

Sing Like Bilal

Joell Ortiz

Sing Like Bilal!

Uh! Uh! Street mix! Y-Y-

Y (Aiiyyo yo Joell Ortiz whattup family!) YAOOOWWWWW!

(D-BLOCK) {Sing-Sing like Bilal!}

Uh! I'm the boy that got the block in a squeeze

Ortiz my name hot like I shoot at the D's

Twelve twelve flow I'm what they rock in the P's

Cheese I'm on a roll like pastrami and cheese

It adds up why I'm a gift to this breed

I'm a addict even when my adlibs mean

Every radio station should add this Preem

Plus add my address and you have sixteen (WOO)

Seven One Eight I'm reppin the state

Of the Eighty Six Mets and the consecutive Yanks

Sixty Nine Jets and the catch on the face

That put the undefeated Bill Bellicheck in his place (Get outta here!
)

It's so safe when you nice with the ink

All my beef come with french fries and a drink

Nobody want it can you blame 'em though?

When you see me scream W-A after the Y-A-O

YAOWA!

You love my style this is not what you used to (Yeah!)

You-you-you-you love-love-l-l-love my style

Sing-Sing like Bilal!

Waddup, yo I gotchu!

Yo, waddup Joell-ah, Donnie wavy like a cell-ar

I heard a lotta rappers, but none of them are realer than me

Who's he? Donnie G.

Still popu-lar, rooftop one binocul-ar

Watchin over my state, 45 featherweight

Watchin over my plate, Audemar and the fast cars causin men hate

Who's the hottest now? That's an easy debate

Either way like 6 o'clock, Donnie's straight

I can easily go back to that Mary and Kate

White girl and be outside, very late

Nope! - I got a mill-ion of stash

Got a dream that Barack told me to take it out in cash

Bake's about to crash, shades on my eyes

'Cause I mixed it up with hash, hah yeah!

Witness greatness, take a flick

I run New York and it's not on a heating stick

Ha ha! NEW YORK KNICKS, BITCH!

You-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-You love my style

Y-Y-You-lo-lo-love-m-my-my-sty-style-ca-cause-I'm-n-

not what you used to

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