

# Get Out My Way

Cormega

Even though mad niggas hate it  
I remain the most anticipated  
those glad a nigga made it bast your Nickel-plateds  
and salute the realness, 'cause mad niggas fake it  
when I peel hit the floor  
I conceal bricks so raw  
I got the sickest Six-Four you ever seen  
I saw and conquered  
when it's on and poppin' my Dogs are barkin'  
to eat food, my enemies feel heat like Purico  
some suggest they're equal  
lyrically I'm like a Desert Eagle  
mentally I measure Kilos  
physically I'm compared to Tito Trinidad, both hands are lethal  
the crowned Prince  
my underground shit you don't fuck around wit'  
I move pies and fire loud shit  
I'm in the tunnel with the crowd nigga fuck V.I.P  
where Brooklyn go crazy when you bump B.I.G. and Queens feel it when you  
pump that Mobb Deep  
that Jay-Z and Nas beef doesn't involve me  
I'm sorry, legal hustle, Infamous affiliated  
last rapper to test me I humiliated  
and for your information the jewels ain't rented from Jacob  
when I move I leave a dent in the pavement  
my name ring in jail and not for givin' no statement  
that type of foulness consider it flagrant  
O.T., give me a brick and see I'm gifted as Masons  
I'm the realness, you spittin' that fake shit  
life's a bitch, I'ma take her on an expensive vacation  
if it's on I'm the Reaper with the glistenin' bracelet  
sleepers awakened  
screamin' like they seen Satan  
word to Christ I need paper, keep the fake love  
a fake thug couldn't sell a rock on the block I was raised on  
huh?!

Get out my way, gimme mine or I'ma take what's yours  
make love war, spray up doors  
Get out my way, you industry, we in the street  
wit' the heat pickin' weight up raw  
Get out my way, stop screamin' what set you rep if you don't come around  
the way no more  
Get out my way, who want what, say no more  
Matter fact that chain off Dog.  
I gave niggas enough time - to front  
I'm a beast on the street like crushed white  
you can't be me, close your eyes, you can't see me  
I'm the phantom in your concience  
the shadow in the darkness  
savage when I write, I'm heartless  
I'm iller than you, realer than you  
still with more Killers than you  
it's mandatory, I'm self explanatory  
don't front on me, you didn't have cash before me  
I'm the essence  
you don't gotta like it, respect it  
like the ice on my necklace

and the fact I'm supplyin' connections  
if you rhyme ill I'm the sickness that caused it, you thought you'd  
assume my position  
I be hustlin', bubblin', gettin' money  
causin' blind rage with the Twenties  
y'all niggas is funny like Martin Lawrence  
we out before the Narcs get on us  
my life wasn't written, yours was, you livin' a lie  
I'm dealin' wit' pies, all feelings aside  
my enemies kneel when I rise  
the realness in my eyes  
from blood, sweat, and tears I cried  
I got friends who died before they got to see me shine  
how dare you compare your weak CD to mine  
or think you could see me with rhymes  
easily I'm, nicer than you and all your peoples combined.  
Chorus