

Joe Budden f/ Ezo

"Get No Younger"

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[Intro - Joe Budden - talking] - w/ ad libs Uh, it's that knock right here Uh, y'all in that mood yet? Taha, you need a subo to play this in the car by the way Let's go I'm a be quiet, let homeboy say what he gotta say Get his little shout outs out the way Goin, goin, gone [DJ On Point - talking over Intro] (*echo*) This joint right here is called Get No Younger Featuring Ezo Shout out to The Klasix on the beat Dave, Mike, I see you Joe Budden, Mood Muzik 3 Let's go [Verse 1 - Joe Budden] Now look, I'm in that 550 feelin like Chuck Liddell Aside from Rampage Jackson it's "fuck the world" My lean came so mean, +So Fresh and So Clean+ Like a Sunday morning listenin to Joel Osteen Like my beat down low, I'm rimmed up with the seat back Boo with the sweet back, I definitely need that Even if her body make a nigga want eat that Bitch you don't +Make+ a nigga +Better+, better see Fab I know a bird named Amy, love to tea bag Set you up right for some loosies and a weed bag Alcoholic, cute face but her weave bad And she went to the Winehouse straight from the +Rehab+ The recap rappers and they G stacks Fixated on imaginary ice like freeze tag I speed past, ease past with my G swag I'm at a level most niggaz couldn't see past [Chorus - Ezo] On my grind, chasin dollars (chasin dollars) In the fall or the summer (fall or the summer) Streets are pullin me under (pullin me under) And I ain't gettin no younger [DJ On Point - talking over Chorus] (*echo*) Shout out to Paree Jill, Grimstyles Can't forget Jay, what up? [Verse 2 - Joe Budden] Whoa, whoa, some say "sky's the limit", still I'm tryin to reach higher So on my deathbed, I'm figurin how to be fly I'm talkin above heaven (but) But talkin about death is me beatin a dead horse and a nigga love "Slevin" I'm a '80's baby with a '60's mind state, Yankee fitted backwards Lookin at whippersnappers Livin young and reckless, never mind who the best is (might as well) They need to get rid of their style, put it on Craigslist (nigga) 'Cause you ain't crazy, stop it Even if you was wild like Randy Moss, start feelin Patriotic How I'm gon' lose with Tom Brady in the pocket? Beggin dude to come back like the Yankees did "The Rocket" And just like Clemens did

Reappear to get the most wins it in, damn dickheads is
so sensitive Pussies get hemorrhages, find a way to
benefit Even when it seem the whole World is against
the kid [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Joe Budden] Whoa, I mean,
the burner's in the air (is that what you want?) Like J.
Holiday I'll put you permanently there It's +Bedtime+
niggaz, weapon of mine niggaz, Wesson or nine
niggaz "Minority Report", I'm ahead of your mind
niggaz You wanted to beef, you got twenty with you, I
got a hundred with me Now this is somethin to see (oh)
Boogiemane your whole squad, put you under some
sheets In that Dodge Richard Reid had under the sheet
On some Jetsons shit but if the shook type approach me
I'll fill 'em with metal 'til he look like Rosey Niggaz ain't
off the hook like Joey My feet is up cozy, at the end of
my bed Get on my Puff Daddy +All About The
Benjamins+ shit And turn my back on Danja/danger
like Timbaland did (ya heard?) Hoodie over my head,
the snub showin Fuck what the World's come to, where
the fuck's it goin? [Chorus] - without ad libs [Outro - DJ
On Point - talking until the end] (*echo*) Shout out to
my nigga Trees Bland Bland Management Shout out to
Phat Gear down in A-T-L Can't forget Hall of Fame,
Coliseum, Jamaica Ave.

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