# House Slippers (Explicit)

## Joell Ortiz

One two one two
Turn this thing up a lil' bit, yeah
For those who been wonderin what's goin on with Joell Ortiz
It's a lot man, a lot
Feels like I finally found my (House Slippers)
My mind was goin, I stood around niggaz
Wearin this poker face like I'm holdin aces
That so wasn't the case, this
business is such a business, don't take it personal
It's more than these beats and lettin verses go
Don't end up locked in and whylin
Like a deaf person buyin a Roley better watch what you signin
Freedom is overrated until they take it
When it's gone feel like nothin can replace it
Shakin the hand that's feedin you but you hate it
Disappointed in meetings cause of your weight, just
imagine this man with your career in his hands
Givin a fuck about your fans; he just lookin at that black and white
Seein you ain't sell too well
You tryin to tell him that you was on an indie that wasn't actin right
He don't care, them numbers fucked up his appetite
Your past just fucked you twice like a hermaphrodite
You watchin niggaz win who ain't half as nice
Faced with the choice of givin in or hit the pad and write
But see, the fans can't know
So you leakin freestyles and you nailed that flow
Kids leavin out of venues like, "He killed that show!"
Screamin YAOWA everywhere but you ain't on that though
Your loved ones sick all in the mist of this
Watchin moms shoot insulin is ridiculous
Your son got a mask on, his asthma bad
His older brother actin up cause he don't have his dad
The grind took forever but it happened fast
Listen close y'all, it happened fast
Red-Eye flights out to Cali, sign to Aftermath
Come back and sign to Koch, you and Allen laugh
You drop a album over here, left the label over there
Finally let it go y'all, the past's the past
Sorry for the delay on your order

But even in my off time I ran around the world with the Slaughter
My alter, ego is a quarter
of the best rap group but I'm back to bein me, yeah the Puerto
Rican, niggaz standin on the corner
with that work for the fiends who wanna hear him more maturer
Story from a project nigga, a New Yorker
Gettin money with the I'll-still-fuck-a-nigga-up-quick aura
Man, this ain't for radio play
This for the Radio Raheems who let their radio play
For the heads on the neck clickin, lookin for the best writtens
Turnin to their man like, "You hear what he say?"
Y'all niggaz tryna recreate back in the days
I'm just tryin to rap my ass off
Hopin maybe I'll impress a few niggaz from back in the day
Because I'm finishin these new niggaz that's rappin today
You turn this up, but not too loud niggaz
Feels like I finally found my (House Slippers)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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