

# One Shot (Killed For Less)

Joell Ortiz

Cook! (Yeah!)  
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah, uhh  
It's that killa crack street music  
(It's that Block Royal, Terror Squad music)  
Crack, cook (Joell Ortiz nigga)  
Listen (Knobody, WHAT UP!)

One shot, two shot, three shot, OHH! OHH!  
That'll send him right to the morgue  
Four shot, five shot, six shot, shit, shit  
That's for the wife and the kids  
(I don't care about your money or that shit on your chest)  
Niggaz get killed for less!  
(And all that shit you be talkin man we ain't impressed)  
Niggaz get killed for less!

Whether, closed caption or high definition  
You could probably find me on that big screen, diamonds glistenin  
"Ain't this a bitch man? That's Joey from the Bronx  
And all the dirt he done, how the fuck he mix the songs nigga?"  
He ain't lyin, I'm a chemist on that table  
My needle with the beige make the competition hate you  
Couple deaths on the block, now they rate you  
Lil' Dex'll pull the trigger if I say shoot  
One shot, two shot, 'nother nigga down  
CSI searchin but his face can't be found nigga  
Shit is crazy on the streets of the Bronx  
Niggaz yellin "Shots fired" but police won't respond  
Where I'm from niggaz pump that bass  
And holler at your lil' sister right in front of your face nigga  
The working man's a sucker you heard, see  
Nigga's gettin hot for twenty years, still thirsty  
I guess they share a bond with the 'caine  
Now that's what I call rekindlin old flames  
Get it? Who else but Coca in the Rover?  
Sports kitted, coulda been my 'ghini or my 'rossa  
Life is for the living, get a chauffeur  
Find yourself a bitch that don't mind eatin chocha  
We spit murder, you's a victim, boy  
If that ass get flashy we'll stick ya, boy!

Nah.. so don't die over nothin, let your lil' crew gas ya ass  
Cause on my block I was the Doc, before Aftermath  
I had that, rock in the spot the fiends had to blast  
When I, chopped it with pop and shoot past the glass  
See I really hustle homie, this ain't no fabrication  
They never called me back, I filled out many applications  
Watchin these corny niggaz come up, that was aggravatin  
So I hit the corner, told 'em beat it like they masturbatin  
I tried to have the patience  
I asked God for the answers, he took too long to respond so I had a chat wit  
h Satan  
He told me my dreams ain't have to stay imagination  
Turned my wrecked Timbs to a stretch Benz for my graduation  
Had all the lil' sluts at my prom salivatin  
Scooped my diploma, I'm gone but I kept on calculatin

Colleges holla cause every grade I had's amazin  
It was school books or cool looks when I pass with Daytons  
Clappin at plays or hearin my new Magnum flamin  
Schoolgirls or I'ma earl, look who this bastard's blazin  
Long story short, man I had these faggots hatin  
I'm handsome, I'm cool, I got guap, and I get it crack-a-latin  
I come from the place where you get your hood passes made in  
A brook where the only thing shook's on the stove marinatin  
So when they say congratulations over the respect my pad is gainin  
Know I ain't goin back, I'm aimin like

AOWWWW! That's what the fuck I'm talkin about  
That real gangsta music, BIATCH!  
Like that shit, you like how that shit sounds nigga  
BLAT!