

Human (Outro)

Joell Ortiz

Fuck it
Had to talk my shit to y'all, don't hate it or love it
Just respect it and be honored
That I'm standin' in your presence, it's the Yaowa
We ain't promised tomorrow
I grew up in a single household, my mama was father
My uncle was junkie
My cousin was a dickhead tryin' to punk me
My other cousin got bodied cause of a stupid color
My projects is a live set, we shoot at each other
Some niggas is 'bout it, some niggas is scared
But even the 'bout it niggas fear, the worry is shared
Vision blurry, impaired
Pickin' up pace in the hood and I hurry to where
Same corner store, same faces in front of it
Same dice game, same 40 and same blunt is lit
Same couple of schemes to get a hundred quick
Some niggas is grimy, scheme on who they runnin' with
But see I was smart, I bought another clip
Never wait to get shot at to shoot, that's some dummy shit
It was just me, no brothers or sis
No one to tell I'm plummeted to a fuckin' abyss
Them drug dealers at my door again
My mom's meetin' 'em in the hall again
I swear when I grow up I'm killin' all of them
Man that shouldn't be your thoughts after 10
But that's the life that I was brought up in
I never had a choice
Walkin' through the livin' room, hearin' my granny voice
Like "Don't you be just like the rest of them
Your boy [?], yeah they arrested him"
But little Joell, he ain't let it get the best of him

Fuck it
Had to talk my shit to y'all, don't hate it or love it
I'm just human
I'm only human
I'm talkin' pre-music
Pre-money, pre-fame, pre-groupies, just highwaters
Comin' out the snow, peelin' your socks off yah
Freezin' just to find out there's no hot water
Man I had packed roaches
That couch is 20 years old but it's the best sofa
Moms ain't cook yesterday so ain't no leftovers
Still every fuckin' Halloween I would egg yolk yah
We lit the staircase up with cap gun revolvers
Playin' cops and robbers
Funny, I'm lookin' back now, we all wanted to be robbers
We didn't respect the coppers
We used to go up to the roof and throw rocks at the choppers
Fast forward, I'm at the table, the rock gettin' chopped up
That Reebok sneaker box is startin' to get guapped up
Your jewelry and clothes, that's startin' to pop up
I'm a teenager now, much more than a monster
I stole a Hyundai Elantra and crashed it into a Honda
I'm in the backway with a bird and I'm standin' behind her
I remember that first feeling, remember that first feeling

No condom, I was illin'

Dead ass

Young, dumb with a gun and just feining to turn you to a dead ass

I remember that night I borrowed my nigga Fred's mask

And they found son in the street, nobody know what happened but

Yeah I still jump out of my sleep

Let me leave that right there before I incriminate myself

Behind this beat

My life ain't sweet

It's sort of like finders keepers

And you'll be surprised by some of the shit these finders keep

Keep, I can no longer do

I can't keep this all to myself, I must give some to you

Before music, the only check I got was summer youth

Yeah I'm a rapper but I'm still... I'm still one of you

Human