

Dirty Game

Cormega

Yeah

Know what I'm sayin' Premo'

Tell these niggas about my life know what I mean

It's been a crazy, crazy journey for me, know what I mean

I spend my days in a steel cage

Where brothers feel rage

And get real with razor blades

In I'll ways so when my cell close

My brain cells expose

And my pen excels to a part of hell froze

Inside of me was tellin' me to stay out

Reality was tellin' me that if I find a way out

I had to stay out

Plans I had to lay out

In order to elevate from my identity

Mentally accelerate

I seen a lot of men break down

Being an inmate

Now I realize I couldn't make the same mistakes

It was real being concealed in steel gates

Where brothers who feel hate against a another race

Which only indicates a snake mentality

These are my days of reality

Hook:

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

But niggas stay strapped in the hood

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets they still callin'

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

But niggas stay strapped in the hood

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets

Often I think of my people the board denied they freedom, a mirage

Disappearing before our eyes

We were born to strife

Now living in courts decide

Missing their children we can feel it when our mommas cry

We was hustlin' but would the jury find me guilty?

They seen us strugglin'

Doing what we have to do to ease the sufferin'

We know it's wrong but so was havin' us freezin'

Left the stove on wearing our sneakers until the soles are gone

We constantly holdin' on, being broke

And hopin our phone is our only escape

And when our favorite TV shows is on shots ringin' echo in the ear before the cops came kids was everywhere

And women cryin niggas going to jail

A mothers eyes fill with tears as she nears

Realizing he's surviving she exhales like Angela Bassett
I'm a poet amongst slums, crimes, and crack addicts

Hook

I live a lonely existence
Lately I've become a mathematician
As I divide my friends with phony niggas I confide in God
As for sins may he forgive 'em
If you have dreams they can be achieved never give up
Look at me once a convicted felon
Once addicted to sellin'
The substance which corrupted many men in my era
I stood in awe at the dope fiends
Drove by those caught in the coke game
Some proper some locked up some sold claim
The main team wanted the shine
Streets so alive I felt the air breathe
Not only did I misplace time
I could remember as an inmate
At midstate I stayed in the law library
Some chose to lift weight, fine
As if they content with they time
They strip us at the visit
Limit our education
Ridicule us niggas
Modern enslavement
Even though I'm out of the cages
I'm the voice of the soldier in the yard with the banger