

## Joell Ortiz f/ Crooked I, Joe Budden, Royce Da 5'9" "Move On"

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[Intro] Alright! Whassup my nigga? You say your name is John? [Joell Ortiz] Joell Ortiz Yeah yeah I know I'm familiar with the interview shit I know what you gon' ask I got you, don't even stress it No I don't respond with answers that fit a script So the repetition'll make a nigga flip We in the game of smoke and mirrors, those engineerin a bigger spliff Blowin circles out they mouth, gettin praised but the shit'll shift I never lived a myth, if I said it I did it Never alleged, word to dead I grip the fifth (boom!) I made my housing tenement a strip, movin medicine and nicks When I seen 'em comin I jettin from them pricks (ohh!) And still to this day though she clean I wish my mommy never sniff But the hurt is makin me better with this gift (look) I'm live with this ink you could, die in a blink and Y'all got the nerve to ask me why do I drink and Motherfucker sometimes I cry when when I think and Y'all ain't there when them tears bein dried by the sink (damn) It was cold in the winter, my community centers who gave me dinner I ain't mind, my table chairs gave me splinters (haha!) Set up to be loser but was made to be a winner (look) If they paint hip-hop I bet my face be in the picture If they wrote a rap bible bet my name be in the scriptures If shorty say I'm her idol bet her face be in my zipper (woo!) I came a long way from the staples in my scrilla Stains on my pants, hardly had a gut The ladies ain't wanna dance so house parties would suck All my friends on the wall, I'm in the hall with a couple Nah I ain't complainin, just tellin y'all what it is So if y'all goin through it now just know that another kid made somethin outta nothin, well I'm frontin, I was never nothin Older ladies used to tell my mother "Ain't he somethin?" I look at a lot of you cats and laugh Cause I'm the shit man, and y'all ain't even passin gas When I spit I'm the definition of mastered craft And all y'all ask about is Aftermath - motherfucker move on! Move on... Move on... Move on... [Joe Budden] L-look, look; I gotta give my own interview Since niggaz that do my interviews focus on whatever's miniscule (like!) Or paint me as a cynical, but the canvas'll limit you (dawg) You can't go beyond what there's no limit to If I think

hip-hop is dead I think it's been revived And that comes from me being inside Where the demons get by, see 'em good-bye If I'm anemic here's why, come from hearin and seein ve-nomous lies (oh!) So the beast in me cried, cause when it's all you hear Shit get old repaired, just when the obey near And so I try to think straight cause when you stare in the rear Rest in peace, do as you care, nigga yeah! I'm on another label, not that other label That mean it's no longer my problem, it's theirs Some say it's a conspirac' I say if e'rybody's on the throne, that just more motive to kill the heir Ask me 'bout "Pump it Up" and I'ma think you SHEEP Or you must not know I'm DEEP! I'm so off of music so y'all could SoundScan every week Me? I just got my lil' man every week Jersey City loves me despite y'all beliefs (why?) Cause they was baby steppin, I showed 'em how to leap (ohh!) Ask me about swag - I'ma change the topic to lyrics in them raps, plus look at you like a fag I love e'rybody, don't ask 'bout who I beef with They burned the bridge but they was standin underneath it I'm on my grind, Benjamin Hutton Was old since I was young, call me Benjamin Button And stop usin slang just for you to be cool Cause I go BACK to when it was cool to be you I'm a hero (nah) no I mean I'm here oh For heroes, y'all chase zeroes Muh'fucker I just got finished hatin ME feelin like a zero They played DeNiro, never been there though So before your next thought, understand Know it's MUCH more to me than the man Either that or move on Yeah, move on Keep out trouble (ya mean?) Good around here Muh'fucker move on Don't ask me 'bout no old shit No choice, either that, or you could move on [Royce Da 5'9"] It's, it's Nickel My rhymes reflection of Scarface, supreme soul Before Jordan was wearin fo'-five, I just look like this, I just seem old But I had to bleed the blood of a dirty motherfucker to suffer clean clothes and touch what a king holds The real estate market is harsh, everything goes from fo's to who you was doin everything folds But I cut 'em off and move on to the new checks New friends chasin my new ends with new threats Watchin my dreams fold, like a stack of bills in the pocket of who ain't tryin to push up daffodils But we the supergroup - you couldn't handle this shit if you was standin before us carryin a pooper-scoop You dealt with shady shit, I dealt with Shady's shit But I'm the only one can truly say I dealt with Shady's shit I mean that with all respect to Paul and Sheck But Ryan and Marshall is all you get My flow's superb, I love Paulie Rosenberg What I say in a track, those just words Baby boy forgive me, I'm just street Cause I can change into anything niggaz want me to be like Mystique I don't

gotta dig deep To realize Slim bought Big Proof a big jeep Because he deserved it, second I'm on The same way Shady did over him when he knew him when he attended Osbourne Marshall I'm sorry, I knew it wouldn't left I ain't into fuckin my family like incest If you remember Ice used to be my life's interest Tell Hailie my wife just had a princess Since I made up with Em it's nothin else that I could move on from so who wants some'n? Like a jar of Grey Poupon You gotta ask anybody in any car, one of them move on You gotta quit askin about a nigga! I'm tired of this shit (nigga move on) Just like the rest of the Slaughterhouse is tired of this shit Shut the fuck up - woo! (motherfucker move on) Royce Da 5'9" don't give a fuck, about none of that shit! Yeah (tryin to stop niggaz, move on) We just tryin to make this money motherfucker It's, it's.. woo! [Crooked I] Yeah, yeah; when fags picture my interviews They think I'm in a swimmin pool with women who been abused So they turn into strippers makin they livin in the nude One in the middle blowin my inner tube while the interviewer's gettin ridiculed Is this your vision? Cool; let me give you a little jewel Any dude who wanna sit in my tennis shoes is missin SCREWS Don't get it misconstrued, don't get this shit confused I'm two seconds from prison fool, I'm a different dude! Pistol in my reach man, still in Long Beach man Hopin if my grind don't help me get out my speech can I been in the streets longer than Yao Ming's wingspan You can be MTV, I'll be C-SPAN I deal with politics, bandanas and hollow tips Half you rappers follow this, role models can swallow DICK! Was stressed out over cash flow Hip-Hop used to console my soul, now it's a bunch of assholes Rap about a dance while I'm targetin cops Spit some shit for Oscar Grant, hit the sergeant with shots Make him a +Ghost+ like he part of The Lox I won't stop recordin, 'til I'm makin songs harder than 'Pac's If it don't happen, at least a nigga know he right there (I'm right there!) Every memory under my Dodger hat's a nightmare! As a kid I had to steal breakfast And now the best question you have to ask me, "Is this a real necklace? Where's your beat from Dre, your feature from Cube?" These things leave people confused Cause they know I leave speakers abused, I eat the EQ's I eat through the beat, what's the secret? I think it's the SHOES! Back in Cali niggaz blaze and stress Waitin on "Detox" to save the West, ha ha Even if the shit is dope it ain't givin you niggaz hope unless your signature's wrote on a check from Interscope - NOPE! Move on, move on West, Coast, knahmean? West Coast move on And all that shit in the past about me bein on Death Row? Move on, or get moved on Ha

ha, SLAUGHTERHOUSE! Biatch!

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