

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>