

Cormega f/ Dona, Miz

"The Machine"

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[Dona]

Yo, honest living gets no respect
Get money on the streets, niggaz show your love
Fast cars, gold chains, son, doing his thing
I'm doing my thing, together we bring
That hard street shit, niggaz been waiting weeks to get
Best of both words, Chinese and Sunnydale
Lobster and crystal, the nigga fuck with me
Cuz I keep its real, and I'm from the Ville
XXL wanna put me on the cover, enemies
Undercover, wanna take a nigga under
Fuck these niggaz talkin' bout how they discovered
Mad at ya girl, cuz I ain't fuck ya
Powder blue prada's, Dona, the don dada
It get's not hotter, top shotters
Blocka, I got this whole game in a smash
You couldn't do a song with me, cuz all your shit is
trash

[Miz]

Look at me now, Mega, I'm trynna ice the crown
Blow shots at your crew, when ya'll actin' wild
The streets be us, and dog, you can't fuck with us
Real niggaz been shackled on the back of the bus
Been blowin' mad niggaz, for talkin' like they be tough
So please don't fuck with us, niggaz will scuff you up
Got the goon squad, postin' up in the rear
Ready to start something, pop about two in ya ear
You hear? Get it clear, never fuck with the man
Cuz if you, talk to the man, you'll be layin' in sand
You hear? Never scared, it's the block in here
106 and cardin', that's how we startin' this here
Rest in peace, Fly Ty, wish my nigga was here
Not in the mental, the physical, standin' right there
Talk to me ya'll, Legal Hustle that's how we do
What, ho..

[Cormega]

In the street I'm known, for heat I hold
My road dogs, Moe Dog and Bebo's home
Niggaz be fightin' over syrup, by my kilo sold

Now I'm a motherfuckin' Legal Hustle, C.E.O
I brought the pain, it hurt y'all to see me blow
Like the hurricane, you thought it was a game
Til the hummer came, you numb like, novacaine
Scuff like purple haze, nigga, know your place
I don't wanna blow your brains
Will leave dead or like something in a produce lane
There's no use mayne, you know you lame
Your re-up is weak, my peeps told you wait
You didn't like the Realness, you know you fake
My success got you vexed, that know you hate
The fact I'm eatin' like my peoples do in soul food
plates
Uh, Don P, shit, we go through cases
And, we got lawyers, that blow through cases
I will walk through your projects with no shoe laces
And laugh at them niggaz with them broke school
faces
What, you can't fuck with my team, the Legal Hustle
regime
We the fucking machine, nigga, fuckin' with me
Get love in the street, cuz we was huggin' to eat
Now we chillin', pullin' up in them fleece

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