

Joe Budden

"The Illest"

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[Joell Ortiz]Rusty 9 gettin' gully on the roof
This so rough, I left my skully on in the booth
I drag my tin boots through the gutter with the troops
Gotta fire at you while you with your mother on the
stoop
Aint nothing nice, filling 5 cent cups with ice
Ass crack stuffed with the stuff that the custie's like
My flow inspired by po-po ridin' by
Cause lil Jojo let the fo' fo' iron fly
So expect nothing but heat from me
When the beat ugly, I sour dollar spit
Aint nothing sweet money
So whoever say Ortiz hungry is lying
I'm starving, I'm famine, man I act like I never eat
sonny
I keep ya head nodding, when the bass pumpin'
And you can hate cousin, but don't say something
And no face muggin', I'm S-H-A-D-Y
Slaughterhouse all day

[Biggie]Lyrically I'm untouchable, uncrushable
Ask your friends, who's the illest?
Lyrically I'm untouchable, uncrushable
Ask your friends, who's the illest?

[Crooked I]Yeah, rap is in danger,
Crooked I was born in a California manger
God of the West coast, know the flow nice when you're
signed to Shady Aftermath
and used to be on Death Row.
What am I, gun in eye, sing you a lullaby
Nullify your skull in 5 seconds by putting a slug inside
Run and hide, I'm on some money goon shit
Married to the streets, honeymoon shit
Yeah, f-ck a bride
I'm 'bout to go Van Gogh and I have to reach for
slavery guns
That mean I draw a masterpiece
I spit bars quick as a spliff sparks
Writtens'll kick start, split you in 6 parts
Which part if I'm the shit and you a skid mark did you

not get?

Put you in a ditch when it's pitch dark
Make your bitch suck my dick, clark?
That's what you get, heard that you a snitch
Now get that tattoo that say life, cause you a bitch

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[Joe Budden]Joey,
I left the mask on, bury something, no disguise

It couldn't get more official if it was notarized
I want the pen on the jeweler for you to know what's fly
Top of the chain of command if I'm playing my game
I better not override, who think they over I
Hoping it vocalise, this aint even a group
Just one real nigga multiplied
Listen in brutally if you tryna get fast
I put my life on it like it was mast
Better pray that this vicodin last
If not rappers are in danger
Niggas is in a box, I'm tired of rappers in a Wrangler
Will clap and rearrange ya, but I hate to make my
pyschiatrist right
And it's exactly what she said will happen with my
anger
You can't relate to it, how you gon' measure it, broke
Can't treasure it, jokers just embezel it
It's time to separate the realness from the rhetoric
I think one statement from B.I should settle this,

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[Royce Da 5'9"]I said I'm gunning for the muthaf-ckin'
king like a historical terror shot
I'm sittin' in a Hilton rich like Paris pops
Spread money around the whole town like ?
Compare us not, I'm a terrible terrorist plot
You the character carrot top, while I'm stomping on
barriers til my ? stops
like a tricerotops when I'm done roaming this earth
Bury my bones in Mariah or Carey's box
Who you know answer with gun
Shady's our home, we live with the GOAT like Julio from
Sanford and Son

Problem with a problem, got no love for my foes
Ya'll just wearing red bottoms, I got blood on my sole
We are dope we are postal, we not social
On Twitter we block Oprah and Deepak Chopra
Y'all niggas think ya'll f-cking with us cause people
quote ya singles
Yeah right, you making ya f-cking point with broken
fingers
My dreams fulfilled like this cup full of potent tequila
And I'm bout to raise up and toast to dreamers

[Biggie]Get your writing crew, get your writing crew
And they dopest rhymes, I get up in that ass everytime
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