe that room didn't really exist, cause I left, but...

[Hook:]

These walls still closing, and the room starts spinnin
And the ceiling starts falling and the devil starts
grinnin
The floor starts droppin and my eyes get heavy
Then ears start bleeding from the lies niggas fed me
Then the door slams shut and my legs try to run
But my feet won't move then my body gets numb
And I ain't on pills, I can't explain how I feel
Will somebody tell me this ain't real?!
Realestate

[Verse 2:]

My reality is reality
They reality is all perception
In my reality that's an infection

My reality don't want no part of that detection
So I pick it up and move it to another section
They reality you would think is full of perfection
Correction, they reality is all deception
In reality only few will make that connection
But if you like me you know not to take that direction
If reality is dead, I'm the resurrection
Nominate myself so let's skip over the election
They'll say I'm the wrong selection
Don't meet they expectance
But I ain't lookin for motherfuckin acceptance
Fuck y'all expect shit, the mud on ya white glove
Reality is full of rules, I'm full of objections
They reality is a big misconception
So I left just to lose my recollection! But still...
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[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Yo, they say money makes the world go 'round
But it really doesn't
Did I think I was in a room, when I really wasn't?
I thought I was on the move, wasn't really budging
But you ain't never wore my shoes, who you really
judging
Some people are so judgmental, I'll allow that
You can judge anything but my mental
He don't know what I been thru
From results of the pencil, cuts from being resentful
Don't cover much of the stencil
When I couldn't walk, they ain't have a crutch to lend
dude
So I say what I feel, fuck if I offend you!
Some fail, maybe some of succeeded
Some need to be wanted, some wanna be needed
I scream and yell; They don't hear my call
And it seems much as I fell, don't know where I fall
Not at all, I'm just actin out fate
But ain't much change since I escaped... All I know is!

[Hook]

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