

So Wrong

Joell Ortiz

Cutting niggas down like the Amazon, for posin like the cameras
on ambush it with Joell Ortiz getting my Spanish on, Yo tengo
ambre we eating money it's Nathan a freak in these congregation
s speaking the conversation with people who facing Satan I bring
em the word of God, my observation's disturbing my words'll murder
your squad. I pull the trigger with my tongue grab your Bible like
Brigham Young spit fire my brain is a bigger gun I'm from Brooklyn
where I'm from we call a nigga son, it's cause we shinin through the
night break out the flashlight you must be on a short flight cause
you pack light behave man I beat up cavemen with stalagmites get
up and fight you too tired for another round they say I'm worshiping
the devil cause I run this town now let me run it down and raise the
stakes like a porterhouse with one fourth of the Slaughterhouse

The most exquisite, so gifted more like a wizard, I spit it a
rigid blizzard of lyrics, what I exhibit'll finish you lil midgits,
in minutes you'll all diminish for mimicking my image I'm the
sickest nigga forget it, you'll never be near as clever or better
every letter will sever your metal or medulla whatever you fellas
are feathers don't measure up well with a heavy medicine pedaler
incredible Pelle leather rocking Hip Hop Federer serving em every
word got a purpose murderous verses emerging beneath the surface
like volcanoes I burn every person on Earth should be nervous
become servants and worship the permanently perfect version of
merciless Copernicus I was sent from the stars an astronomer found
my bars a kilometer off of Mars near Andromeda a phenomena no
common thermometer's able to monitor my temperature the pressure'll
crush your barometer