

## Primo Tribute

Joell Ortiz

Hey Premier, this thing right here's for you  
For so many years, you gave niggas' ears the flu  
With them sick-ass drums and them nasty loops  
The one and only, had 'em stepping in they khaki suits  
It's unbelievable, emcees act like they don't know  
So I'm gonna take 'em down memory lane - I got you, yo  
Salute my nigga; he's a downtown swinga  
Gave us blood, sweat, and tears 'cause he seen the big picture  
And me, I'm on the come up, so when I be on the mic  
Shit is real, my friend - I go hard like that white  
Bring it on, handle your business  
None of y'all better come get me  
I'm a rap phenomenon, Pele lover  
Yay fit, brain sits in a New York state of mind  
I'm so ghetto; when this was dying, who played the front line w  
ith hip hop?  
A million and one questions bloom  
Who the fuck is Joell Ortiz? Then I looked up, then boom!  
I'm mister fresh air, the savior, the golden child  
The new crack with the soul of the oldest vial  
What you think I got this movement in motion for?  
I'm hot, like sand furthest from the ocean shore  
You can search long and hard - ain't no vocal flaws  
Every one of my punchlines give you a broken jaw  
Well, I hold it more; I'm supposed to score  
And you're supposed to sit on the bench like your toes is sore  
I'm a product of the stuff that I was raised around  
Rapped over this 'cause it's my project's favorite sound  
Boom! At night, they have fun with the lead  
Same shots that woke me probably put someone to bed  
I'm a come clean - it's sad, probably something was said  
Just to get a rep, and now another brother is dead  
This shit is wack to me, another tragedy  
Trying to be the star of a gang like Waxmaster C