

Joe Budden

"Young Niggaz"

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"Young Niggaz"

[Joe Budden ad libs]

[DJ On Point - talking over Joe Budden]

This shit right here in called Young Niggaz
Shout out to my nigga Ron Browz on the beat
Whole Monie Ave, I see you

(DJ ON POINT)

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

Yo, my struggle's a little different
Y'all niggaz was selling, I was sniffin
Psyche, rewind it, I'm just kiddin (OH!)
I was hangin with old cats, tryna put my bid in
Same safe you was stackin in, I was tryna get in
Y'all was fuckin with pigeons (naw)
I was on Malcolm X, lookin for a jar for my cig to get
dipped in (OH!)
Was still spittin, before the video vixens
Around the time Ewing had got dunked on by Pippen
Niggaz was still pitchin
I was stealin money from my moms anytime she left
her purse in the kitchen (that was fucked up)
Guzzlin a fifth and
I was high as a fuck, OD'n on Visine, so my eyes
wouldn't glisten (OH!)
Moms still bitchin
She thought I knew better, but I didn't
She tried to talk to 'em, wouldn't listen (listen, wouldn't
listen)
It's almost like somethin inside of me kept itchin
I thought the streets loved me, naw who was I kiddin?
(kiddin)
God lookin like the devil (oh)
Sendin me to the pawn shop anytime I found shit that
looked like metal
I dropped outta school, naw not to be cool
I was sittin there bored, thought all y'all was fools
Fuck I wanna read up on "Romeo & Juliet"
Way back, I ain't even have my first toolie yet

Angie ain't even make that knife go through me yet
(talk to 'em)
Matter fact, I ain't even smoke my first bollie yet
Tried to have it wrapped, but things wasn't a doobie yet
What was comin for me, but naw it ain't subdue me yet

[Chorus - Joe Budden]

Young niggaz, know I used to be a young nigga
I used to pop off to prove I ain't the one nigga
B and E's, stick ups and dirty guns niggaz
This before I finally had my little young nigga

Young niggaz, God keep me from these young niggaz
Not the smart ones Lord, just the dumb niggaz
Might have me thinkin I'm still one of them niggaz
Shit changed from when I used to be a young nigga

(You know why his name is On Point, cause he On Point
pussy)

[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]

Yo, aiiyo
My first time locked up, I was a child
Met up with mad niggaz I ain't seen in a while (yeah)
And it wasn't bad bein locked in with them (but)
But couldn't fathom lockin in at 10
Like fuck readin a book, sat on my bunk, mad time to
get my thoughts straight
One month, one shower, still without a court date
Just bags of nicotine, rollin paper
Did pull ups, push ups, how the fuck'd I get here?
War stories, you hear a lot of shit here
Great place to visit, but naw don't wanna live here (live
here ...)
Naw gotta get my mind in a new place
Grimey ass niggaz stealin my socks and toothpaste
Can't ever remember feelin such neglect
But snakes get snaked (dog), what the fuck'd I expect?
(expect)
I thought if anything I had earned niggaz respect
But niggaz hung up soon as they heard "Collect"
Had my mag with the tits out
O.G.s' said to me the streets don't love you, they'll be
there when you get out
Bunch of the same people, stealin the same space
A few of 'em'll die, a few will take your place
I prayed to God that I never catch another case
Cause CO's just treat us like we rats in a maze
You wonder why Joey always hype and smilin (why?)
I was this close to Rikers Island
Was bein on Rikers, wilin (wilin)

I've been through way worse shit than havin a few
gripes about my album (c'mon)

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus]

Shout out to mixtapekings.com

Can't forget my nigga Moozoo, Victory Square

[Outro - Joe Budden - talking (echo)]

For real

God keep me from these little young niggaz man

Cause I'll fuck around and get a bid

Make me somethin stupid and shit

Made me resort to bein ..

Bein the old me and shit

I worked hard to get money

I ain't tryna go back

I ain't tryna go back to the hood, keep my eyes lit up

Keep me from these niggaz, for real

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