

125 Part 3 (Connections)

Joell Ortiz

"I don't know what I'm gonna do."
Huh. I do. Get low. Ha
Bar none
When I spit a bar, I spit a Hennessy, Hypnotic
Patron, Courtoisier
Grey Goose
I grill niggas, spit a barbecue
Committing drive-bys out a grey Coupe
When I start drowning rappers, dawg
It ain't cute
Till every person in they group turn blue like they Snoop
Watch face blue, but I'm grimey duke
I like most of y'all niggas better in your shiney suits
At the hood, after hours, when I'm on the loose
Cause I hang with troops like Sadaam on the noose
So fuck what y'all trying to pass off as the truth
I done jumped from the earth and touched the Universe's roof
Crash landed back on planet like meteor
Dust off my white tee and lift Lamborghini doors
I keep me a meaty whore
Trini in bikini, apple martini whore
Y'all niggas is CB4
My niggas in CDC
Bounty hunter ECG
Dipping Newports into PCP
Give a mic to me is UFC on Spike TV
Niggas talk gangsta shit but he ain't one
Till he see that gun and realize nobody really love you
Like New York on VH1
I'm the ghetto experiment
Pop in at any son
Me and the project, project, projecting objects at anyone
Blackjack bitches, that's 21
Dare any nigga to be a dollar and see
You want the king of the west then holler at me

Who's been eating? I haven't daddy
Just been the booth's Houdini, working my magic scrappy
Industry jabbing at me
I'm just trying to keep my marriage happy
But the politics and the games driving me crazy like an Arab cabbie
Still I never quit
Def Jam's president, from up the block, around the corner
Down the street, where I'm selling it
Who said, "Joell is sick"?
Man I'm on the deathbed
I wrote this on the bedspread, with IV in my wrist
I am him
The product of a moms who got high and a father who ain't say "bye" to them
His family that is
Know that y'all can never break me
Look in my eyes, listen up guys... don't make me
Only a rookie in the game's eyes
Been doing this since I was yeeh high
It's alright to be shook
I will turn the first album into a library book
C'mon let's skim through the pages in my diary, look

18 I rock those stretchers
19 I dropped a 12 inch
Rawkus Records, that's when I hooked up with G. Rap
It's nothing, bang
Y'all heard the streets feedback
At 25 I'm the outcome of everything between that

Y'all know I'm everything y'all want to be
I do the shit you never do
I feel it when you look at me
I'd kill myself if I was you
You
See, but luckily I'm not
I used to run in labels like, "You should fuck with me I'm hot."
By now I could have sold some mills and showed that I was so for real
While your roster fucked around like Lauren Hill's
Let me stop, I ain't hating on nobody
It's like the whole world is waiting on somebody
They say that I'm the obvious replacement
I just say this shit's a hobby
Lot of new rappers waiting in the lobby
But I'm coming up
Me and Joell, do it so well
Niggas either want to throw shells or ride on our coattails
Oh well
Go tell someone I'm coming
I'm sonning niggas without touching they mother
There's no one above me
I told y'all that I was a problem
Rappers started studying me like they could solve it
Listen close
I got a 9 times 5
I pop 3 times 2
Add drama, take away your respect and divide you
In half, for your math I do this til I'm through
Living life, breathing breath, I bring death to your whole crew
I don't know if there's a better MC
Some people get better with time, I say the getting better with me
I got, I got my rhymes tight, the streets gave Sha light
Now you see me holding C-Notes like the Chi-Lites
It's The Present motherfucker

I got one happy soldiers, esse that clappy clappy toaster
That turn you brains into nasty tapioca
Ewwww
Then I hop back on over
To drop autograph while I'm autographing a poster
I'm in the cut like
Chains stashed in a sofa
I'm Hennessy straight, you a pretty ass glass of mimosa
You a bum, I caught you trying to go half on a soda
You make the change, I use the stash in my loafer
So it don't matter what I pack in a holster
Cause I slash you till I scratch the plaque off the back of your molar
It'll cut through the back of a boulder
Owwwww
Got a pack full of sodas with a bag of explosives
And they clapping them toasters that can detach your back from your shoulder
s
After I blow your little daughter out the back of her stroller
And the ricochet will blow her back in the stroller
Cause that gat caliber has the motor out the back of a roaster
Vrrrom

Get drunk and try to spaz you joker
Till I punch you in your face and move your back tooth over
I'll knock 'em down your throat
You gag, you choke up
Then I bet by the time your lungs collapse, you sober
Breathe easy
Back don't ya
I'm a crack donor
So my tax write off is a crack smoker
Aaaayyyyye
I ain't battling no one so don't bring a challenger over
If I wanted a challenger I'd battle my poster

I ain't never met a thug that my slugs ain't like
I never met one who lived or walked straight, when they all hit right
Head or the back you parents are attending a mass
Centered around that box wood, lacquered in black
With you you laying stiff in the cushion
While I'm pushing a 'Lac, past the church while your family's looking
Over your face, me driving over the bridge
With coke in a space sealed by placing a switch
If life is a bitch then she fuck me nice
Boxed up for seven joints now she pregnant, bout to birth me yikes
My first born at least, VS1
My seed cultivating, that love grow out of weed and concealed guns
Triple beam lust
Finger fucking them grams that make twins out of one of my hand
My connect away set me apart
The potential to flood it like when Noah finished building the Ark
Colombian
Moving coke is an art
If Michelangelo was Pablo, Gab Gotcha gotta be Picasso
I rock flows and crush rocks for your nostrils
Clutch glocks that pop when that blow make you hostile
or I unload a clip
And siamese twin your head and the lobby
Silicone tips makes less sizzle
Implants in your chest like fake tits, holes size of your nipples
Nigga
Gab Gotcha. Crown City nigga.