

Latino Pt. 2

Joell Ortiz

Cry first and laugh last
Television was on, we never had dads
And the city was flooded with mad crack
Cause they experiment on minorities like we lab rats
Priorities, it's fuck authority
A man that can stand on his own and show maturity
I ain't ever ask for a loan, I've been supportin' me
Takin' cash from hoes like a sorority
Oh yeah they comin' for your life
Con Ed, I'm comin' for your light
It's bonded, I'm livin' out of spite
You ain't bleed then it wasn't worth the fight
I'm givin' y'all bread and water, ah bread and water all they get
And it ain't shakin' no hands, so fuck your politics
This isn't makin' a [?], I burn a lot of bridges down
Then I played in the ash like fuck a following
All we ever wanted was good pussy and credit scores
Their own cars is better than all our rentals are
I'm sick of y'all, dudes switchin' and gettin' hot
Like Bruce Jenner and menopause
Ain't never told us detox the senators
I say they sent us to detox the criminals
So the minute that we pop his genitals
Emilio ain't gon' ever fall, I told y'all

Everybody pressin' charges, they ain't change where I'm from
It's no game, even Ndamukong Suh
Connect try to keep me out the loop
It's canine proof, all my birds in the coop
Niggas wanna see me in the cage (but why?)
My lawyer gets surprised with the money I save (ching ching!)
I'm low like Fetty Wap's left eye
I coulda sworn I saw Left Eye in Best Buy
Nike slippers, read the paper on the milk crates
Sippin' Arizona, I got stripes like a Zebra Cake
Believe me, fast money like a relay
Shopped in SoHo when Prince Street had replays
>D-day?<, I love my heritage
And fuck the race, if you real you my relative
Why so sensitive?
The revolution will be tele-vized
Excuse the grammar, I'm a ghetto kid
My grandma still alive and all 11 kids
Only my father made it, let's reminisce another time
Bought a watch with these bars to kill time
Sick in the head, now that's an ill mind
Shine like a d-d-diamond [?] young
I said one day I'd have a Lambo, not a Hyundai
I kill for these stacks like Jimmy Caan
Wait let a G win like the Padres
Let a G win like Tony's last name
Who played first base for San Diego
Had to break it down
Fuck the cops, we gotta triumph
Fight for Freddie right now, it's about to be more riots
They wanna kill the youth when they need more guidance
With more violence you can only expect more defiance

It's hard to be vocal when they shoot you up and choke you
Die unexpected if the wrong one approach you
Sharpton ain't doin' enough, where's all the leaders?
Breakin' the same laws, we follow how they teach us
I never seen a thug win a million with Regis
Or a single mother from the ghetto either
Fuck y'all

It's a small island in the Caribbean that we be in
Goes by the name of Puerto Rico

Nigga the champ is here, Cassius Clay in his prime
The Mike Tyson, Bruce Lee, Stephen Hawking of rhymes
Combined with Einstein's mind and then refined like it's wine
I write divine lines, I fill my time by feelin' these dimes
Fill my satisfaction with valid rappin' and Magnum clappin'
Fact I haven't felt emotions that's potent since daddy's passin'
I'm the Marilyn Manson of pattern relax in baths of acid
I got True Religion jeans, if I kill you it's act of passion
I'm a dragon rap admiral managing slapping your laterals
Aptitude is ample to pass all the rap masters
Who master it, cracking ribs like >clashing mandible????<
Put you in the earth, what it's worth you can act natural
The pragmatistical mathematical rappin' cannibal
Who ramp with animals, Bronx nigga that has an attitude
You see my avenue is compatible with a battle room
I never sold crack, just wrote dope lines to hand to you
Package that, I got the Cadillac of flows
Cataracs these hoes cause I'm soundin' like platinum gold
You never see a ghost, that's what me and my dad was told
So now I'm pickin' up the torch while these labels haggle my soul
Y'all can suck the undercuts of my nuts while I take a shit
Only spend nights, I don't gotta know what patience is
All you niggas bitches, to exist you gotta take my rent
Blow your fuckin' head off clean bro, save the witness

Latino, I'm that and I'm proud
If you don't know us, let me tell you about
Niggas that slam their dominoes loud, let you see copy
[?] cheek choffy
Cherry coco, peña drip 'til your teeth sloppy
Hustlers become connects when they need papis
Nissan, Honda, Chevy on the back block
Runnin' routes with the bow bow in the stash box
When I speak it's chop yaow, I'm a New Yorican
Calderon on the phone, I'm in [?] creepin'
Y'all hangin' on resorts to just chill
I'm in the casa, rios take a walk down the hill
One way in, one way out, where y'all all could get killed
Leave them niggas alone, that's how the officers feel
Nigga, my people, beach, 98 gettin' our tan on
Slippers walkin' on [?], hittin' the sand strong
But plan wrong, it will transform
Wet you then find a Jet Blue out to San Juan
We don't look for parties, the party's wherever we go
Turn the corner section to the 4th of Julio
Too much to fit in one 16
So let me cook like the festival on 1/16
Mean, my career's been like one sick dream
A nightmare, scary how I does this thing
You ain't elite, I'm made of deep
God thought he was stuntin' when he created me
Rap's Bobby Fischer, nigga please take a seat

I made you in three moves: ink, paper, beat
Y'all keep playin', nigga, we play for keeps
Stop claimin' to be what my eyes don't see though
Every verse I spit, you get an 'ay dios mio'
This time with my amigos, Latinos