

Murder

Joell Ortiz

Oh yeah, it's him again! {"Joell Ortiz"}
Y'all know the voice

Always bless you with a new joint, shit you never heard
I need a place to lay low bro, cause this one is murder

Check; cool as a fan, fresh as a new leather
The new member in an argument of who's better
The cool cheddar keep it New Yorican
In a hoopty gettin brain from a chain on the Major Deegan
The haters speakin, never mind playa
The block ex-crack dime shaver turned best rhyme sayer
The candy chewer, Laffy Taffy over Life Saver
The orgasm every time, that's what the pipe gave her
The gutter dweller, never nice neighbors
The sour mix in with the Jack Daniel's to give it nice flavor
The back in the days type gamer
The used to hate Super Nintendo nigga that used to like Sega
The clawed his way in the door rapper that's like Vega
Never killed nobody, in that booth he's such a life taker
The every other night somebody else's wife scraper
The nigga makin veterans look like a 9th grader

You goddamn right I'm that nigga {"Joell Ortiz"}

Uhh, the talk of the town, clown when we in the party
Karaoke sing on the low but yo don't tell nobody
The never had nothin, now he doin hella cocky
The haters vomit from the smell of papi
The low caesar with the sharp parts
That might fiend on the scene with sixteens gettin green like a golf cart
The beef lookin at the rest of y'all like Pop-Tarts
Verses got y'all frownin up y'all faces like my mom's farts
The N.Y. repper, don't dare side-stepper
The casual dresser, low whites, light sweater
The bike revver on a summer day
The give the DJ so much heat they don't know which one to play!
The E-1 gunner, used to be up under Trey
Finna drop crack and not look back like a runaway
The have fun every time he in the booth spitter
The take on anybody, old nigga, new nigga

Y'all think it's a game?
I ain't playin! {"Joell Ortiz"}

Uhh, the truth in the purest form
The frontliner, first nigga to shoot when the war is on
The hop on your beat and cruise like the Autobahn
and force radio to play my version of all the songs
The diddy bopper in the city proper
The walk up in the strip club and throw it up like a shitty vodka
The used to be a butt man turned titty clocker
The hop up in the bed and beat it up kitty boxer
Okay, the occasional kitty licker
Only if her box is the shit, kitty litter
The good swimmer, Caribbean beach feet dipper
The Rican whale size of three Flippers

The flow stronger than the current in the winter in the East River
The poker player, top pan with the mean kicker
The hip-hop light, when it was in its darkest hour
The can't do a song without at least one YAOWA

This ain't gon' stop brother, heh {"Joell Ortiz"}
{"Statik Selektah!"}