

# Unorthodox (Produced by DJ Premier)

## Joey Bada\$\$

We done came up  
Everybody love 'em  
On the regular Lookin' at popular colored faces  
Observing what my brothers faces in all races  
Lost in generations before hatred  
See with your eyes dilated for the sake of the Gs  
But keep it sacred G, fuck a rat race, we take the cheese  
Jack cheddar from the make believe  
Break the trees on they eighth CD  
Rocking the red and black lumberjack faithfully  
I'm a Brooklyn nigga, basically I grind with the grimiest  
Learn how to eat in the jungle full of hyenas  
And vultures, don't worry what a verse will cost ya  
From the young scorcher, just remember who taught ya  
I'm gonna spark it off unorthodox  
Won't sign to no major if no wager  
Less than a 3 million offer off the top  
I'll be in a box with my coughin' drops  
Why settle for a office spot?  
Niggas don't always make it off the block  
Unless they extort rocks or support the cops  
They still snitchin' let me guess, that's your mannequin?  
Leave 'em shook while you're standing and quit the shenanigans  
Have you panicking, induce damages 'til you're vanishing  
Words are told properly, resort top sea examin'in'  
This is for my real hip hop fans and 'em  
I dispose for 'em, leave fake MC's in the post mortem Cause money ain't a thing if I got it I won't spend  
All I got is my Pros, I don't need no friends  
Feel like this glory road is coming to an end  
The only soul that won't sin  
No he won't give in  
Yo this world is bone chillin'  
Make meals in hell's kitchen with these dishes  
Properly delivered drop trees in my swisher  
And bring that back to my property wit ya It ain't easy being this royal  
When you got this much going for you  
It ain't hard to be disloyal  
Comin' straight from the soil with lines that never coil  
Start to think pretty off new career with this spoil

The kid is that sick so expect more coffins  
I'm the chosen one so you can expect more offerings  
I be sonning niggas so expect less orphans  
Best rapper alive hear that line used less often  
Word to God I'm the best offering  
BMX like Hoffman, BMF like Ross man  
Young boss, man, got Jimmy Fallon endorsements  
From porches, to Porsches, getting portions of fortune  
They said next up so I stepped up  
Fly like I dressed up  
Bitches try to hang like left nuts  
Like orangutans in the west of  
Of the motherland, but I've got the swank of no other man  
Brother man  
They can't understand  
Pro Era boys pop rubber band Cause money ain't a thing if I got it I won't spend  
All I got is my Pros, I don't need no friends  
Feel like this glory road is coming to an end  
The only soul that won't sin  
No he won't give in  
Yo this world is bone chillin'  
Make meals in hell's kitchen with these dishes  
Properly delivered drop trees in my swisher  
And bring that back to my property wit ya Everybody love 'em  
We done came up  
I'ma spark it off unorthodox  
They don't feel the name, but they say the music dope though  
I'ma spark it off unorthodox  
On the regular

Songwriters

IAN GEORGE BROWN, JOHN SQUIRE, ELLIOT GLEAVE, JERMAINE SINCLAIRE SCOTT, IYIOLA

BABATUNDE BABALOLA, DARREN EMILIO LEWIS Published by

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