

# The Illest

## Far East Movement/Riff Raff

[Joell Ortiz]

Rusty 9 gettin gully on the roof  
This so rough, I left my skully on in the booth  
I drag my tin boots through the gutter with the troops  
Gotta fire at you while you with your mother on the stoop  
Aint nothing nice, filling 5 cent cups with ice  
Ass crack stuffed with the stuff that the custies like  
My flow inspired by po-po ridin by  
Cause lil Jojo let the fo fo iron fly  
So expect nothing but heat from me  
When the beat ugly, I sour dollar spit  
Aint nothing sweet money  
So whoever say Ortiz hungry is lying  
Im starving, Im famine, man I act like I never eat sonny  
I keep ya head nodding, when the bass pumpin  
And you can hate cousin, but dont say something  
And no face muggin, Im S-H-A-D-Y  
Slaughterhouse all day[Biggie]  
Lyrically Im untouchable, uncrushable  
Ask your friends, whos the illest?  
Lyrically Im untouchable, uncrushable  
Ask your friends, whos the illest?[Crooked I]  
Yeah, rap is in danger, Crooked I was born in a California manger  
God of the West caost, know the flow nice when youre signed to Shady Aftermath  
and used to be on Death Row.  
What am I, gun in eye, sing you a lullaby  
Nullify your skull in 5 seconds by putting a slug inside  
Run and hide, Im on some money goon shit  
Married to the streets, honeymoon shit  
Yeah, f-ck a bride  
Im bout to go Van Gogh and I have to reach for slavery guns  
That mean I draw a masterpiece  
I spit bars quick as a spliff sparks  
Writtensll kick start, split you in 6 parts  
Which part if Im the shit and you a skid mark did you not get?  
Put you in a ditch when its pitch dark  
Make your bitch suck my dick, clark?  
Thats what you get, heard that you a snitch  
Now get that tattoo that say life, cause you a bitch[Biggie]

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Ask your friends, whos the illest?[Joe Budden]  
Joey,  
I left the mask on, bury something, no disguise  
It couldnt get more official if it was notarized  
I want the pen on the jeweler for you to know whats fly  
Top of the chain of command if Im playing my game  
I better not overide, who think they over I  
Hoping it vocalise, this aint even a group  
Just one real nigga multiplied  
Listen in brutally if you tryna get fast  
I put my life on it like it was mast  
Better pray that this vicodin last  
If not rappers are in danger  
Niggas is in a box, Im tired of rappers in a Wrangler  
Will clap and rearrange ya, but I hate to make my pyschiatrist right  
And its exactly what she said will happen with my anger  
You cant relate to it, how you gon measure it, broke  
Cant treasure it, jokers just embezel it  
Its time to seperate the realness from the rhetoric  
I think one statement from B.I should settle this[Biggie]  
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Ask your friends, whos the illest?[Royce Da 5'9"]  
I said Im gunning for the muthaf-ckin king like a historical terror shot  
Im sittin in a Hilton rich like Paris pops  
Spread money around the whole town like ?  
Compare us not, Im a terrible terrorist plot  
You the character carrot top, while Im stomping on barriers til my ? stops  
like a triceratops when Im done roaming this earth  
Bury my bones in Mariah or Careys box  
Who you know answer with gun  
Shadys our home, we live with the GOAT like Julio from Sanford and Son  
Problem with a problem, got no love for my foes  
Yall just wearing red bottoms, I got blood on my sole  
We are dope we are postal, we not social  
On Twitter we block Oprah and Deepak Chopra  
Yall niggas think yall f-cking with us cause people quote ya singles  
Yeah right, you making ya f-cking point with broken fingers  
My dreams fulfilled like this cup full of potent tequila  
And Im bout to raise up and toast to dreamers[Biggie]  
Get your writing crew, get your writing crew

And they dopest rhymes, I get up in that ass everytime

Lyrical Im untouchable, uncrushable

Ask your friends, whos the illest?Get your writing crew, get your writing crew

And they dopest rhymes, I get up in that ass everytime

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