

# Who Can I Trust

Cormega

Yo, I write rhymes, for niggas at night time  
Consider your life mine  
Whether you pumpin 5 packs or 5 dimes  
My time I'm livin' it, my persona eminent  
Real niggas don't keep beef we finish it  
No retreat, no surrenderin  
No rockin me to sleep  
I keep the heat up in my premises  
A whole different level of rhyme several of my  
Competitors try comin better than mine  
Verbally I'm way ahead of my time, Mega  
Immortalized through words  
Son I'm livin off the time you served  
Stay focused, keep a eye open for straight vultures  
Everybody gotta go, everydays a day closer  
I'm soakin in my sofa, Reminiscin Tony coked up  
Life is fucked up, even when you blow up  
Lil Wayne: Who can ya trust?  
Mega: Only a few and my nine will bust  
Lil Wayne: What do you lust?  
Mega: The money and the power nigga  
Lil Wayne: Who you respect?  
Mega: All my niggas that's no longer with us  
And all the drug king pins who showed us how ta get up  
Who's the nicest nigga spittin a trife shit  
Ghetto drama, Sagas for niggas with enditements, flippin white shit  
Screamin fuck the feds  
Squeezing ya heat at police till your cuffed to your hospital bed  
Thug general, write rhymes for criminals to listen to  
If you ain't real, my shit ain't even meant for you  
My pen stain the paper like blood  
My mind is like a nine and my rhyme is like a slug  
Before I snitch like a bitch, I'd rather die like a thug  
If they arraign me for bangin I throw my sign up at the judge, I'm almighty  
Defy me, feel the 44 beside me  
Red light to guide me to your vital point  
With my heat I anoint you a second from death  
My only regret, is that I emptied out my whole clip in your soul BIATCH  
To my thugs, its unconditional love I'm givin you  
I've been out the motha fuckin system too  
Hunger pains when I was younger made me ready 2 face  
Consequences of life the streets fed me  
Ready rock chop the pumped I bought my high top dunks  
And crack fiends only a baby nah, hold up  
The sense of shit I just made up in the rhyme this is the realness  
In a reflection of a sinner I spit  
Yo feel this, my name alone had me maintainin a phone  
On a come through not to mention the banger I hold  
Ain't nothing new why would I front for you  
I'm a felony offender, you showin your jealousy nigga  
[Chorus]