

Poetry

Cormega

Yo, yo Nas. Big and Pac didn't like you man
So get off they dick please man
This is Ice and Cormega man
Comin' for you, faggot!!

A nigga named Nas think he live like me
Now its on 'till he R.I.P, the odds might be
Against me, you real, convince me, I think you a bitch
Pardon me Nas, I think you suck dick
when's the last time you came to Queensbridge to see the kids
Speak to Ill Will moms, or gave cheese to Wiz
Streets Dreams don't put me in the fridge
You a hossa, a greedy pig
Junior Mafia was eatin' wit Big
Jay let Bleek and 'em live
Nore got Capone comfortable
All ya mans ever do is smoke blunts with you
Fuck a Willy Esco outfit, nigga, I'm about chips
Look at my crew we all got whips
Nasty Nas all ya life you praised me
Your daughter might be Jay Z's
Illmatic was real cause you was tryin' to portray me
Matter of fact, time for Sony to pay me
For "Life's a bitch, God forbid the bitch divorce me"
"Street Dreems", and every other rhyme you got off me
I shoulda kept the rhymes for me
Fuck it now the whole world know
Who coward ass Nas tryin to be
You was broke, Killa was buyin' ya weed
Ya Lex got repossessed, I had mines on the street
You shoulda kept it real wit Nature
Steve Stoute taught you how to deal wit paper
Kings lose crowns, and kingdoms fall
When ya queen moves foul, obviously she's
Jay Z's boo now, what should he do now?
Off the throne when the fours get blown
Lake can't save you, Lord is just fold
Big's last words was "You lost it homes"
You the reason Ill Will is in the coffin yo
When he got shot, you was too soft to roll
Talkin' 'bout you a brave Pac
Nah you a fake Pac
I get down and take blocks
You bend down and take cock
Cause Chris Lightys behind you, get it?
My niggas'll find you drippin
You give ya niggas nothing, the diamonds, the bitches
I got shot ain't no denying I did
But I was sendin' fire at niggas
What the fuck you talkin' 'bout bitch!!
Poetry
Check it, I had One Love for niggas, those days are over
Halftime expired, the game is over
It ain't hard to tell, you pay niggas, not to rob you
Life's A Bitch and so are you
I Am, a nightmare to Street Dreams
My New York State Of Mind will outshine ya weak team

Take a trip down Memory Lane
Niggas had ya ride in flames
You didn't represent nigga you cried in pain
If the world is yours nigga why you hide ya chain?
If ya girls is yours, I won't even go there
My niggas, respected, yours is labeled cowards
If rap is a gun, I Gave You Power
You better watch them niggas, that's close to you
Or I'ma pop them niggas
If you could see the future, what's the outcome nigga
It Was Written, you think you a thug
You rule the world, I'ma take it in blood
You a Suspect Nigga wit a live niggas rap
I'm sendin' you the Message, ya rhymes are wack
One time for the mind, I'ma make you bow
And I'll prove who's the illest, so Hate Me Now