

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?

YAOWA! 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!