Yous a notebook crook with loose leaf beef A backseat criminal who pass the heat To somebody that blast the heat Man it sound bad on the pad what happened in the street A villain on the vinyl an analog outlaw A lot of gats on your DAT taped southpaw You thuggin when the mics plugged in Barkin through the speakers like you got no sense You're wild on the 2 inch Got your platinum plaques to prove it Your music's been around the world movin And it come right back around to the ground on it Now its time to face your opponent Infamous cling to this real shit Stuck where we started at Fuck that Not because I have to we want to I love this shit The raw is what I live for To hear the sound of the crowd roar for more To see the niggas that can't pay rush the door Wildin on the dance floor when they song come on Swinging they fists Ready for war but its a different type of effect Its not violence They're just tranced by the advance Tranqued by the sound bank Put under the drum Numbed off of our shit Now who you rocking with them or us Deep love or cheap lust QB or bust Infamous til we pass on You're laughing at the wrong kid I take action The fam are confidants, nigga I write bombs that'll shatter your ambitions of being top dog As we move through the stage floor I need to bass more So I can taste it and make y'all go AWOL and lose it Say no more Brace your delf nigga its on Cormega Who tale you tellin Are you frail or felon Were you makin sounds or watchin niggas sellin You exploit niggas lives in your rhymes and then avoid em You never felt the moisture in the air from coke boiling You never felt the razor scrapin your plate your hands achin Yet you keep choppin cause there's paper to make You never felt the power of invincibility Clutchin a gun like fuck it dun Its him or me At your best you wasn't hand to hand No more than 3 grams What the fuck you know about a ki man You never hustle Lets get it right my nigga wild woulda stuck you Stop dry snitchin in your rhymes listen

What you tryin to do help the guys in blue Indict duns so that could be another rhyme for you You a parasite you never had a life So you throw other niggas lives in your pad at night Its clever when you write it Spoken well for a dude who never been indicted You know the deal motherfucker The real make the fake niggas kneel And lose appetites when you taste nigga's steel My rhymes are what it take to get a deal That make it real I'm like BIG you can't replace the skill I laced your ill like cocaine in scarface's grill Your motherfuckin flow is basic kill I'm Cor Mega raw forever Y'all niggas know my steez I'm reppin for Queens Your minor league I'm big time like Mark McGwire's deed Your whole team is pussy When I squeeze vaginas bleed My lyrics they official I bag up coke on dishes made of crystal Your niggas they will miss you My nickel plated pistol got 16 shots You can take em with you To the coffin or DAs office Surgery nurses screamin we lost him Life suddenly divorced and fuck it it cost him You want beef say no more Brace your delf nigga its on We spray 4 4 s bitch