

Light A L

Joell Ortiz

Man y'all niggas don't know me, let me finish my water
So much more to me, I feel like I oughta
Tell you all about the minority from the corner
Just tryna make some money to feed my daughter
Well in my case, two sons, in the hood with loose crumbs
And niggas that should be hooked on phonics
Hooked to new guns, even the police shoots them
This where the Puerto Rican member of that group from
Half gallons of cognac, on the train car packed
Headed up to the Deuce to bring some broads back
Poof, get into somethin', where my hawk at?
Ooh this finna get disgusting
Man all you fake hood niggas, boy y'all ain't missin' nothin'
We bring gun barrels to fights
I miss my cousin, they did him like Harold at the light
But we rode down on that nigga like Cam'Ron on that bike
Tryna get paid in full, my trays was full
A half moon made my fade look cool, a younger Yaowa
Sunflower seeds, house keys in the Eddie Bauer
Hood top to bottom, pass the bottle around
Everybody tap the bottom, take out my tops and bottoms

Light a L in the staircase and start a cypher
Freestylin' made my bars get tighter
I 'member the time I'd say, "Yo spark the lighter"
Breathe in these trees and start a forest fire
Niggas went crazy, then I got my ass whipped for pullin' an all nighter
Helped tag in the lumber yard
Me and Hunt threw the Ps, cops and robbers
In the stairs, man I see it like I'm there, swear to fuckin' God
Growin' up, it was fuckin' hard
But that's why I'm fuckin' hard

[?] in the summer, low whites under
More sun, more aggie, more fights, none of
Them bitches wanted it but Leisha, man she throw that thunder
Grease on her face, scarfed up in the Polo pajamas
Johnny pump open, wet your car, get bold if you wanna
Will wet your car with somethin' different, roll back 'round that corner
Hip-hop with Mellie then hit pot and scaley
Then sneak up to my roof and get sick mop from Shelly
I'm a project nigga, in my project lobby
Takin' project pictures with my project army
Standin' in the hall and lighin' candles for the fallen
Reminisclin', sippin', snifflin', and missin' all them
Hide piece and butter, come and get your supper
A game of steel and bacon, niggas waitin' on their number
I remember when it was hard if you could go outside
You was watchin' from your window, nigga

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Dutch paper
Incinerator
Elevators
Nosey neighbors
Guns barkin'
Cops barkin'
Dogs barkin'
My mom's barkin'

Aye fellas I gotta get out of here, man, my mom's trippin'. I'm comin' up now. I'd like to thank everybody in Cooper Projects, Brooklyn for turnin' that little boy into the man that I am today. Yeah me no play