

Nursery Rhyme

Joell Ortiz

I said ah-one-two one-two
Right about now is the time
I kick a nursery rhyme (uhh)
Goddamn it he did it again, didn't he?
Hickory dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock
So it's time to get the cheese, y'all be rhymin like yo please
I got that second bowel flow, I'm rhymin with the ease
You never see me on lists inside these magazines
But I'm +The Source+ of rap discussions, they Vibe-in with Ortiz
In my +XXL+ shirt, lion over my jeans
It's like I'm fightin in Europe, I'm fire overseas!
Hip-Hop's messiah, bring your sire to his knees
I'm "nevaeh" in reverse, paradise in the P's
I'm Iron Mike in the '80s in the black trunks
Act pump ya lyin on your back slump, all my lions pack punch
Who wan' be rap lunch? Me make your snack chump
Ya likkle pistol pack pack pump, me mac dump!
Fast munch, I reckon you stay away from the wreckin ball
If I swing in your direction I'll level you all like a measured wall
The itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout
Down came the rain and washed the spider out
I'm the definition of ill, Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water, I took Jack's crown and pushed him down
I manslaughter all around the damn border
Optimus in his +Prime+, a fuckin Transformer!
Walk in any club I'm the subject of camcorders
So I'm slidin out the back e'ry night with a man's daughter
Puttin my you-know-what, you know where
No not down there, in between both ears
Leave my seeds on they nose hairs, oh yeah I go there
What the fuck you expect? I fuck necks 'til they throat tears
Embody the projects, symbolize the struggle
Where the kids pawn my object to minimize the trouble
I been in rides with duffle bags stuffed with the crack
Few years later I put them same drugs on the track
Got the globe hot from coca in a flow you can't toca
So listen close chocha, CLLATE LA BOCA
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are

Goddamn I'm the man, Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow
I skinned him and ROCKED that lil' nigga to my show
I be dipper than an O-, R-E-O cookie I'mma milk 'em for this dough
I'm a pilgrim with the hoes - I could rock a Plymouth Sundance
In dumb pants and still thank her for givin me a blow, job
No prob, they go home I go. hard
And find another broad to hump free/Humphrey, Bo-gart
John Rambo got ammo for whole squads
I rhyme over a banjo and handle yo' bars
I'm high and won't fall like a dope nod
I'm outta here, every rhyme's a postdated postcard
Don't mention my name, just keep playin yo' part
Cause I got a +Gang+ of +Wolves+, Amadeus Mozart's
I don't smile, ain't gon' set it
See you in the hospital spellin YAOWA, Yo' Ass On Wild Anesthetics!
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O
And on this farm he had you ducks, garbage with your flow
Y'all can't fuck with Joell
Y'all just be sayin stuff that only he can understand
Ha ha, the little kids, hehe
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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