

## Joell Ortiz "125 Part 4 (Finale)"

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(Yeah)  
Dear Lord (word)  
Why do I feel how I feel?  
I could move a thousand bundles of krills (uh huh)  
I could hit the lottery for a mil  
Money no longer make me smile, it's wild  
Stress hurt like burying your first child (word)  
I'm really losin' my drive to do this music (damn)  
If it don't happen after this, I'm through with it (done)  
Twenty-five, still live at my mom's crib, two kids  
Ever heard that saying, "so smart you're stupid"?  
That's me  
Fourteen and change on my S.A.T.'s  
Chose the project over college, what a fuck up (fuck)  
On the block hollering at bitches like "fuck you, you  
stuck up"  
But what could a shorty see in a jerk, a man when she  
leave?  
A man when she get back from work  
What am I worth? (huh?)  
Then they said my pay could get me out the P's  
But he been away for five, so he don't see what I see  
(woof)  
Mom's like "turn that down, I can't hear my T.V. (shit)  
Worrying about them beats, I ain't raised no deadbeats  
(but Iâ€”)  
Better find you a application boy, get up on yo feet"  
(right)  
Though your E.D.'s was dirty, my rhyme book was neat  
(ya)  
Plus I ink my heart and soul in 'em sheets (but uh)  
Holla at me though (word)  
I'm so unhappy yo  
Don't wanna be the dude in the barbershop that coulda  
made it (nah)  
And decipher when young boys spittin' shit that's  
outdated  
And 'em niggas walkin' away like homie was overrated  
(damn)  
Life ain't a bitch  
Life is life and I hate it  
Never tried suicide, I ain't got the heart to pull it

Know your brain feel pain when it stained by that bullet  
(whoa)  
I don't wanna live  
Yet I don't wanna die (die)  
And have God say "you was about to do it, Joell why? "  
(why)  
Daddy, do you even care that yo boy is still alive? (uhh)  
Ain't seen you since '83, hello to you to (damn)  
Guess I was unimportant, and you had to do you  
Sad that I had to guess, that just added to my stress  
Mom did her best— man, fuck that, I don't get it  
How could you just go and forget that I existed? (your  
son)  
Guess I'm not like you  
'Cause I ain't a punk (no way)  
I don't run away from problems, I solve 'em and man  
up (what)  
Mom said I got a step-brother named Jamel  
A older sister as well  
Forgot her name  
Why did we never meet?  
I was the only child (uh huh)  
Who wasn't an only child (uh huh)  
Who felt lonely, wow (wow)  
How can I tell my sons about a grandpa I ain't know?  
(you can't)  
I'm done with you, yo next topic  
I miss you James, I seen your daughters last month  
They gettin' big (yeah)  
I know you surprised in heaven that Yvette had a kid  
(haha)  
Wish we could sip one more blueie together (one more)  
In that RX-7, we all smelt like gas (haha)  
Still we hopped in the pool, shopped off with her ass  
(shaw)  
P.A. ain't the same without you  
Whenever me and P.O. get bent, that's my word  
We think about you (word)  
Rollin' up your sleeve, that's when we knew you was  
drunk  
Remember that time your armpit had that yellowish  
stuff? (haha)  
What the fuck was that? (yeah)  
Be proud of me, I'm coming up in rap (what)  
Jus waiting on my dough, you know the biz (biz)  
What up with Miz? Tell that nigga I say "what up? "  
DeVon gettin' better in b-ball, his tall ass is tryna dunk  
(haha)  
Through this gift right here, I promise to stay in touch  
One, when will this bus come? Been waitin' on this ride  
for years (years)

All my shirts is stiff from the driest tears  
What the fuck? I'm knife, the world need to know  
(c'mon)  
Comments on HipHopGame say "honestly, he should  
blow" (Joell)  
All these meetings was lame, every one is the same  
(where we goin'?)  
I pop in my demo and everyone blows insane  
Walk out the building, head higher than cocaine  
Only for me to never ever hear from them again  
(damn)  
That's why I contemplate puttin' my pen away  
But I don't, 'cause muh'fuckers did the same shit to Jay  
(word)  
Coincidence? Nah, I don't believe in those (fuck em)  
Shit happens for a reason, if this was meant, I'll know  
(word)  
What do I got to do, Lord? My song's is tight (uh huh)  
My shows is jam-packed, I'm hip hop's "anthrax" (sick)  
Nobody can touch me but I'm still in the hood  
How could you leave me around danger when your  
boy's this good?  
Patience is a virtue but enough is enough (yeah)  
By the time I get on I'll be to tired to celebrate  
Yeah, I know I'm lying, I'll wake up when I get that cake  
(haha)  
First thing I'll cop is a plane ticket and escape (flyy)  
I don't care where just far away from here (gone)  
Turn my phone off, I'll fold my beach chair and just  
stare (look at this shit)  
Like "hell yeah, life"  
Told you we twinkle our toes in the sand that's white  
(c'mon)  
Last one to the ocean is weak  
And swim in the water that's clear enough to stand up  
and see your feet (damn)  
But that's only "if", if "If" was a CEO (what)  
We'd all have a deal (huh)  
We'd all sell a mil (word)  
I'm talkin' to underdogs who feel how I feel  
Well y'all can't feel how I feel, but you know what I  
mean  
Right now I can only write about the things I've seen  
(cool though)  
Sounds sad but, I could fit that in a sixteen  
And the furthest I ever been was L.A. for a couple of  
days  
Can't front, the plane was smooth and in front of the  
train (haha)  
And anyway, everything ain't okay  
I'm try and live for today, but tomorrow's a repeat of

yesterday (psyche)  
Same shit, different paper  
Another let down, but they disguise it this time with a  
different answer (damn)  
The game's scared to gamble and they know I'm nice  
(c'mon)  
How you gonna double up yo dough if you don't roll  
'em dice? (damn)  
It's a fifty-fifty chance, but in my case, it's ninety-nine  
to one (one)  
The one is what I'm gon' say when I'm done havin' fun  
with these tracks  
'Cause yes, it's so, so easy (yeah)  
Like readin' the Good Book in a room with no T.V.  
(what)  
No I ain't braggin', just a confident kid (uh huh)  
That ain't reaping the benefits he deserved for  
conquering "this" (c'mon)  
"This" meaning the crowd (crowd), the art (art), hip hop  
itself  
I am the one, Neo is my son  
People, I'm from the bottom just like you  
If you ain't from the bottom, no offense, but are not  
who I write to (nah)  
I'm the underdog's underdog, I love the R's (love 'em)  
Joey feels so much better when the road was hard  
(ahh)  
I can't wait, literally  
I'm the epitome of what a real nigga Emcee should be  
(uh uh)  
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