

A Slick Response

Cormega

Uncle Cory can you tell us a story please
Alright, alright
Please
Y'all tucked in? Here we go

Once upon a time not long ago
A lame MC didn't want me to blow
I think his name was Nasir (who?)
The "Street Dreamer" dude
Big wasn't fond of him (what?) Pac neither
Hung around my mans, Lord and Lake
Lake's doing time, Lord should get his life straight
And my man Grand Wiz living on face
Now he hangs with police
I guess they make him feel safe, anyways
He's always talking bout loot and diamonds
And I get to see a penny off QB Finest (ahhh)
That's lame, you should be ashamed
None of the Bravehearts driving (huh?)
Horse was the best, he left Nasir not shining (oh)
Said he got me a deal (uh huh), be real
Nas couldn't get on till I went to jail
Bit my style, then he eventually came up
So when I came home, he wasn't doing me no favours
Not to mention we was cool, but his pockets was hurt (why?)
He's a weedhead, don't blame skirts
Plus he never hustled, so cash is new to him
Got his chain his chain took, and bought it back, how smooth of him
Mad at his girl, cause her favourite rappers Jay
Chipped his tooth when Spud punched him in the face (hahaha)
Abanna ceased out, when he had beef with Puffy
Nastradamus flopped, this time he got lucky
Moved from Queens cause he was getting extorted
The Firm brick, critics said I should of been on it
He's the type to strike it rich and leave his friends in the projects
With Esco jeans on, and lint in there pockets, so a
Mirror, Mirror on the wall, before this rap shit
Who was the flyest rapper of all?
There was a rumble tumble, 5 minutes it lasted
The mirror says you was you conceited bastard
I heard him on the air with Funkmaster Flex

The one who drops bombs, if your records sell fresh?

Yes that's the one, but lets get back to so n
I heard jungle in the background, he the same from
My man Ice is done a smack now, but he backed down
Noreaga fight him, so he raps now
Anyway, I don't usually waste my time on MC's
But Build & Destroy man, he really tried to diss me
What you mean? I heard the song, I said something is wrong
I never got snuffed, I got shot getting it on
And why waste your time, saying I wasn't grindin'?
Even the cops he with, said "stop lying"
I had the illest gun in Queensbridge history
The sterling, that's right, ain't no mystery
And none of my friends that's cool with him, have bricks like me

What I do in a day, they won't even get in a week
Just about then, one of my mans came in, he said
"Someone's in Miami with all your fake friends"
I looked him in his face, and said "are you sure?"
He said, "I don't wanna see you with them lowlifes no more"
So come along, we have a party to attend
Where Nas' baby mom was more of a friend
She said "don't involve me you and Nas beefing
I hear you the reason he can't come to Queensbridge
Go him so scared, he hanging out policeman
Plus he can't fuck so I had to leave him
I said, don't even worry, I'm not tripping
Plus I respect you, good, Nas didn't, what?
When I needed a man he wasn't there
He spends all his time trying to end your career.
My success is overdue
You kids get to bed nowthe story is through {*echoes 3X*}