

# Let It Go

Cormega

It's 2-0-0-4, (For sure)  
And these motherf\*\*kers still ain't got a release date for the Mo-P  
Niggas got me pissed off, chest all swoll  
Like an inmate, waiting to see the parole board (Oh)  
Pick up your hammer, wave your bandanna  
Rep your crew, or get turned into a f\*\*king vegetable  
It's MO (P nigga), it's MO (P nigga)  
Reppin' N-why-see, Cormega motherf\*\*ker

It's not a game  
We real niggas, one in the same  
Either deceased, in the streets, or shackled in chains  
As war and peace collide in the back of my brain  
I'm a decide between felonies (success) or selling kis  
Either way, I need the key to longevity  
Mega be in the mist of violence  
Grimey niggas silence  
Whoever scheming dying  
Cause son, I keep the iron  
And speak the fly techniques, peep your highness

Raise hell nigga (Watch it)  
Why yall already know the deal  
You already seen the work of Bill, still  
You try to stop it (Never that)  
This is why we level cats  
This is called rebel rap  
Where's your pump and medal at (Pump it)  
Blep, blep, blep, blep let your heat sting  
(International g thing)  
That's what we brinin'  
So drop it (Oh), the legendary Mo-P  
Strictly for the be (C's), be(Y), the OGs

[Chorus]

For all my niggas on the corner, going hard (Let It Go)  
For my sons, doing time behind bars (Let it go)  
Some live in fear, others wearing life scars  
From beef long forgotten, or for fighting in the yard  
And all my young niggas of dream of living large  
For seeing other niggas getting money and cars (Let it Go)  
And grimy niggas that be taking what's why'all (Let it go)  
Sky's the limit nigga, reach for the stars

You the type of nigga to talk about how gully you are  
Then put on a seat belt, when you hop inside of your car  
Welcome to judgment morning  
Where the bugs ain't got love for ya  
They got slugs for ya

Yo son, these niggas never got consignment  
Popped off iron  
Wore Fila flip-flops under they cot on the island  
Pay they lawyer with street money to eat an indictment  
Yet they want the same f\*\*king respect I get  
I was supplying during a drought  
Fiveteen hundred an ounce, (Hold that)

Nigga with work, if you ain't want it, bounce  
Yo Fame what we talk about (Drop it)  
Yo, Billy runnin 'em out (Clap 'em)  
Huh  
(Bounce)  
Huh  
(Bounce)  
Ugh  
(Bounce)  
Ugh  
(Let it Go)

[Chorus]

I heard your hood needed help so I'm on it  
You niggas is acting too flamboyant  
It's annoying  
You know I been embedded in blacktop  
Weld into a black rock, fed through a crack spot  
Which lead to a black shot  
So bring the madness, and send the baddest  
And watch me down grade they status  
And turn them all into faggots  
William will never have it (Uh)  
Remember I'm a winner (Uh)  
Why'all catch me in the ghetto with either my medal or my figures

The coke dealer, gorilla, Mega flow iller  
f\*\*king with me, your mind, body and soul will get hit up  
The four fifth'll turn you into a whole different nigga  
And I prey on a jungle like a boa constrictor

(Lil' Fame)  
Nigga, you gonna make me (f\*\*ker)  
Have to choke a (Bucker) outta ya ass  
Like Ving Rhimes did Tyrese in Baby Boy  
Your neighborhood hood's back  
Nigga my nigga Mega bring the hook back  
See'mon

[Chorus]