

## **The Jacka f/ Cormega**

### **"Storm"**

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[Jacka] Killa on the road nigga (Riders on the storm)  
Nigga watch out nigga (Riders on the storm) The J-A  
nigga You know what Spit my life on this beat, live my  
life on the street Got the thugs on my team, keep the  
strap in my reach And I'm lovin' the lean, but don't fuck  
wit the peach Optimo, hit the Sco, 60 box of the sweets  
Yea I'm fully aware, even if I look sleep I really live this  
shit, these squares wanna be me But you niggas is  
weak, and you scared to get doe I done did road trips  
wit 50 bricks of that blow Gangsta's buy 'em from me,  
but'll kill for ya nig Cuz keep it real as fuck is all I did  
That's all I know, smoke everyday 100 in my chop, cuz  
we don't play Na we just kill, nigga where I stay Nigga  
where I live, hit a bank bare faced Just to feed our kid,  
got beef wit the J Shoot my gun at your crib, and do a  
day at the block Never stop for the pigs, that's just how  
we rock (Riders on the storm) [Cormega] I'm from the  
city that Big rep Where coke droughts, got niggas  
cryin' like Isaiah on the Knick's bench A closed mouth  
don't get fed A real man, will keep his mouth closed  
even wit the feds Never sleep you get enough rest  
when you're dead Fuck a dream what you need is a  
good connect If it's pure or compressed you've been  
blessed In other words less complainin' more to stretch  
Thorough niggas ain't born we bred I'd rather be loved  
than feared I'm smooth 'til I'm on the edge I don't move  
unprepared What part you ain't understand Fuck  
around lay around, while I over stand The road to  
redemption I'm on a chosen path To greatness ain't  
nothin' gonna hold me back Niggas know where my  
zone is at I spit it how I live it this is cocaine rap, ugh  
(Riders on the storm) [Jacka] Yea nigga, the Jack  
Hustlin' in the rain wit my nigs pushin' cane Push my  
thang to your ribs nigga you know what this is Fuck the  
drought I'm the Jack, give me all the shit I'm goin' in,  
let's get it in, I'll kill again to feed my kids I gives a shit  
about a bitch up in the yay East Bay gangsta like that S-  
P-I-C-E who rock wit men You can eat, I walk around wit  
my heat But I'm cooler than a styrofoam cup full of lean  
If you know us if you don't you better scream mutha  
fucka Chrome 4-4 wit the beam on the rubber Livin'

nigga's dreams but a nigga had to suffer Ridin'  
through the storm I don't think I could recover

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