

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