

Joe Budden

"Words Of A Chameleon"

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[Verse 1: Joe Budden]

Check it, I'm the voice of every dead nigga's secrets
That's why the fucktards want me dead before I can
speak it

Y'all call it crazy, I'm the heartbeat of every aborted
baby

High off every line snorted in the 80s

Let it breathe, no wonder why his thoughts ratchet
See the world through the shades that Stacks wore in
his casket

I steal his body from the graveyard on foot, ain't no
looking back

Bring him on tour with me and when it's over put him
back

If you couldn't tell, the behavior says if a nigga
send me to hell it's a favor

I never felt that was major,

God forgive me or don't, maybe He'll help later

Until I'll share pop's nightmares (?) elevator

Which taught me not to doubt a coward for a thing

Yin-yang theory, shit Juwan Howard got a ring

All it takes is the smallest nigga in your camp to get
eternal

Half a match book will transform to an inferno

And jail's so grotesque

That cause of my past, I can't bask in my success

Peep how my brain masturbates, I mean, I wake up

Walk on my deck and stare at a beautiful yard that just
reminds of the yard

I unlock a cell, a buried man, wrongly accused

Bet it all, the judges to put him there, won't be amused

This ain't Joe y'all, more like the mind of every rape
victim

Who can't retrace the face of the nigga that had his
way with em

When my heart stops it crops

Every 9-1-1 call that took too long

But don't look at it wrong

Cause the irony of my group's name is though he seem
the luckiest

Where we lay our heads seems to be where it's

bloodiest
To say we're rebels would imply we're against
That's a lie nigga, we just convinced
So in case the puppet-masters didn't know Joe
They tried making us the guinea pigs
We just killed it and kept it as a logo

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