

Joell Ortiz

"Run This Town"

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Never did I think I wasn't that nigga
Couple labels said they couldn't sign a fat nigga
I went home got in the zone grabbed that pad nigga
Now they kickin' theyself in they ass, look they calfs
bigger
Years later still aint got a six pack nigga
My fat belly still jiggles when I laugh nigga
I coulda stayed on the block, I'm still a crack pitcher
Y'all turned away and made back 'fore I act vigour
Your wife complaining cause she want her ass bigger
I'm living life, at night I'm like Jack Tripper
Ya showed your ass when y'all was all in the mag'
pictures
Now you're in the back right ya little ad libber
Now everybody won't be buddy buddy
Cause I stay in the light like funny looking money
Nigga I'm nice like your First Grade teacher
Y'all niggas flow is fishy like mermaid features
Hard not to floss when your bars got a cough
Your songs got the HIV and there's SARS on your
thoughts
If me and you ever lyrically spar then you lost
You on Earth in a lemon I'm on Mars in a Porsche
And it's a 9-11 like behind oh of course
I ball like playing Rajon Rondo and horse
My condo in New York is like an obstacle course
My hallways longer than a far throw to morse

N.Y. what it do, I do this rhyme shit for you
Walk around like what's the next beat that I'm gonna
chew
So that's what I decided to do through all the sweats
And the kicks hit this track and now I run it too
Sometimes I hear myself and I'm like damn
That's what happens when I'm in front of a mic stand
My flow is almost as hard as my right hand
You beating me up is like a Muslim saying he likes ham
Seen niggas come and go overnight fam
One hit careers, my career has a lifespan
Ever wonder what a one hit wonder is
First bat in the pro's wasn't single, but he swung and

missed
And every fuckin' pitch they threw after that
Can't make contact, the fans scream "this batter's
whack!"
When I'm up, they like "Yes, Big yaowa papi!"
Cause for years I've been clutch like a Kawasaki
Point out anything you heard from me that sounded
sloppy
Yeah that's right keep searching like you're out of Sake
Any time I'm in that booth you get your ass whipped
And I'ma keep on fighting like Brad Pitt
Y'all aint got the luxury to pick if you gon fuck with me
What I spits crazy like glue so you're stick with me
So y'all can hate me or y'all can sing along
Competitions dead like a bee when its stingers gone

YAOWA! YAOWA!

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