Joe Budden, Velvet Rope Freestyle

[Joe Budden]

The game is foul at both ends of it

There's no freedom of speech 'cause of this little thing we call censorship

As if that don't narrow our content enough

We make it smaller, talkin' bout rims and shit

Gettin jerked for the art, 'cause the art's now work

When you sittin' now writin' in penmanship

And now the radio's human, for it to fuck with

you gotta make friends with it

So I make some old radio crap

Since everything else on the radio's that

DJ's spin this, maybe go plat

And if it don't play, they'll say he's so wack

I'm everything, controversial

Underground, gangsta rap, slash commercial

(I'm) introspective, (I'm) slash reflective

Call the shit whatever long as you get the message

Call the shit whatever long as it ain't neglected

Long as it gets respected, yeah

Wack dudes going hard to be nice

Nice dues going hard to be wack, going hard for a plaque

Keep doin' what you always did, keep gettin' what you always got

Joey always hot, and it may seem I ain't always On Top

But I aim in more ways than I'm not

It's all twisted, nowadays can't fail to make the charts

Cause the stars made the sales, but now sales make the stars

Wish I could go back to the days of glory

It was all about music, less about the story

It's like a talk show, one long episode of Maury

One long episode that bores me

It's like a talk show, more like a soap

Can't change the channel, can't find the remote

I call it pathetic, some find it as dope

Some call it hard, I call it all choch

I find it to be a big screen full of smoke

Stay in it long enough, you guaranteed to choke