

Skeletons (feat. Joell Ortiz & Crooked I)

Joe Budden

I look over my shoulder not knowing where it's coming from
But knowing that it's coming, I was bugging as a youngin'
Now I'm runnin from, somethin' that'll even out my dumb decisions
The night I shot and had him bleedin' out his lungs and spittin'
Do any sins go unforgiven? I hope not
Cause most of mine were hunger driven, nothing in my mother's kitchen,
Stomach sounds like the clouds ignited and the thunder hitting
So the well-schooled kid ended up with more than a couple missin'
So not a chef but the cocaine forever cookin'
I love kids but now I' selling to a pregnant woman
Stumbling through the projects in the AM with a cup in my hand,
Gun on my waist and, "I don't give a fuck" is my plan
You'll never understand my palm sweat
Followed by shortness of breath then my heart jets and I ain't find a calm yet
Go on let shorty sin
Cause ain't no way in hell this ain't Joell, that's brave enough to tell you everything
I got some skeletons locked in the closet (yeah, yeah)
And I've been dyin', dyin' just to find an outlet
And I'm hoping that no one finds out about it (yeah, yeah)
Wishing maybe it'll disappear but I doubt it
I doubt it Fuck all that rapping, I'm a let the conversation rock
I got skeletons in my closet
The living dead live in a nigga head, behind a combination lock
When will the occupation stop it? Make it a vacant lot
The black mamba when I crack vodka, I'm a take a shot
And Hope the stowaways go away before the anchor drop
Yeah thanks a lot, I'm a bottle drinkin' nutcase
Cover of XXL behind Em, I had the drunk face
I steadily dream about cleanin' these demons out
In order to clean them out, you gotta scream and shout
All of your secrets out loud
It started as a kid at my school desk
Aced every quiz but I wanted to pass the cool test
Ain't nothing cool about school shopping at the thrift store
And living in an abandoned station wagon cause you was piss poor
So I started stealing all of the clothes that the other kids wore
That's when the skeletons moved into my mind on the sixth floor
And more came through Crooked I's youth
I slowly started moving them out the closet to this mic booth
For real, bro
I thought I had it all locked away till forever
But no memories fade away, They seem to stay

Comfortable in my conscience you live in my dreams
They say time heals it all then whys the pain still with me? See the problem is, I know it all
Or maybe the problem is that I just show it all
Maybe they that thinking I should be ashamed of my actions but really there's no remorse
Maybe the lord will decide that I suffered enough and let me live with no withdrawals
Then again all it would mean is he deemed I'm much too important to focus all
We could talk about pain 24/7 dog, that's my department
Intercity blues cruise and I'm blasting that Marvin
Skeletons ain't in my closet, that's my apartment
And they like to hide behind thousand dollar fabrics and garments
It's all bleak to me
Tell my Pop I ain't bothered when he don't speak to me, I love you but it's weak to me
On one hand life is short and there's no excuse to do it
But you was missing half my life dog, I'm kind of used to it
Modern day Son of Sam, judge but you don't understand
Me against the world, I plan on winning, knowing I'm undermanned
Want to see through the eyes of a monster? Look through my glasses tint
My roommates can stay here, just take care of half the rent

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>