

Decisions

Joell Ortiz

Mmm...

Oh boy

I'm just sayin', I should just... I don't know

Think about this man, think about this road

A lot to lose, man

Uh

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, now which way I'ma go

Keep moving this fire blow or spit a fire flow

Git the booth or hit the stoop and watch the sirens glow

Carry a gat or a napsack, my nigga, I don't know

Decisions, decisions, writtens are sick in the kitchen

Ryhme flex or Pyrex, which is your vision?

Hit the block or book a studio block

Push a rock or push yourself to rock a number one spot, hmm

Hit 'em with that bounce and find a nice pocket

Or stash another 8-ball in your side pocket

Kill 'em with the talent or kill 'em with talons

Metaphors and similes or meddle with chimineys

Small hallways or songs all day

Carry a sword off gauge or get hauled off stage, hmm

Hit the plug and get a quarter or write some quotes, boy

Have 'em like, 'That boy dope!' or be a dope boy

Decisions, decisions

Honestly, I don't know what to do

This rap don't pay the bills but these crills, man they move

But if I go to jail, man I lose

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Get it in my neighbourhood or fuck up the city

12 12 skinnies or plug up the mitty

Have the fiends feeling like they base jumping

'Cause your base jumping or get that base jumping

Decisions, decisions, trust me, this wasn't too easy

Stay in trap or try to rap and keep up with Weezy

Try to impress Nas, Jay and Eazy, get your CD

Up in piece and riches or keep gettin' rich off the PC

Show off in that whip 'cause your album is sick or shit

Pull up to that bitch 'cause you're Alpo and rich

Go in and out of town to get that show money

Or go in and out of town to get that low money

Fill that sneaker box, 999 trap money

Or W9s, 99s and tax money

Working single non-stop until you make it crack

Or that powder in a pot until you make it crack

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