

Oh!

Joell Ortiz

Yeah! What we talkin 'bout?
Yeah! What we doin here?
Joell, with the Large Pro-L

When you get'cho money, get'cho mind right
I say what's real, fuck that limelight!
All these haters, they don't want it
All these haters, know I'm on it
And I got 'em like AYYY-OHHH; and now they like "Oh!"
Then I got 'em like AYYY-OHHH; and now they like "OH!"

Yeah - you niggaz think it's a game
See a smile on my face, Freq' turn me up
Pro - go wild on my bass, these muh'fuckers gotta know
I'm crack cocaine in the 80's, I got a flow
I rap so crazy, you play with me - adios
Homey, I'm the second coming
This ain't the first time I've been on a record buggin
Sho' nuff won't be the last, I'm just gettin started
You hollow, no furniture in a big apartment
I ain't a rap nigga, I'm a nigga that rap
And I can scrap nigga, don't get your ligaments cracked
Man I'll get at Twitter (ha!) I'm street to the 9th power
Walk in the spot, one deep with a light, yaowa
I'd be lyin if I told you that my bucks major
But I walk in and pick the broad that I'ma fuck later
Club carpet becomes garbage for the Dutch paper
I see you watchin - whattup hater?!

Somebody said his homey was better; I guess he lied
I'm hot, got my borough on lock, like 25
to life when I write feel the ground shakin
E'ry word that I recite, get the town bakin
I'm not yo' average beast (nope!)
I can't stomach y'all, make my abs get weak
Extra nauseous from the blab you speak
So drop your pens, rip your notepad and skeet
You not a friend, don't make me have to grab you creeps
I count to ten; one.. two/too late, bastards
Look at y'all, shook, Kool-Aid packets
You know the situation, I'm that intimidatin
Cold dog, I flow like a fridge in Nathan's
You tryin to bring it back, I'm just tryin to bring it
You got them Red Bull bars, you just kinda wing it
Like a butter knife, that ain't gon' cut it
But I ain't even mad at y'all fuckers!

You niggaz can look around, ain't nobody as hot
If you nobody, I stop by and body your block (WHATTUP?!)
If you somebody I turn you to the first nigga; I'm the worst nigga
Call me Mr. Earth, niggaz bodies are dropped
My team really 'bout it homey, shotties are popped
You a BITCH! Probably shit, get on your potties and squat
This rap music is my new hustle
I don't plan to post up, with a few bundles
I'm on the grind all the time with a 9 nigga, headnod shit
Y'all weak; man this is sweet like a eggnog mix

Every word I speak's like a splurge out of the pound
Y'all birds out here TWEETS, like words after a #
Say my name and I'ma put you in your place
No not a song - I'ma come see you and punch you in your face!!
(BLAOW) Bling Brooklyn, cause that's where I've brought up
You ballin, I'm above the rim - don't get caught up