

125 Part 2 (Fresh Air)

Joell Ortiz

Yooo-wah! It's the boy Joell Ortiz
Yo man, we at a half a brick now!
Y'all know the work is fire
HE COPIED IT from me!

Wake up wake up, the verse is here
Mailman hurry up, ain't no food up in here
We live check to check, the projects steps is wet with piss
Elevator broke, come fix this shit
Mischievous kids steal chips outta the corner store
Find stick, walk through the hood, with a 4-by-4
Eviction letters on your door when your rent late
You riffin like your welfare was supposed to have set cake
We turn the johnny pump up until the wrench break
It ain't safe, you walk by and get a drenched face
Every other month you sobbin at a friend's wake
Lightin candies in front of the buildin with Henn' straight
Chinese food is a gourmet meal
That General Tso's chicken is always real
Elders call the cops cause the hallways filled
With weed smoke, so when we see Deebo we peel
Deep throat is I'll from a true bird
So like two-thirds of the time we climb up to the roof, word
Devil beat's still alive
You can't park your car anywhere, for them rims they'll steal your ride
Your whole vehicle gone by the time you realize
Somebody flossin quite often at the other side of Brooklyn
Raise your hand if you spend a night in the book and
Bet you I see more arms than Saddam and his Muslims
It's cocaine cookin in the pot; smell the fumes?
The finished product got the tenants sellin living rooms
Every time they cop, they singing a different tune
The crack got their brain boiling like a chicken stew
Take a hit or two
And watch you go from heavy-set with a job to out of work and invisible
That's a pitiful visual but this shit is true
To be honest some of my fam on a mission too
We play lotto and hope that we hit our way out
I stopped chasin that dream, my leg gave out
Don't be mad, UPS is hirin
Tried that, after the first check came retirement
Back hurtin, my situation ain't that urgent
Felt like I got ran over by a black 'burban
Scenarios like that make me the rap Earvin
Magic Johnson, I'm Barry Bonds when his bat workin
Hit maker, mixtape of the year
Can everybody just take a deep breath? Yes!
I'm fresh air, let's hear all the nonsense
He's kind of heavy, he's gonna be hard to market (what else?)
Plus he's Latin, it's that or he's gonna target
So I'm big, so is Big, so is Big Pun
And you know like I know that you know that they both get dumb
So just stop it, know my target is everyone
5-foot Mexicans, Africans that's 7'1"
I can even cater to all the Native Americans
They can dance around my fire until the rain come
I knew it from day one

It took y'all 2, 555 days to say I'm a great one?
Seven years I've been proven and sheddin tears like I'm through with it
Heard a track, went back and ruined it
This music shit made my first baby moms jet
We was broke, I was workin hard on my project
I tried to tell her this is our way out the project
If I don't go 100% it won't be no progress
She looked at me like, "Yeah right, you job-less
Tryin to rap, my bags is packed, see you in August"
I had to eat that, she right, we ain't had money
But the Pampers was there and my son had a fat tummy
All I ask was a little smile support
What I get? Letters in the mail for child support
But it's cool, success is near, I can taste it
Now you know all the times we argued was time wasted
I took the hip-hop exam and I aced it
Matter of fact, the board of rap didn't know how to grade it
I'm so left with it, effortlessly
Y'all'll be left on the shelf if it was left up to me
Left y'all a while ago, made a left in the V.O.
The BQE feel in the water and was left in the sea
Yeah, my flow liquid; too much H2O in it
My system, I ain't drown, I became a wave and rolled with it
I make it hard for y'all to swim on the track
After I rap, I'm the current that be pushin you back
Givin me dap's like, puttin your hand up in a hot pot
Did you not know that I'm fire like a pot spot?
If this was hopscotch, you would hop to the next box
I hop to the next park and try to block shots
On the ball court, I'm not of this element
Went to the zoo when I was 3, not for the elephants
Just for the smell of it - I'm a different breed
They should've built a cage with a stage and had a Joell in it
My attitude is not celibate, fuck you!
I'll violate your whole album with a one-two
When I was one, two
I used to take on one, two, three niggaz in battles and won too
About one, two, three years ago
I had a 1-2 inch single on Rawkus that won two
I'm the kind of dude you compare no one to
Your engineer's a boxer, he gotta punch you
I'm one take with it, they did it, not me
They's the industry, it's how they got me
Pissed off, like a case of beer to the face
Great taste, less fillin, I ain't feeling y'all taste
Dude your praise is weak; seven days a week
Same joint on the radio, course they gon' say it's heat
Y'all use hypnotism, play the same beat
Same rhymes all the time got they brain on repeat
Y'all can hear me once and know that I am him
The second comin of nice, I terrorize the pen
Analyze the gems, disregard the ice movement
I'm talkin to jewels that I use when I write, stupid
When I do it, they gon' stay hatin
Cause I'm a be on top of the game, both feet on my PlayStation
You could try to find a safe haven
But it's nowhere to run and hide from this undeniable vacation (nah)
Get out the car, I'm in the driver's seat
The gas tank is full and the ride is sweet
The kind of rank you pull is the kind I eat
The only stripes you'll earn will remain on your stomach
As the weight loss begins when your income plummets
Send in the news coverage, I will make dudes public

Extra extra, read all about it!
Another artist missin, last seen in an outfit
Had to be desgined by some big name stylist
Any info please don't be afraid to dial this
718 - y'all motherfuckers ain't fuckin with me
I'm a violate, I'll +Violate+ with the likes of 50
You's a enemy homie if you ain't ridin with me
Friend or foe, answer the question or I'll decide it quickly
Feast your eyes on the rookie of the year
The uniform I wear will fit none of my peers
Jump ball is near - GET READY!