

Joell Ortiz

"Seven Deuce"

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Let me see. I got my license, Yep
Seat-belt on. Can't be to safe out here
Alright, take a ride with me y'all

Dim the lights him too bright
Like a vivid night in the sky in July
When the ? and the future's right
I roast you in a blink, be scared that I bite
My notebook so stink look how much shit I write
No more mister polite, you unleashed the beast in me
So suck my dick if you ain't never believed in me
This little dough I been getting, bitches teasing me
How many to Seymour yeah, keep feeding me
I'm top dog, you ain't nothing but measly
Muts, of all of what I draws up easily
Oh, you heard what I said, you like that word?
Well that was off with a head I ain't write that word
Whoever it is telling you that you nice has nerve
Beating over your head with a spiked bat turd
I'll crash your show spit and get a mike back herb
Say something I twist your shit like a Mike Jack swerve
I'm BK till I decay with each day
Somebody running home, not from a bunt
But it's still a squeeze play
You odo, you ain't give up that cheese hey
Sooner or later you'll PayPal no eBay
I stayed in the gutter mice, laid in a rubber
Open up the fridge empty ice tray and no butter
Forgive what I say cause I love her
But on the nice days in the summer
Soft white stayed in my mother brother
Because of this music, a lot of shit changed
But now that I really look, a lot stayed the same
I used to rock sneaks with the holes in the front
Now I'm on south beach with open toes when I front
We did pull ups in the center eating temporary plates
And I pull up to the center with a temporary plates
I had a big red coat and all my feathers was fly
Now my red dot is dope and my feather is fly
I used to sling crack twisted in Glad Wrap
I still sling crack don't get it twisted

Ain't y'all glad that I rap
High-school my teacher said young man stand in the
back
Bumped into her I let my young man stand in her back
My son asked me
Daddy, how you rhyme, how you do all them shows
And remember all them lines
I sat him down
Daddy's been doing this a long time
It took practicing, practicing, practice for sure
When I was tired I practice some more
So if you practice for your spelling test like I practice
Imagine your score
Now run along cause daddy got more work to do
I just got me a new beat, I gotta earth this too
I ain't sick, I got the worstest flu
And an aggressive malignant flow
Look how quick my verses grew
The doctor said I'm so sorry just what you have it's
terminal
That's why when the Papi spit the fans say I bodied it
Back your Brooklyn, project lobby shit
Hammer in the mailbox whoever feel froggy shit
Hand to hand in the stairs like it ain't obvious
Brown bag over the beer, late night retardedness
I was bread where probably once a month we had
bread
So the first 4 days we had bread
A mattress on a corner on the floor was a bed
And when it snowed, a piece of card board was a sled
Why the fuck you think I'm going hard for
knucklehead?
I come from nothing, daddy got dressed and left
So yeah I come from nuttin' but iPods is bumpin' Ortiz
It was a battle but I won the fucking war
It's cool to hate but I don't know what you fronting for
I'm the best bottom line like an underscore
Point me out another nigga spitting like me
Who, him? Man homie sweeter than this Lipton ice tea
Superman, who wanna come try, kryptonite me
Watch the son fly away when I spit the aire
I'm the one, you wouldn't believe the shit that I see
I'm the one Neo, soul like India Arie
My balls hang, yeah, I just let them loose
You in the hate me gang, come on set a truce
I'm just snifiting my nice leather juice
Riding round town relaxing, in my seven deuce

Yeah, I told you man this is fun for me
I mean that from the bottom of my soul
Keep sending them beats in

I keep sending them back fucked up nigga, hahaha,
yeah

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