Joe Budden "World Takeover"

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[Joe Budden]
Whoever thought that, taking over the world would take longer than 3 years
I know I didn't shit
Matter of fact it ain't, it ain't been 3 years yet
Well the takeover is coming
I know you hear 'em coming
It feel like '03 yet?
You in that mood yet?!?!
I just like sayin that shit
That shit just sound good
Jersey!
The king of New Jersey
World Takeover

You got some wanna shoot 'em on site then there's some wanna *scratches*

Some wanna shoot 'em on site *scratches*
Some, some wanna shoot 'em on site *scratches*
Some

Some wanna shoot 'em on site then there's some wanna shank me

Put him out to dry, you got some wanna hang me Then I pissed 'em off, or made some of 'em angry All I did for this hood I THOUGHT niggaz would thank me

And I could give a fuck bout where none of you rank me Him, him, them, son none of 'em ain't me I worked hard to get here, now that I got here They want me gone, they tryna treat Joe like a Yankee *gun shots* [Is this what you want?!]

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I say what I mean, I mean what I say what I feel Do whatever I want to

Got into something you can't undo

I piss in whatever subway your train of thought gotta run through

I'm by my lonely, so I might let the hawk show Any block, I double-park, get out and walk slow And nowadays niggaz like listenin to bullshit, its obvious

Even Tyra got a talk show

Left the Sidekick home, took the old school pager I wanna believe there's no such thing as a hater Do something for somebody, they expect something in return

Now there's no such thing as a favor

Soon as I stop smoking, blunts come out in flavors I think of New Orleans when I step out in gators (talk to 'em)

Some dudes starving, their ribs just keep touchin My shoulder nicknamed me Chicago, I keep brushing E'ry nationwide artist ain't national Rappers appear to be dicks that really vaginal E'ry Capo out there ain't seeing capital And everybody's rationale really ain't rational (oh!) So when I'm toting the 5

I rep Willy's and Jers, I don't need to be on Ocean Drive See the white tee wit my cig lit

I'm Larry Brown, New York is fucked up so they signed me to fix shit

When beef come I'm never tryna find me a biscuit
Late night I'm never tryna find me a quick trick
Call me I'll tell you how stupid a bitch get
I know they every move, see me on that kid shit
They wanna bring harm to you
Front like they really got a bond with you
Like 'member I went to the prom with you (nah!)
Fuck dude got not choice but to bong at you
Mans ain't gorilla, so better have King Kong with you
He's bitch see the lypo on him
Caravan might ride slow on him, mu'fucker

Caravan might ride slow on him, mu'fucker
I might let this lil red light glow on him
Hope he walk round wit Geico on him, mu'fucker
Look, pardon you fags, Yea I heard part of your raps
It's all wack, how you start to get gassed
And this rap shit is like reality TV
It's totally different from what it's marketed as
Know the game's fucked up, no I can't call it quits
Can't knock me down, and I won't fall and trip

I gotta just milk this shit for all it gives

No chain on but 10 mortgages
So naw fam, don't wanna talk or just chit-chat
Fell down liftin the pound just from the kick back
Dudes got a problem wit me, just a snitch that
Ask anybody, I'm the wrong one to get at
Get that?

She so stupid, I'ma get her talk some of that good phone sex shit we be doin Aight, take me from the mu'fuckin tippity

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