

Dramatic Entrance

Cormega

Yo.. yo.. A man is condemned or exaulted by his words..
Exalt me.. yo.. this what y'all niggas wanted..
The streets was waitin'
here I am, a beast awakened
in a Beamer Station Wagon with massive gleamin' bracelets
after years of bein' patient
sheddin' tears and beatin' cases
I'm ready for whatever yo (Mega!)
no more to say
words can't explain like Rich Porters grave
this is a ghetto monument, my confidence is more apparent
the mind like a Nine automatic
graceful yet capable of causin' damage
I'm too ill, lyrically I feel I'm too real
dough or die, either way I do deals
I'm gifted, my only fear is death or prison
what other lyricist conveys such sincereness?
I been through the ghetto life and drug concealings
fearless, and betrayal with trust is given
now I deal with a few, I don't fuck with niggas
it's not arrogance, it's I'm-not-havin' it
niggas act like they was sendin' me packages
when I was upstate gainin' weight and lackin' friends
think about it, I don't talk about it, I be about it
I get money and I still be in the Projects
fuck rap, nigga like me is eatin' regardless
even during the drout I had a Ki in the closet
connects was tellin' me I ain't need a deposit
they were seein' the progress on my net, smashin' niggas
I was pitchin', you was catchin' feelings
like D's when they seen they couldn't catch my niggas
41st side, what, we had cracks in the building
the 4-5, Infra red Mac and the Sterling
it was all for the cause except my dogs got careless
I suppose those who ain't like us feared us
the life we chose inspired me to write these poems
I'm takin' mine like the Rikers phone
The Realness...
my niggas waitin' for this.. pump this on the corner..
pump this in ya ride.. pump this in ya jail cell..
the essence of a hustler my nigga.. what.. Mega