

Cocaine

Joell Ortiz

We gon' make it rock and rolls, uh
Hey, all you gotta do, is yell out one word
And the word is, cocaine
Can you do that? I'll tell you when Uh, dear coke, what's the deal? How you been?
It been a little second since we was gettin' it in
Know I kinda abandoned you, but you know what?
This music shit was promisin', look I'm 'bout to blow up But I'm never huggin' the strip in my
old Chucks
Tryin' to get mo' bucks
Dodgin' the gold truck, we had it sewn up
You ain't get no cut, still you pumped for me
You was just happy that we both lived comfortably
What up with Dope and them niggaz? They still gettin' gwap?
They had the whole block itchin' like the chickenpox
Aiiyyo Cook, 'member you used to get in the pot?
Come out actin' hard, how many pleas did niggaz cop?
Like how how many ways to get money y'all niggaz got? And I'll be down, I post up faithfully
at 6 o'clock
But nah, it's been me and my dudes since day one
We ain't lookin' for partners, step up your game son
Sometimes I wonder if you miss me
Man I miss you even though that life is riskier
(Cocaine, he, he, he) My dude, when push come to shove
The reason all them police clowns look in glove
When they stop the V, heard you fuckin' with Keisha
You let her start fuckin' wit'chu?
I know, what's a brother to do?
She was always sniffin' around since, back in the day
She of age now, she know the mind games you played
I know you got her feenin', runnin' back for more
Knowin' yo' dirty ass you probably ran up in that raw So she open
(She open)
Me I'm still datin'
This music take all my time and these girls ain't got patience But fuck these bitches, what up
with these snitches?
Is niggaz tellin'?
Must be a new day, used to lose your toupees for yellin'
Glad that I ain't a felon, they never caught you with me
If they only knew that you had grew to a quarter a week I'da been on the phone up north orderin'
briefs
Sweat pants and somethin' white, socks on the feet
But they didn't, coulda been different

I thought about that while this kite was bein' written, listen
(Cocaine, he, he, he) Guess what I'm tryin' to say is I'm done
We had fun, not to sound like a jerk but I won
I'm doin' things the right way 'cause you showed me wrong
The people bump our stories when I throw it on a song
I'ma ride this thing out until the motor gone And when the road get bumpy I'm still holdin' on
'Til I'm out the project grass and gotta mow the lawn
The sky is the limit but you know Joe try and go beyond
But God forbid that don't work, I never went soft
I'm back in the hood pickin' right up where we left off This is a heads up, don't count me out,
dawg
If things don't go right I'm goin' left like a southpaw
Back to punchin' dudes in their face for tryin' mouth off
Servin' all the fiends that be tryin' to get they couch off Aiyyo coke, don't forget about the kid
Might need you one day if I happen to get up out the biz
Never forgot where I came from
Where I first started to scoop my little bit of change from
(Cocaine)
That's his name, son That's his name, nigga
Hey, all you gotta do, is yell out one word
And the word is, cocaine
Can you do that? I'll tell you when

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