

Joe Budden

"Roll Call"

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"Roll Call"

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking]

Sometimes a nigga need theme music (uh huh)
Sometimes you gotta set a mood
Let's dim these lights in this motherfuckin booth
Dim the lights out there too
I don't need to see you niggaz too much (Jump Off ...)
Can't be Mood Muzik without a mood (it's)
But look (it's), look, it's what? (it's that On Top Music)

[DJ On Point - talking over Intro]

The name of this shit right here is called Roll Call

[Chorus - Joe Budden]

Niggaz on my left (yeah), niggaz on my right (yeah)
Does anybody wanna hear some real shit tonight?
(yeah)
Real as it'll get (yeah), holster on my hip (yeah)
Is anybody tired of that bubble gum shit? (yeah)

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

They say hip hop is dead or on life support
Maybe not, that could be somethin I just thought
I just ought to jump in, fightin the sport
How you expect to be heard, when your mic is off?
I would love to go and browse through the Ride Report
But ain't a car in that motherfucker I can afford
See niggaz tryin to block the road
Rather than my label drop "The Growth", they should
drop us both (oh)
See I could scream Def Jam and what they used to be
But that ain't for me to say, that's for you to see (if it
ain't)
If not Method Man or Redman, Ghostface, Young Gunz
Need I say Freeway, the proof is me
Still don't believe me, then where's Peedi Peedi?
They ain't really givin a fuck unless you Jeezy
That's what my mind say
Just know if you ain't the President or Kanye, you won't
see the time of day

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]

I'm so thankful that
Come around these parts, we don't crank or snap, we
aim and clap (oh!)
Used to try to take the average rap fan, show 'em shit
(but)
But if they close-minded, who am I to open it?
Rather spend time with a boujie broad
Mean an actress, bad bitch, movie star
Shallow bitches, only into jewelry, cars
Still fuck with us, though that ain't who we are
Soon as my wife gone, they jump on the python
They ain't know I'm out to hit and run like Saigon
Puttin back the ice on, had it screwed up
Finally figured out that hate is the new love
But I don't see how you get ahead that way
When you team up with Envy like Red Cafe
And all that blame is yours (nigga)
You tryin to get a chain like floss
I'm tryin to get a chain like stores
Find me in Jers, line for squeeze work off safety
Can't keep calm around these jerks, think beyond these
words
Treat the hood like MySpace, either become friends
with the Tommy first (uh)
So get found on the back of an empty carton
Spray semi larkins for the bread like Remy Martin
Don't mind me, "Last of a Dying Breed"
Wanna take rap and bring it back to the '90's
(Juicy) inspired me, (C.R.E.A.M.) made me angry
(Get at Me Dog) amped me, (Shook Ones) ain't me
I already know it's a tough state to follow
When niggaz use to stay up late to watch Apollo
Now it's ridiculous, all this shit's frivolous
Niggaz ain't Macho Man, they Miss Elizabeth
Break a Corona bottle, make me an ill shank
Cut a bitch up like Bill Blanks doin still rank

[Chorus - ("that" is replaced with "this" in last line)]

[Verse 3 - Joe Budden]

The media'll say anything to get at you
Niggaz is transparent, I'm lookin right past you
Henny is a bad dude, talkin 'bout he act rude
So my new tattoo is God with a gavel
Told baby girl if you wanna seduce me
Just know my brain works like a Bonaduce
My girlfriend say I use my charm too loosely
I tell her I'm too fly to have to con for coochie

Hella paper, tell a hater crib got a elevator
On the waterfront, so yeah I oughta front
Still times I feel like carryin chrome
Or cheatin the system like I'm Marion Jones
Tryin to (Sing For The Moment), can't find the note
Put the game in a choke hold, can't find his throat
Hang with the big dogs, can't find the rope
They tell me it's alive, I can't find the pulse, so my

[Chorus]

[Outro - Joe Budden - talking]

Oh, naw don't stop nothin (cocksuckers!)

AH!

Taha, motherfucker

I don't even want shit (you in that mood yet?)

Keep my shit on

The whole point is fuckin have something to bitch about

[DJ On Point - talking over Outro]

Shout to whole On Top

Webb, Nitti

Cokeesi, what up?

Shout to my nigga Breezy, I see you

Skane Dollar, whole Desert Storm

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