

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