

# House Slippers

Joell Ortiz

One two one two  
Turn this thing up a lil' bit, yeah  
For those who been wonderin what's goin on with Joell Ortiz  
It's a lot man, a lot  
Feels like I finally found my (House Slippers)  
My mind was goin, I stood around niggaz  
Wearin this poker face like I'm holdin aces  
That so wasn't the case, this  
business is such a business, don't take it personal  
It's more than these beats and lettin verses go  
Don't end up locked in and whylin  
Like a deaf person buyin a Roley better watch what you signin  
Freedom is overrated until they take it  
When it's gone feel like nothin can replace it  
Shakin the hand that's feedin you but you hate it  
Disappointed in meetings cause of your weight, just  
imagine this man with your career in his hands  
Givin a fuck about your fans; he just lookin at that black and white  
Seein you ain't sell too well  
You tryin to tell him that you was on an indie that wasn't actin right  
He don't care, them numbers fucked up his appetite  
Your past just fucked you twice like a hermaphrodite  
You watchin niggaz win who ain't half as nice  
Faced with the choice of givin in or hit the pad and write  
But see, the fans can't know  
So you leakin freestyles and you nailed that flow  
Kids leavin out of venues like, "He killed that show!"  
Screamin YAOWA everywhere but you ain't on that though  
Your loved ones sick all in the mist of this  
Watchin moms shoot insulin is ridiculous  
Your son got a mask on, his asthma bad  
His older brother actin up cause he don't have his dad  
The grind took forever but it happened fast  
Listen close y'all, it happened fast  
Red-Eye flights out to Cali, sign to Aftermath  
Come back and sign to Koch, you and Allen laugh  
You drop a album over here, left the label over there  
Finally let it go y'all, the past's the past  
Sorry for the delay on your order  
But even in my off time I ran around the world with the Slaughter  
My alter, ego is a quarter  
of the best rap group but I'm back to bein me, yeah the Puerto

Rican, niggaz standin on the corner  
with that work for the fiends who wanna hear him more maturer  
Story from a project nigga, a New Yorker  
Gettin money with the I'll-still-fuck-a-nigga-up-quick aura  
Man, this ain't for radio play  
This for the Radio Raheems who let their radio play  
For the heads on the neck clickin, lookin for the best writtens  
Turnin to their man like, "You hear what he say?"  
Y'all niggaz tryna recreate back in the days  
I'm just tryin to rap my ass off  
Hopin maybe I'll impress a few niggaz from back in the day  
Because I'm finishin these new niggaz that's rappin today  
You turn this up, but not too loud niggaz  
Feels like I finally found my (House Slippers)

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