

All In My Head (feat. Royce Da 5'9" & Kobe)

Joe Budden

Quarter on the loose
A Loose Quarter
Few questions I ask myself Maybe it started with Slaughterhouse, or was it tour life?
Maybe it wouldn't had started at all if I had your life
Maybe it was needed or I was thinking immorally
If I wasn't myself could I say I gave the fans All of Me?
Can't decide if I'm more ashamed of what they saw of me
Than I am of ignoring all the lessons that was taught to me
Headed up field but couldn't dodge the last tackler
How could a forward thinker move so ass backwards?
How could a dude with no regrets at all, willing to bet it all
Not realize that quicker demise, how could I neglect it all?
I'm so seasonal, some of y'all knew I'd spring back
With a heart this cold, how'd y'all think I'd be receptive to fall
I'm plenty comfortable when danger's around
And even more so when strangers around
And the bigger picture is sicker, don't know my triggers or know the alarm it forces
Don't know a nigga, don't know my bouts with drugs and liquor or the harm it causes
Life or death? I tried to lynch myself
Thought I could keep it all a secret, I convinced myself
But really, the folk that loved me, they could tell I was locin'
I couldn't see him, cry me a river cause it fell in the ocean
Numb to my words now, maybe felt I was open
I cut so many people loose, do I need help with devotion?
That's just some of the things I ask my Lord and Savior
And when He calls for me, will He have done us all a favor? How did I make it here?
Who are y'all?
I feel so lost
Now I'm not seeing it clear
Is it my fault?
It's all in my head
I'm looking around like this can't be happening
Round of applause for the angry rappers
Lord, my girl cried me a flood than me a river
That's love, depending on me when I'm a dependent on liquor
I'm up in the shoe store, she got no love to show
You ever look at a bitch you was fucking behind your bitch back
Like fuck I was fucking you for?
I'm an artist so I'm intelligent
I would tell you to do some soul searching
But it's hanging up in my closet with your skeleton
It's gotta be a God's work, even a diamond gotta be polished first

A quarter's on the loose and I ain't been out here getting my dollars' worth
 I had to remove the goggles first
 To see through the sipping Patrón and fifty phoners for I need to go get me a kidney donor
 Guru, Nate Dogg, go ahead blink a eye
 Your doctor told me you close, go ahead drink and die
 Buried under the stone where the Patrón fifth sits by
 That reads "Here lies somebody who never wanted to be this guy"
 How did I make it here?
 Who are y'all?
 I feel so lost
 Now I'm not seeing it clear
 Is it my fault?
 It's all in my head They say knowledge is power, great cause every day I learn
 As of late been having revelations bout this hate term
 Hate the way they judged me, till I got the case adjourned
 Hated the belly of the beast till I became its tapeworm
 When I said I'd stop getting high, tried to say it stern
 Though I'm the type to walk through the fire to check the way it burn
 They say my brain is off, I say how can it be?
 If I'm out my mind, how can I be in-sanity?
 The people used to say that I was scared of progress
 They don't know how hard a nigga tried to advance
 But I don't know who's more to blame, is it them for really not knowing me
 Or is it me for never really giving them a chance?
 Get too close, be too big of a threat
 Now it's been little to no time, thinking why I ain't get rid of you yet
 Gotta recognize my maturity, gotta see I'm grown
 Let all my skeletons out the closet, just so I'd never be alone
 Since I got trust issues I won't discuss with you
 Besides God tell me who the fuck's supposed to save you
 Pop won't have a man to man, was gone half my life so
 Somewhere in his head probably feel it ain't his place too
 Plus more people will see me soon, I mean I'll be on national TV soon
 So when I ask if people I have around are a cancer for me
 That's 4 million more that might be able to answer for me How did I make it here?
 Who are y'all?
 I feel so lost
 Now I'm not seeing it clear
 Is it my fault?
 It's all in my head

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