

Grammy

Joell Ortiz

I don't need your awards that's not what I look towards
I don't want a reward for any song I record
I don't gotta look back to know that I'm moving forward
I ain't try to compete, buy things that I can't afford
I'm just doing me... rhyming beautifully like the bluest sea
I mean musically I'm like truancy
You gon' learn today there's no schooling me
All my rap classmates no not to fool wit me
Check my rap sheet, 2 or 3 eulogies
Lock me up, lose the key for everything I do to beats
For those who wouldn't sign me I ain't losing sleep
I put the past behind me like we drew up a sweep
Came up rough, I know what to do with defeats
I turn all of those to motivational musical speech
Oh, and by the way, guess what I'm doing to eat
Yup, rapping... who cares about the snapping
Of the pictures and the carpets and the fake hands clapping
And the should of been me's in all the afterpartys acting
Like you having a good time but you guzzling down yac
And tryna be accepted by people who tryna do the same
I'm just tryna hit the booth with flames
Plus I suck at being corny so I don't play the music games
All the politics is stupid lame
If you ain't Billy Dance then I don't co-sign the shit y'all do for fame
A lot of of y'all don't know who I'm talking about
Cause you ain't from where they'll M.O.P you up when you walk out the house
We have nothing in common except our love for rhyming
No nominee, but y'all know what category I'm in...
I don't think that any rapper could do me any harm
Wit this word designing, like a lineman I defend my arm
But if you wanna step, then bring it on
And catch this hook, not the type that make you sing along...

I may not ever win a Grammy but I'm taking care of me and my family and that
's a win to me

Ok, lemme open this up...

And the rap album of the year goes to:

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Make some noise for 'em wooo!

Alright yea...

How so? I grew up in a single parent household
Pick up the house phone it's no dial tone
When the cable wasn't out though...
I would watch Tom and Jerry on the floor near a mouse hole
Intro to my life but the outro
Much different, see them credits rolling down slow
I'd like thank God I owe this to you
Thank Dennis for introducing me to the booth
I escaped holding 9s in the projects
Now I'm a artist working on my 9th project
Somebody tell 9th Wonder I'm the object
Of Rap discussion why I ain't get the Grammy nod yet?

Lotta politicizing and some bottom kissing
I ain't got the time I'm renovating my momma kitchen
Did her bathroom since we have a pot to piss in
No more lobby pitching, this is honest living
Just left the hospital seeing a fan
That was in a car collision and met another one with a heart condition
We had a lotta laughs keeping optimistic
Before I left we took pics, I told the doctors get in!
This real world not a gram post
Life turned into the story that my hands wrote
Man I'm bout to world tour for the 3rd time
All because of how crazy I make these words rhyme

Sold out shows, they cheering for me
I can't believe that everyone here is for me
Last stop Moscow minus 20 degrees
I'm a fly in from the snow and land on a beach
Relax in some water that's clear as can be
I went from airing beef to airing these beats
If there ever was a day they was sharing a seat
I'm sure I wouldn't have a problem preparing a speech

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