

Word...

Joell Ortiz

Mmh

Not true though

Shit

These bitches tell it all, you ain't special nigga
This what that pussy whipped pillow talk will get ya
You ain't even knew I knew Vanessa did ya, that's besides the point
From manhunt to escapin' that manhunt when we robbed the joint
We smoked Ls to the brain on the roof
Washed it down with a cup of E&J and a loose
We got fly and rode trains to the deuce
When I got signed I had models let niggas run train and chuck deuce
But when the change low, here the change go
And real niggas never 'posed to mention when they exchange doe
Them quote unquote loans was gifts, did I complain?
No, 'cause you was my nigga
Now my nigga tryna line me up but trust me boy I'm ready fam
I got a whole lotta fetty and my shooters got a steady hand
So you come try to take what I used to offer
And that block where you stand is that block they gon' scrape you off
of

Word to my mother

Word to my mother

I can't stand you, you can't stand me
Later on that night, fine and dandy
We break up Monday, Tuesday family
That was just us though 'cause you was my candy
Sweeter than a liquor-ish twizzler, thicker than a Snicker
My lil snack, I go way back witcha
I payed ya mom's rent when that welfare dissed her
I put hands on that dude that used to hit your sister
For this song you'll be Melissa
Melissa you let me down, I tohught you'd always my hitta
My hitta been makin' rounds, I saw the paperwork off Victor
You pointin' niggas out singing' like the Pointer Sisters, damn nigga
What you gon' say, you'd never tell on me?
Or put a cell on me? Not Joell Ortiz
Do me a favor lose that number to that cell on me
And respectfully get the hell outta my Vee

Word to my mother

Word to my mother

Wow