

Sing Like Bilal

Joell Ortiz

[Intro: Sample Of Lil' Fame]

Sing Like Bilal![Joell Ortiz (Sample Of Lil' Fame):]

Uh! Uh! Y-Y, Y-Y-Y-YA OOOWWWWW!

J-J-Joell Ortiz, yeah (Sing-Sing like Bilal!)

Oh! Aiyyo Flex I got the kite, I was tuned in saturday night

Heh heh! You hear these guys?! (Sing-Sing like Bilal!)[Verse 1:]

You remove the big label that be backin them (Uh)

The moistened nine, ice the fake platinum

And bring it back to rap I will flatten them

I'm the best across the board like Tat and 'em

New York, If you feelin like me then you tired

Of listenin to liars, wishin it was fire

But none of them is hot not the flicker of a lighter

I'm about to blow up in they face Richard Pryor

Your industry buzz ain't valid on the streets loser

We don't care about them mags and them weak rumors

Your secret wack parties with free hookah

Ev'rybody walkin 'round tryin to be cooler

Nah! See I be where they keep ruegers

You ain't got to be in beefs the police shoot ya

The ox will give ya a I'll buck fifty

New rappers is cool but we still bump Biggie (Baby)

I walk and perfects with a I'll one with me

Fitted to the side on my Brooklyn shit

No V.I.P. I ain't shook for shit

I'm at the bar like afrter push ups and dips

As for this mic they don't want nothin (Why?)

'Cause I eat 'em for breakfast, oatmeal cornmuffins

Lil' insects y'all all buggin

Flex I got you, next time I'll call up and record somethin[Chorus: DJ Premier scratchin]

W-When you hear-W-W-When you heard me rewind me

From the city where niggas known for puttin in work ("Xzibit")

I-I-I-I make 'em nervous, I do it on purpose ("LL Cool J")

W-When you hear-W-W-When you heard me rewind me

From the city where niggas known for puttin in work ("Xzibit")

This here serious ("Erick Sermon")

Sing-Sing like Bilal! ("Lil Fame")[Verse 2:]

Check, I see your mouth movin, but you ain't sayin nothin

Ya boy's speakers all heat like my neighbor's oven

If I'm ANYWHERE near a mic, then I'm claimin somethin
I can't resist "The Temptation", David Ruffin
Hah! Who feelin froggy? Hop, kiddo!
I see to it Miss Piggy is a chopped widow
Before I saw gwap from Joell features
I had the corner on lock, Darrelle Revis
It's so I treat rap like coke, bet it
You want lines, gimme mines, homie no credit
Y'all was hyped about homes like, no sweat it
He turned out to be a "Bus", Jerome Bettis
I'm on my chiro shit now, "back" at it
Steady spittin that crack, I'm a crack addict
The belt sittin on my wiast, take a crack at it
My craft'll put you to sleep - hehe, Craftmatic

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