

# R U My Nigga?

Cormega

Yo, when you deal with niggas  
You know what I'm sayin  
You gotta know where they stand (Watch niggas)  
Cuz everybody your man when things is going right  
Uh, but what about when things is going wrong

Ask yourself, am I your man  
Would I die for you or by your hand  
If I go broke, would you divide your grand  
Put me in your plans  
Hold me down with your heat if my shit jams  
Stop to think, Asbet stops your bank  
You need the mean gats to set it, pop your tank  
I fears none, a damn sleepin is a rare one  
Prepared, never scared, blood sweat and tears son, I kinda saw  
I close my eyes at night and let the drama pour  
On paper, my mind escapes but I ignore  
Temptations, to embrace the path of raw  
When I was younger my hunger taught me how to score  
Not sayin I was poor, but I was disobeying common laws  
That had me runnin in and out of Riker's Island doors  
Now I'm shinin for you, what's mine is yours  
Are you my nigga?

If I died, would you cry  
Need, would you provide  
If I got beef  
Would you be squeezin side by side  
If I face time  
Would you give me a place to hide  
Would you snake me for paper, look in my eyes

Can you accept the consequences of life, of livin trife  
And take yours with honor, if a real nigga strike  
Or would you fall weak and help a courtroom indite  
And live with dishonor for the rest of your life  
Only bitches deal with emotion  
Yo son, how many snitches are still in the ocean  
I'm gettin too deep, spittin unique  
Rhymes, for niggas who sleep  
A thug officially, slugs christin me  
Evidently, we hustle on blocks where presidents be  
My rhymes represent the, criminal element  
My niggas sellin bricks, stressin in feds  
And hit the residence, using eye care for evidence  
Never mix business with benevolence  
You might end up regrettin it  
Check this rhyme that I prefected  
Analyze and let me ask you one question  
Are you my nigga?

Can I put trust in you like you trust in me  
If my life is on the line would you bust for me  
Free me from custody, or deny my exist and, provin  
That you didn't give a f\*\*k for me  
I put my trust in no mans hand, 'til he earns it  
I learned this from thug legislature

When slugs penetrate ya, heavens above await ya  
Therefore I never sleep, cuz I may never wake up  
Felonies no longer worry me, for real  
Its the betrayal and the jealousy  
The insecurity of things they might never see  
Makin niggas minds corrupt, then my nine erupts  
Denying what, life you had expired  
You tryed your luck, then died for what  
You asked for forgiveness but my eyes was shut  
You wasn't wise enough, to stop me from risin up  
Are you my nigga?

Jealousy, jealousy...