Joell Ortiz "Iron On You"

Visit "Iron On You" on MotoLyrics.com

These little groupies talk nigga
That's how you feel home boy?
You don't want them kind of problems
I'm tryna tell you man, no you don't
You don't want that
I'ma do this on joint
And I ain't talking no more, word to my mother

Beef is real on my side of town
Keep your eye on all them punk plus that ride around
Beef will provide all them siren sounds
And your moms with extra tear drops sliding down
Beef will have you relocating
But we gonn catch up to you lil homie
We so patient
Beef's what you don't want with me
No money on your head, get it for free

I hope you keep iron on you
I hope you keep iron on you
You niggas act tough running round with all them
guards
Reach faggot niggas, y'all ain't hard
I hope you keep iron on you
I hope you keep iron on you
And know that

Y'almost got me fucked up
I'm hood I will fuck y'all up
I'm signed to one nigga
That's signed to jimmy nigga
And run with 3 niggas that can't be touched
But it ain't about all them bars now
I'm tryna let you know who I are now
This rapshit is y'all dudes' dream
This shit make my street dough clean, you get it
I had dirty money coming in
Cucci,... had my dudes put that stuff in the pen
I waas really in that comfort end
Bazooka chew, I was bubbling
I'm a product of the gutter fam

No bank accounts, nike box and thick rubber bands

Before rap I was the people's champ Nothing less then a 9 on that diesel stamp Yeah new jacks on the block, gotta get the heading on To move crack in my spot I was boot camping that pot It go in there soft come out hard as a rock Leave me out all them rap beefs Cause I ain't fin the right rhymes, I'ma crack teeth On camera, y'all some mean goons But a bunch of powerpuff girls in these green rooms, ha ha ha ha My finger itching on that trigga, y'all verified on twitter I'm verified by real niggas And they don't has tag, they toe tag Have me send a dm to your folk's pad Can't walk through new york without a hoe Or a chick tryna have me to herself for a half hour I'm so not hard to find I'm in the north side all the time

Beef is real on my side of town
Keep your eye on all them punk plus that ride around
Beef will provide all them siren sounds
And your moms with extra tear drops sliding down
Beef will have you relocating
But we gonn catch up to you lil homie
We so patient
Beef's what you don't want with me
No money on your head, get it for free

I hope you keep iron on you
I hope you keep iron on you
You niggas act tough running round with all them
guards
Reach faggot niggas, y'all ain't hard
I hope you keep iron on you
I hope you keep iron on you
And know that

Visit Joell Ortiz page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.