

One Shot (Killed for Less) [feat. Fat Joe]

Joell Ortiz

Cook
(Yeah)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, uhh
It's that killa crack street music
(It's that Block Royal, Terror Squad music)
Crack, cook
(Joell Ortiz nigga)
Listen
(Nobody, what up)
One shot, two shot, three shot, oh, oh
That'll send him right to the morgue
Four shot, five shot, six shot, shit, shit
That's for the wife and the kids
(I don't care about your money or that shit on your chest)
Niggaz get killed for less
(And all that shit you be talkin' man we ain't impressed)
Niggaz get killed for less
Whether, closed caption or high definition
You could probably find me on that big screen, diamonds glistenin'
Ain't this a bitch man? That's Joey from the Bronx
And all the dirt he done, how the fuck he mix the songs nigga?
He ain't lyin', I'm a chemist on that table
My needle with the beige make the competition hate you
Couple deaths on the block, now they rate you
Lil' Dex'll pull the trigger if I say shoot
One shot, two shot 'nother nigga down
CSI searchin but his face can't be found nigga
Shit is crazy on the streets of the Bronx
Niggaz yellin' "Shots fired" but police won't respond
Where I'm from niggaz pump that bass
And holler at your lil' sister right in front of your face nigga
The working man's a sucker you heard, see
Nigga's gettin' hot for twenty years, still thirsty
I guess they share a bond with the 'caine
Now that's what I call rekindlin' old flames
Get it? Who else but Coca in the Rover?
Sports kitted, coulda been my 'ghini or my 'rossa
Life is for the living, get a chauffeur
Find yourself a bitch that don't mind eatin' chocha

We spit murder, you's a victim, boy
If that ass get flashy we'll stick ya, boy
One shot, two shot, three shot, oh, oh
That'll send him right to the morgue
Four shot, five shot, six shot, shit, shit
That's for the wife and the kids
(I don't care about your money or that shit on your chest)
Niggaz get killed for less
(And all that shit you be talkin' man we ain't impressed)
Niggaz get killed for less
Nah, so don't die over nothin, let your lil' crew gas ya ass
'Cause on my block I was the Doc, before aftermath
I had that, rock in the spot the fiends had to blast
When I, chopped it with pop and shoot past the glass
See I really hustle homie, this ain't no fabrication
They never called me back, I filled out many applications
Watchin' these corny niggaz come up, that was aggravatin'
So I hit the corner, told 'em beat it like they masturbatin'
I tried to have the patience
I asked God for the answers, he took too long to respond
So I had a chat with Satan
He told me my dreams ain't have to stay imagination
Turned my wrecked Timbs to a stretch Benz for my graduation
Had all the lil' sluts at my prom salivatin'
Scooped my diploma, I'm gone but I kept on calculatin'
Colleges holla cause every grade I had's amazin'
It was school books or cool looks when I pass with Daytons
Clappin' at plays or hearin' my new Magnum flamin'
Schoolgirls or I'ma earl, look who this bastard's blazin'
Long story short, man I had these faggots hatin'
I'm handsome, I'm cool, I got guap and I get it crack-a-latin'
I come from the place where you get your hood passes made in
A brook where the only thing shook's on the stove marinatin'
So when they say congratulations over the respect
My pad is gainin'
Know I ain't goin' back, I'm aimin' like
One shot, two shot, three shot, oh, oh
That'll send him right to the morgue
Four shot, five shot, six shot, shit, shit
That's for the wife and the kids
(I don't care about your money or that shit on your chest)
Niggaz get killed for less
(And all that shit you be talkin' man we ain't impressed)
Niggaz get killed for less
Aww, that's what the fuck I'm talkin' about

That real gangsta music, biatch
Like that shit, you like how that shit sounds nigga
Blat

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