

Will Smith F/ Kel Spencer

"Take Mine"

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"Pure, uncut..."

[Cormega]

Yo

Find the S, shine on my neck, nine in my Guess
A dime chasin my body (what) pourin wine on my chest
My brown eyes reflect the drama
The coke and marijuana -- flowin like Nile River
Controllin foul niggaz, hunnie want me to lay down wit
her
I know her man from gettin money outta town wit him
I know a cobble sell new blocks, and baby ooh-wops
And got niggaz payin money on a few blocks
I don't pay him no mind, he don't apply to me
I try to be entirely smooth, in privacy yo
Streets bring it outta me, ghetto nights inspired me
Anxiety, burnin like, two slugs inside of me
A few thugs that mind me, some inspire me
To buy a Kia, drive a B-E-N-Z, and see the envy
When I rhyme I leave ya mind swelled like a nine shell
Niggaz on the block keepin up for dime sells

[Hook]

Yo, shit is about to be real, I settle drama quick
Snipin niggaz, with the hand I write drama with
Sinister, the babyface crime emperor
Mega Montana, I'ma take mines and live it up
Shit is about to be real, I settle drama quick
Snipin niggaz, with the hand I write drama with
Sinister, the babyface crime emperor
Mega motherfuckin Montana, what?!

[Cormega]

Sippin Cham Don with my hands on, a thousand grand
Got chased by Hazard Fam, my Northface and
Timberlands
Flooded with presidents (what) cops consider evidence
Undercover sales make jail a nigga resident
My little me be settin in for phone time
In Martnine, I hear he givin niggaz a hard time
Streets like gold mines, Beamers, X5 with chrome

shine
are foul, like shoot-outs in Al Capone's time
I got dreams ya team never seen
Mega cream, whoever schemin dead soon as they see
the red bean
I got heat, that's guaranteed to make ya head lean
My destiny is seein cornbread cream
Remember me? The exulted, fat cat of NYC
Drivin a Porsche to my fortress, and I be
Loungin in Cortex's and still rock fly Valor shit
Moment of silence to them niggaz that my paws hit

[Hook]

[Cormega]
I know rappaz hate me, cuz I live the rhyme I visualize
You not real, I see it in ya eyes
I'm spittin nines, where coke farm scales are digitized
This real shit I live and die, the Bridge I epitomize
The trife life, I rock jewels with ice
Verbally, I bruise mics
Mega shittin, Lex and Benzes chromed out
Gimme a pen and watch a nigga zone out
I can't believe the shit I spitted from my own mouth

[Hook]

"Pure, uncut..."
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"Pure, uncut..."

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