

Move On

Joell Ortiz

Alright! Whassup my nigga?
You say your name is John?

Joell Ortiz
Yeah yeah I know I'm familiar with the interview shit
I know what you gon' ask
I got you, don't even stress it

No I don't respond with answers that fit a script
So the repetition'll make a nigga flip
We in the game of smoke and mirrors, those engineerin a bigger spliff
Blowin circles out they mouth, gettin praised but the shit'll shift
I never lived a myth, if I said it I did it
Never alleged, word to dead I grip the fifth (boom!)
I made my housing tenement a strip, movin medicine and nicks
When I seen 'em comin I jettted from them pricks (ohh!)
And still to this day though she clean I wish my mommy never sniff
But the hurt is makin me better with this gift (look)
I'm live with this ink you could, die in a blink and
Y'all got the nerve to ask me why do I drink and
Motherfucker sometimes I cry when when I think and
Y'all ain't there when them tears bein dried by the sink (damn)
It was cold in the winter, my community centers who gave me dinner
I ain't mind, my table chairs gave me splinters (haha!)
Set up to be loser but was made to be a winner (look)
If they paint hip-hop I bet my face be in the picture
If they wrote a rap bible bet my name be in the scriptures
If shorty say I'm her idol bet her face be in my zipper (woo!)
I came a long way from the staples in my scrilla
Stains on my pants, hardly had a gut
The ladies ain't wanna dance so house parties would suck
All my friends on the wall, I'm in the hall with a couple
Nah I ain't complainin, just tellin y'all what it is
So if y'all goin through it now just know that another kid
Made somethin outta nothin, well I'm frontin, I was never nothin
Older ladies used to tell my mother "Ain't he somethin?"
I look at a lot of you cats and laugh
Cause I'm the shit man, and y'all ain't even passin gas
When I spit I'm the definition of mastered craft
And all y'all ask about is Aftermath - motherfucker move on!

Move on...
Move on...
Move on...

L-look, look; I gotta give my own interview
Since niggaz that do my interviews focus on whatever's miniscule (like!)
Or paint me as a cynical, but the canvas'll limit you (dawg)
You can't go beyond what there's no limit to
If I think hip-hop is dead I think it's bein revived
And that comes from me being inside
Where the demons get by, see 'em good-bye
If I'm anemic here's why, come from hearin and seein ve-nomous lies (oh!)
So the beast in me cried, cause when it's all you hear
Shit get old repaired, just when the obey near
And so I try to think straight cause when you stare in the rear
Rest in peace, do as you care, nigga yeah!

I'm on another label, not that other label
That mean it's no longer my problem, it's theirs
Some say it's a conspirac'
I say if e'rybody's on the throne, that just more motive to kill the heir
Ask me 'bout "Pump it Up" and I'm a think you SHEEP
Or you must not know I'm DEEP!
I'm so off of music so y'all could SoundScan every week
Me? I just got my lil' man every week
Jersey City loves me despite y'all beliefs (why?)
Cause they was baby steppin, I showed 'em how to leap (ohh!)
Ask me about swag - I'm a change the topic
To lyrics in them raps, plus look at you like a fag
I love e'rybody, don't ask 'bout who I beef with
They burned the bridge but they was standin underneath it
I'm on my grind, Benjamin Hutton
Was old since I was young, call me Benjamin Button
And stop usin slang just for you to be cool
Cause I go BACK to when it was cool to be you
I'm a hero (nah) no I mean I'm here oh
For heroes, y'all chase zeroes
Muh'fucker I just got finished hatin ME feelin like a zero
They played DeNiro, never been there though
So before your next thought, understand
Know it's MUCH more to me than the man
Either that or move on

Yeah, move on
Keep out trouble (ya mean?)
Good around here
Muh'fucker move on
Don't ask me 'bout no old shit
No choice, either that, or you could move on
It's, it's (mic check one-two one-two)
J to the O!