

## **Joe Budden**

# **"Thou Shall Not Fall"**

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[Verse 1]

Look, I'm on a war path  
Tell the opposition  
Naw keep it to yourself, I'm my only competition  
But keep the hate coming  
I love the criticism  
But understand I'm successful by my own admission  
I never had shit  
But a bad bitch  
Naw let me stop lying mostly they was average  
If you'd say my voice would be heard by the masses  
A dust head nigga from Jerz I wouldn't grasp it  
Questions you can ask it  
Teamed up with the Klasix  
Working on a classic, smash hits, and that's it  
Maybe niggas thought my knees gonna buckle  
Newport in my mouth with two G's on the buckle  
Got more now than them few G's when I hustle  
Spanish broad with them two D's like I love you  
But sexy lady it was nice to know you gotta move on  
They can't chink my armor a nigga to strong  
I think niggas is shady but the proofs gone  
I put the jewels on cause fools thought it was gone  
You've been warned

[Verse 2]

I tried to told dudes way back in 02  
That eventually the game would go back to being soul  
food  
I mean soulful while everything is woeful  
I try to stay fresh like whole foods on the pro tools  
But Mista F-A-B wanna mention him  
Fell the fuck off I won't mention him  
Only respect one Fab and I'm friends with him  
Phonte backed out I guess niggas pumped sense in  
him  
They went and pumped slugs in my little brother  
But dog I still love little brother  
This other guy ain't know whose dude  
Got glued to You Tube  
Hit Jin asked him if he digested his food smooth  
How you beef with Joey?

They're queers without ears to say he ain't show out of fear

He clear scared of the old me  
The nerve of the young folk  
Yosemite Sam is getting gun ho  
Nigga bank account got one "O"  
He could snort lines with his dick it won't come dope  
They stringing you along don't take it and try to jump rope  
Dog, this how you know you shouldn't feel glory  
Cause I ain't even show and end up being the story, I'm sorry

[Verse 3]  
Mic check

I need it to be known I'm grown  
I'm on some next shit  
I'm thinking oil money, Texas  
Not a necklace  
You gotta to shot at mom dukes  
Before the techs spit  
I don't go out looking for Drama like the feds did  
Music with a message  
But I'm no backpacker  
Some vengefulness in me  
But I'm no backstabber  
No baller in the strip clubs I'm throwing cash at her  
I'm trying to help shorty and her goals attach faster  
Was insecure growing up  
Niggas laughed at her  
Now she think she got some self  
worth because her ass' fatter  
I told her give yourself the ace you sew  
Next time they chain you up you  
could break through those  
Nigga call you out your name mommy break dude nose  
Gotta get you where you going might take you slow  
Maybe bend  
But never let'em make you fold  
Accept your short comings baby  
They gone make you whole  
I'm gone

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