

Q & A

Joell Ortiz

Let me tell you what I'ma do today
Today is just me and you, you and I for a Q and A
I know the questions you gon' ask, all I'ma do is say
what's on my mind; I'm just, tellin you why This ain't, snapback meets New Era
This new era gets smacked 'til they necks snap back and that goes for whoever
I ain't done workin, I'm just one person
that promise to keep this shit pure, like a young virgin
Your dumb version of hip-hop got us uncertain
Your daughter dress like a nigga, nigga your son's twerkin
I'm still a two-stepper, steppin with two heffers
Still step to your crew extra quick, that's what I do, let's just
tell 'em why I'm such a thoroughbred
Born and raised in that Brook', you shook, look what my borough bred
All this, time away from workin solo, snappin photos
with my bro-bros and the Slaughter's been an honor but I'm back to dolo
Feet is Nike, the hat is Polo, I'm no fashion logo
No gay bashin but if you tough then don't be actin homo
Let me tell y'all why I hit the tread
Wasn't to lose weight and get this bread, nah homie, you've been misled
Last year I shot a fair one with my nigga Fred
and damn near dropped dead, I should've won but I got whipped instead
I ain't like that so I stopped that liquor to the head
Dropped the Newports, copped new shorts and watched my figure shred
Y'all cuffin chickenheads
Speakin of cuffs, I made this slut marry my nigga in the Feds to give him visit head
Man let me tell y'all why I'm real rap
Why I don't need a rope chain or dress like Soul Train to bring that feel back
This for those who ain't know that Ortiz spit clean
It's e'ry lil' girl birthday, here's a +Sweet Sixteen+
Went from a 40 waist to a 3-6 jean
But that 40's still on my waist with a mean sixteen
But I ain't here to talk how I protect myself
Or how I lived in the gym last year to perfect my health
Nah, we could rap off, I'll off you rap niggaz with a rap off
the top, I ain't wrapped too tight, back off!
Off the back door into the bleachers, hit the teacher off the backboard
and in, y'all in the in-crowd but mad off
Y'all God and Mike in tight slacks
with hard bottoms, hit the bottom hard after you moonwalk like Mike Jack'

Huh, B-R-B, I don't mean I'll be right back
I mean B, y'all R&B singin, I write RAPS!
"But Ortiz, you went all complex and said the shit!"
Yeah you right, aight cool, let me extend the clip
Penmanship, my pen is sick, you in the pen's then hit the bench and lift
Chest against the bar and do a extra six
E'ry year it's some new nigga they put the best against
Put they neck on the line but I twist it up like "The Exorcist"
If I'm your comp I understand why you a pessimist
Point blank with an infrared scope, bet these pests'll piss
they pants, can't shoot at Godzilla, man them pellets itch
The fire that be leavin my mouth'll melt your whole relevance
You lil' niggaz, lil' boys is cute
My bars hard, they hurt like Ray Mercer, you don't want it duke
So save the subs for Quiznos, keep the talkin mute
Cause I'll punch you in your big nose and watch your faucet shoot
Y'all chasin pop hits, FUCK a pop hit
One of my joints pop? Sheeit, another check deposit!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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