

Joell Ortiz f/ Joe Budden**"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 jetted 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 bein 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 It's, it's (mic check one-two one-two)
J to the O!

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