

Joe Budden

"Unforgiven"

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Lets talk about the struggle, lets talk about the pain
Some people say they love you, but that don't mean a
thang
Some folks is so naive, not me... I go insane
Some people dap you, they hug you... they do it all in
vain
That's my depression talking... maybe it's really real
Maybe them doctors was right, and maybe I'm really I'll
See I can't really chill... without feeling the guilt of me
Stealing these pills
Is anybody feeling me still?
(Shit) except for the hood... nobody told me, I ever
couldn't
Instead, I pushed... back when they told me I never
would
Looking at me, like I was just a crook
I express the hood, and what I see on the daily
My scenery daily
Task force... B & E's daily
A task y'all... being me daily
They want to put, 3 in me nail me
This is stuff, you only read on The Daily
Had product, but ain't supply it then
High off more than weed... so the product just got me
higher than
Product of my enviroment
Look-at-where-they-put-me... and look where they
telling me I gotta be
Stop and see, the robberies... the poverty
Naw fam, it's not for me
It's got to be, an opt atleast
Without-dudes-gettin'-chased-by police
So they gave us film, sport... and the gift to make a hot
CD
Back to the wall, against the ropes
Nothings believable, feezeable... they don't believe in
you
You've been verbally beaten to
A pulse, so the result to you think nothing is reachable
Reasonable, I tell you dreams come true
Yeah haters, even YOU!

Now take your hands, and wave 'em high
They told me I can't, but I said "why!"
Like, fuck it, I'll try
NOT fuck it and die
See, this is real emotion we deal wit'
Often, and don't reveal it
Often we stuff it inside, but I'm like fuck it... lets ride
I- do what I do, because I do what I do what I feel
THEY- do what they do, in hopes of what they do... they
appeal
They got a image, and a personia that they gotta fill
That they better do, for revenue... so labels will be
thrilled
Kind-of-feel like a wanted man
I can't talk to folk, cause when I ask 'em to trust me
All-they-wanna-do-is-judge-me
I'm feeling like they don't understand
(I'm) feeling like ain't too many people friendly
I feel like ain't too many people are what they pretend
to be
Cause I'm in that zone, when I feel alone
Like everybody is against me
Just feel like I'm worst enemy
And naw, it's not a cry for no sympathy
I'm just thinkin' outloud, to a crowd- I'm just tryna
figure out some
Remedy
Almost like every lesson, almost like every jewel, every
tool
That's ever been lent to me
For the moment, is gone
I'm like a new born
I feel like a man wit' no memory
Slow it down for a second, make sure I'm not losing you
Or confusing you, I'm delusional
If you never been there, then you have no idea what
illusions do
Through and through, I'm hoping these signs aren't
vital
Or none of these rhymes... inside the recital
Why do it mean, I'm suicidal?
I'm ain't that Houston dude
But- I'm a MANIAC!
Don't get over, drunk or sober
This the same way I'd act
And I'm strivin' to pull together
But atleast until these voices inside of me
Go forever, be aloft- I'm liable to do whatever... (c'mon!
)

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