Yo, it's nighttime 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?