

# Food For Thought

Joell Ortiz

Yo I ain't gon' front, shorty used to look GOOOOOD  
She's just lookin alright nowadays  
It's crazy {"C-C-C-Cookin Soul"}

Uhh, I toss and turn, I can't sleep at night  
I see that it was your love that inspired me to write  
I remember that day in the summer of 9-2  
Everybody gathered 'round and they was talkin 'bout you  
Eavesdropped for an hour and was happy when I left  
Went upstairs and wrote what I would say the day we met  
A little shorty then but I was confident to death  
They made you sound so fly so I just tried to be my best  
Crumpled a couple papers, first impressions happen once  
So I just wrote what I had heard - sippin liquor, rap and blunts  
Everybody said you liked that so that's what I tried to offer  
My crush on you was out of this world like a flyin saucer  
So next day I went outside and told the guys  
What I'm a tell you when we met and they looked at me all surprised  
My age was so young yet my words so mature  
One dude turned and said "She just might let you in the door"

Y'knowmsayin? I had such a crush on this girl cause  
She was beautiful back then, it was like 9-2  
E'rybody's gathered 'round in front of my buildin talkin about her  
I'm like "Yo I can't wait 'til I meet her"  
I went upstairs inspired! Y'knowmsayin?  
Like, start writin down ideas like what I'm a tell her, the day we met  
Like damn, check it

After years of talkin to the guys I sharpened my pick-up lines  
And recorded 'em, makin sure they was delivered to you fine  
From tryin to find you it was myself that I would find  
So I told you who I was and the chronicles I designed  
Then a few years ago Koch Records gave me a sign  
I was doin the right thing when they put some money behind  
My story, they figued you like what I had to say  
I was popular, my story had even got back to Dre  
Knew we was gon' meet, so I tried to stay calm  
But I was fin' to be the man if I had you on my arm  
Ain't get to my head though, still wrote my letters with charm  
That's when a dude named Nas wrote a letter that you was gone  
Tried not to believe him but then he was co-signed  
By writers across the globe that was on they own grind  
So what was I supposed to do? (what?)  
For the first time in a long time I ain't have nothin to look forward to

So y'all followin me, right?  
I mean I'm pretty sure by now y'all should have an idea of who I'm talkin 'b  
out  
I'm pretty sure y'all don't think she look as fly  
As she used to back in the days either  
So I ain't alone in this vote, but um  
I'm a try to, I'm a try to save her, man  
I'm a try to rescue her, man  
Y'knowmsayin? She deserve that (listen)

I still wrote to you, even though I heard the rumors

That's when I came to my own understandin of who you was  
No one's actually met you, they just write and hope you hear it  
And hope that you're attracted to the person in their lyrics  
Some people try to bag you by tellin you what they have  
Hopin you're materialistic and like to brag  
Others try to scoop you by portrayin that they tough  
Prayin that you're a good girl and you like 'em rough  
The newest sensation's tryin to get you through a dance  
So if y'all bump heads at a party you'll give him an extra glance (hey!)  
Then there's a couple people like I  
That let you know exactly who they are, why not?  
But not a soul's met you face-to-face  
So with every word they write is where they place the faith  
(Dear hip-hop) Provin the next line in this lyric  
How can hip-hop be dead when she's a spirit?

YAWWA! Joell Ortiz (yeah)  
Just fuckin 'round with my pen again, you know  
Food for thought nigga, haha  
I'm nice! Yo man  
I don't even know, where this gon' end up, but just give it some air  
Rrrrah!