

**Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer****"A Thin Line"**

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[Cormega]

Your depiction of a thug nigga, is fiction  
Your words hung my nigga lines were drawn  
You sided with the judge I ain't a hater  
I don't love squellers thats me  
You have the audacity to talk like you real  
Nigga you fold under pressure, my life is real  
You sold your soul to detectives I could get you  
murdered  
But you dying a slow death denying you told yet  
The truth came to light you a fake nigga  
You helped the D.A.'s case my nigga  
Fuck your life I hate the side of your face nigga  
Only a fake nigga would respect you  
You went against the cause and signed papers  
The signatures yours thats that bullshit pardon me  
?Sammy the bullshit? take the stand betraying the fam  
Should have kept it real you put your fate in ya hand  
I guess thats the way it was planned

(Hook) [Cormega]

There's a a thin line between love and hate and you  
crossed it  
You had respect around the way and you lost it  
If a coward dies a thousand deaths how you gon' live?  
Nigga you get no love

[Cormega]

Death before dishonor  
You sacrificed your breath so respect a nigga power in  
jail  
I get you hit up in the shower  
I'm a real nigga I walk the streets with pride  
I'm the turth, you living a lie  
You a part-time prosecuter, full time ?hosa?  
I right rhymes with great'ness you write statements  
nigga  
And think the streets don't know  
Tssk, yo it was all good just a week ago  
How could you live with being the D.A.'s witness  
And knowing ya names associated with snitches

You could pray for forgiveness I'ma fact you a stool  
pigeon  
Ain't nothing you can do nigga, might I mention  
Only a bitch would snitch to get a lighter sentence  
Take it like a man nigga like official prints and  
cornbread nigga  
I'm a warrior you deserve a bullet in ya head nigga

(Hook)

[Cormega]

Uhh, I'm tired of you coming through like snitching  
justifiable  
I once admired you, you rap bastard  
Ain't no need to explain you not my man  
Everytime you give me five I wash my hands  
What nigga, M-E-G-A bitch tell the D.A. bricks  
I move in three days not including the grindin  
What polluted ya mind was it alluded time  
my words are exulted yours ruin lives  
You a disgrace to ya race I'm true to mine  
All my doggs doing time, no before I side with the law  
I rather ride with the fours and deprive you of your,  
coward existence  
You probably send ya momma to prison to beat a  
sentence BITCH!

(Hook)

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