

## 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  
Owwww  
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.