

# Give Me Reason

Joe Budden

Whoahhhhhhhhhh, whoa  
Ladies and gentlemen, you now rockin with the best  
(Geah) Jersey City, stand up  
Patterson, stand up  
Off top. Just Blaze! [Joe Budden]  
Hold up nigga, slow up nigga  
Don't start a war unless your dough's up, nigga  
Know what nigga? Joe's up nigga  
Y'all shouldn't cry about it, grow up nigga  
Guess what y'all? I know magic  
I could make your pulse dissapear and no hat trick  
Death threats - it ain't phase me  
When I bring the T-Mac through the Rucker y'all, it ain't Tracy  
Sewed up nigga, low cut nigga  
So keep talin bout your wrists froze up nigga  
You might see 30 whips roll up nigga  
We be at the pawn shop givin your Rol' up nigga  
Just wanted to make that known, you seen New Jersey Drive  
Round here, leave that Maybach home  
Before we vick that homes, we be on y'all jerks  
You'll find out the hard way if your On\*Star works, cause  
[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
I don't, need a reason to bust my guns  
So don't, give me reason to bust my guns  
You might, be the reason I bust my gun  
(Pa-pow, pa-pow - pa-pow, pa-pow) [Joe Budden]  
'Til my day's up nigga, stay up nigga  
Play Tony Montana, get your face cut nigga  
That goes out to all of you play thug niggaz  
How you want it, long nose or the trey snub nigga?  
Return and die dog, if I start clappin in your crib  
Nah I ain't tryin to turn the lights off  
Trapped on the chain, got the jewels and cape  
Be like Jared, Subways made him lose his weight, but look  
I'm bout gettin money for all races  
Only oldie but goodie I know is small faces  
Wait, make you sure you heard right; woulda been put the hit out  
But I ain't tryin to get my third strike  
Lace up nigga, say what nigga?  
Your Maybelline raps that you make-up nigga  
Wake up nigga, stakes up nigga  
For all my locked-down and my cased-up niggaz, cause

[Chorus][Joe Budden]  
Who's that nigga? New cat nigga  
Don't disrespect, don't do that nigga  
Hate to hear the sound of the tool clap nigga  
Dual strap nigga when I do black niggaz  
First hand with a three-eighty kickback  
Brains on your lap dog, babysit that  
Look, it's my turf, get up off the stoop now  
I'm Omar Epps, who got the "Juice" now?  
Street love nigga, G's up nigga  
You lookin for a loan on your re-up nigga  
Haters might wanna put hollows in ya  
When you're young black spendin like a lotto winner y'know  
I'm grown up now, I'm done with Jake  
When I say pounds y'all I'm talkin bout London cake  
I can serve it to you uncut or somethin baked  
Hope you ready for me folks, cause I'm comin your way, cause[Chorus] - fades out

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