

Follow My Lead (feat. Joell Ortiz)

Joe Budden

[** feat. Joel Ortiz:]

[Verse 1: ~Budden~]

Uh, I got bitches on my dick, I don't want'em there*
Closet full of brand names, I don't wanna wear.
Everybody got advice that I don't wanna hear, world in ya palm,
But you don't wanna share, still, I'm followin' you.
Are you leadin' me with the weapons drawn?
Co-dependent on her, but got me in bed alone.
You say if you love it, let it go.

Nothin' set in stone, plus every rock they throw, I use as a stepping stone.
Got questions, say the answers better left unknown.
No I may not never see you, I should know you never gone.
So I break the mirror cause, everything it's showin' me is wrong.
Grab your hand and go along, cause I'm followin' you.
Say I should be pleased, what if I'm saddened?
Always say I been through worse, what if I haven't?
But if that holds true, here's the lesson,
If you keep your head down, you might miss out on the blessing.

Sing!

[Chorus:]

I don't need the money, I don't need the fame.
I don't need the lifestyle, I don't need the pain.
I don't need the clubs, I don't need the cars.
None of that really matters to me.
I don't want the bad bitch, I don't want the strain.
I don't want the high, enough shit on the brain.
I don't want whatever's gonna help me be sane,
I just wanna follow your lead.

[Verse 2:]

You sayin', "follow my lead, follow, follow my lead"
Brought me to my knees, she must wanna holla at me.
When the world feel like swallowin' me,
When every decision costly, and I ain't got a dolla on me.
Check it, I don't wanna pretend, I don't wanna live a lie.
I don't wanna be judged, don't wanna be criticized.
I don't wanna talk, if nothin' I wanna say,
Boy, I let'em get to know me, the more they just runaway.
And that, must be your way of sayin' we should stay together.
I know how to fuck it up, more than I can make it better.
I figured folk around me would learn to take it better,
Instead of tryna change me, I been this way forever.
Time will reveal, more will be shown.

You pushed it, I thought the door closed on it's own.
But uh, nevermind what caused it, livin' a dream,
Nothin' in this world powerful enough to pause it.

Sing!

[Chorus:]

I don't need the money, I don't need the fame.
I don't need the lifestyle, I don't need the pain.
I don't need the clubs, I don't need the cars.
None of that really matters to me.
I don't want the bad bitch, I don't want the strain.
I don't want the high, enough shit on the brain.
I don't want whatever's gonna help me be sane,
I just wanna follow your lead.

[Verse 3:]

Sayin' "follow my lead, follow, follow my lead."
Cig in my mouth, perscription bottle by me.
And even when I think you might be making a mistake,
I may not know the destination but I make it there safe.
Check it, when I feel like I can't get weaker, uh
You always come and make a cameo or feature.
I'm good with my insanity and fevers
Cause Pac's looking from heaven saying "They ain't understand me neither"
Alotta times you leave me exposed,
And laugh at me, still thinking I could be in control.
Help me weather the storm, altogether I ain't norm.
Cause I always disagree, though you aint never been wrong.
Listen, I was feeling nearly unstoppable,
And now I'm facing what appeared to be impossible.
Feeling unimportant enough to have to bother you.
But I'm down here alone nigga, all I got is you.

[Chorus:]

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I don't need the lifestyle, I don't need the pain.
I don't need the clubs, I don't need the cars.
None of that really matters to me.
I don't want the bad bitch, I don't want the strain.
I don't want the high, enough shit on the brain.
I don't want whatever's gonna help me be sane,
I just wanna follow your lead.

[Female voice:]

Uh, follow my lead.
Ohhh, follow my lead.

[Joell Ortiz:]

(Check it, YAOWA)
I can't fit it all in a 16,
The night that I was tipsy,
And all them bullets just missed me.
The day they rushed the block,
I was strapped, but they didn't frisk me.

Why I ain't fuck that stripper?
Don't ask, and now she sick B.
The drop on that jewelry store for 50.
And I backed out last minute like "nah, this shit look risky"
One of my mans dead, the other one in pikipsy?
'nother one in the feds, he'll be there until he's sixty.
I wanna thank you for the blessings and the gifts.
And the lessons and the messages they left, I get the drift.
Fuck the cheddar or whatever, it don't measure up to this.
I mean, never did I ever not remember you exist.
When I hop up out my bed, here's together,
And our wish, is what you is from the heart,
Inside my chest, you let it tick.
I love you from my soul, with every spiritual molecule.
Fuck twitter, all a nigga gotta do is follow you.
[Chorus:]
I don't need the money, I don't need the fame.
I don't need the lifestyle, I don't need the pain.
I don't need the clubs, I don't need the cars.
None of that really matters to me.
I don't want the bad bitch, I don't want the strain.
I don't want the high, enough shit on the brain.
I don't want whatevers gonna help me be sane,
I just wanna follow your lead.

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