

## **Joe Budden f/ Emanny**

### **"Invisible Man"**

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(And you know why his name is On Point 'cause he on point pussy) [Intro - Joe Budden - talking] Uh, cheah Ah, ah, ch-cheah Taha Ah, ah, ah Goin, goin, go [DJ On Point - talking over Intro] (\*echo\*) As we continue on The name of this joint right here is called Invisible Man Featuring Emanny, shout to Chemo on the beat Shout to mixtapekings.com [Chorus - Emanny] - w/ ad libs Can anybody out there hear me? I feel like my voice is lost 'Cause I know the whole World can't see me, close to just fallin off But with everything I am, I still find a way to stand and keep movin While I'm here so strong and still, like I'm invisible [Verse 1 - Joe Budden] When I'm alone in my room, sometimes I stare at the wall With the phone off, near a withdrawal Got a paranoia problem, so I'm known to keep a trigger round y'all B.I.G. told me they be prayin for a nigga +Downfall+ I'm vacationin on a beach with no sand (and, oh!) Tryin to check the time on a clock with no hands (what else?) Feel like I'm gettin close but I'm nowhere near it (AH!) I touch it but don't feel, listen but don't hear it (OH!) Starin out a project window under mad stresses Me and my mental got two different addresses One's national, Trump International, rational One is still stuck on the Avenue (oh) If you don't understand, fine (but my) My body's playin hinds with the mind, tryin to escape a landmine Revamped, designs I search but can't find Recant times when the future was a tan line (oh!) Damn, shit was much brighter then Now it's just vitamins mixed in with Vicodin If they gonna set you up to lose, why try to win? 'Cause a scar don't stop nothin on a Viking's skin So niggaz can come after me Even "Intelligent Hoodlums" become Tragedies (they become tragedies) I move in silence, the Jadakiss of Jers (why?) So when it come to Benjamins I don't say a word, ya heard? [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - Joe Budden] See I can ball in the cufflinks Step out, tear down the party and the club scene But I think it's obscene, the lifestyles of the rich and shameless I pick anonymity over being famous From the start, even if they don't see it, I play a part Rather than sell a record, rather do it from the heart I rather put me before y'all I

know niggaz might call it self-centered, I call that bein  
smart So I stand behind mics, not even worried about  
the limelight That'll manifest when the time's right If I  
was Kanye, I wouldn't have these problems (but then)  
But then I'd have Kanye's problems (cheah) Blessed  
with everything they ever fronted on the planet But  
loot's the only thing I ever wanted on the planet Back  
on that canvas, just lost my bandwidth Granted, I'm a  
always counter, granite I been where you tryin to go,  
the God said it So egg in me's not strong-minded, it's  
hard-headed Thought I was on the right route, tacklin  
the game 'Til they handcuffed my mouth, put the  
shackles on my brain Popular stranger, gone but still  
here Handicap my career, I put it in a wheelchair Let's  
keep the deal fair, nothin but real here (so!) Amazed  
after all these years I still care, it's weird [Chorus] - w/  
ad libs [DJ On Point - talking over Chorus] (\*echo\*)  
Shout to Amadu, Junior My nigga Mitch Mitchell out in  
Vegas DJ On Point, Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3

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