

## American Beauty

Cormega

Yo, it's nightttime I can't sleep  
My pen's beggin' me to write rhymes  
Cory's a felony despite time  
I erase the urge on the tip of my tongue  
I taste the words a story is born, my glorious song  
Hip hop cannot ignore me for long  
I know her last man abused her, I can't refuse her  
A lotta niggas used her, treated her like shit even confused he  
r  
She had class now she sellin' it all for cash  
When Marley had her, her face was more pure body fatter  
Primo treated her good, made her the queen in my hood  
She used to be out in Queens with D-M-C  
And on the rooftop with Big, Fritz, and R-P  
She was fly she kept her shit tight

Yo if he didn't go to jail dun, she mighta been Slick Rick's wi  
fe  
Disappeared a few years, she was "Stranded On Death Row"  
Dre had her on another level in the west coast  
She met a lame with with a drug dealer name  
He had a lot for a while, then his whole style changed  
You know the wisdom is reflected the knowledge when its manifes  
ted  
If not fed in due time the mind is anorexic  
You understand the message  
I know I'm gettin' to deep for some  
Rhyme, uncut raw, the beat numb

Back to the subject in hand, I called her and said I miss her  
Stop fuckin' with my fake crew 'cause they dissed her  
Then along came the are, reminding her of her essence  
Rza said she like a sister blessin' her with lessons  
She was stressed because she missed Pac  
She still crying after B-I-  
G died askin' when will this shit stop?  
I love her like a mother, my physical path  
She even overlooked the fact about my criminal past  
And stayed with me in jail beyond gates visitors passed  
No longer is she lettin' niggas fuck her just for cash  
What's her name dun?