

# Joell Ortiz, Housing Authority (feat. KXNG Crooked)

Housing authority, rap district, gotta put the family in it first  
I'm 'bout to be the first nigga to ever win a Grammy with a verse  
Red carpet my bitch, she got the fatty in a skirt  
For daddy she put the jammie in her purse, yeah  
This Long Beach where we still wearing Kobes  
And if you bang you got a claim, wheelchair emoji  
You baby boys are still scared of Jody, approach me  
I'ma smoke you like a ill pair of stogies that's still air ya Brody  
Beats of bricks so I'ma cook a few  
Only fuck with gorillas like hookers in the Brooklyn Zoo  
Bulletproof flow, you don't spit it how Crooked do  
Like telescopes, that's something that you should look into  
That's a mini flex, my bitch, she give me neck  
Then give me retro pinnies mixed with her stimmy check  
And for your gang signs, I keep me a strange nine  
And a Smith & Wesson, remember in Virginia  
That's too many texts, you ain't happy that this rapper made it  
I grew up so aggravated, my shack was dilapidated  
I signed like a affidavit, cut the roof off the Caddy  
The lack was decapitated, to racks I was acclimated  
And um, you ain't have to hate it (nah), but you did though  
I was a upset owl, I was piss poor  
Now I hop the 6-4, no tent, fish bowl  
Bitches do the split disco on my dick though  
On and on, y'all talking about your chrome  
But I keep a big Glock, it's too heavy to clutch  
Feel like it's big as Noah's Ark, I call it Rosa Parks  
'Cause it sits in the front seat and it's ready to crush  
So am I, hold 'em high, this a stick up, bitches  
Like a hangman picture, know the vibes J-O-E-double-O-R-T-I-Z  
Purposely left the L out  
'Cause I never get none of those when I rhyme  
I'm never not in my prime, I'm fine wine from 1929  
Maybe that's why my mind designs prohibited lines  
No picket signs when it's protest your mental fortitude  
No vest protects from this grotesque  
Welcome to the home of the hour, molten lava showers  
Whoever's approaching, like how the fuck can your boat  
Get outta the way of a floating tower of ash near Okinawa  
I'm roasting flounder on skull island while growing sour  
My smoke is louder than hoes moaning, I toast to those  
With the potent flowers who never spoke on our encounters  
On hotel sofas and counters for countless hours of fun  
But please stay outta my DM y'all, I found the one  
I'm raising hell and then drop through Hell's Kitchen  
Blasting Hellrazor from Pac and I don't care who the hell listens  
My momma raised a hell raiser, stress getting major  
Lord be my savior 'cause hell's itching  
For me to make a mistake, but I'm placing my faith in you  
While I'm raising this eight aiming at Satan's face  
Down on both knees, praying you keep me in check  
It's hard to keep my knee on this field with they knee on our neck  
I'm a product of housing authority, poverty  
Hommes and daily robberies obviously bother me  
As a child, momma playing lottery, constantly, honestly  
Hoping she'll hit our way out the projects 'cause the 90s was wild  
I grew up in that and I parked till a sucker clapped  
And I'm running but not before I pick up my thundercats  
I ain't lying though I ain't have bullets flying  
Yo I ain't know if I was gon' make it out but I was trying, though