

## Corinne Bailey Rae

### "Montana Diary"

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[Cormega]

Yo, pushin' a red Lex, mini screens in my headsets  
So much beef, police suprised I ain't dead yet  
I keep mad heat, under my passenger seat, to master  
the beef  
It's so real, if I don't see you, I'm snatchin' ya peeps  
It's on, nigga, whoever get hit first, is gonna kiss dirt  
My soldiers, cold blooded, vultures  
Cold flooded, on streets, we control hundreds  
I drink coladas, but some of my niggaz roll blunted  
Ya man froze when I drove up, I symbolize death  
Like a cobra attack, your life fear(here) is over  
Black you fucked up, you never should of  
stepped(snuck) up  
My spot cocked, suckers, scared to die, tough luck  
Run, prepare to meet ya maker, no longer is you  
grimey  
Motherfuckers fear(seein') paper  
I burn your insides like Henny, nigga, need a  
taster(chaser)?  
Pray to gods, the(n) way ya odds, 'cause only he could  
save ya  
Motherfuckers, it's..

[Chorus 2X: Cormega]

The Montana shit, the money and the power shit  
Real recognize real, dough, I need a lot of it  
My name, you honor it, niggaz analyze with(analyzing)  
me  
Need to take a look inside the Montana diary

[Cormega]

Yo, I walk among men that wanna be me, love that(and)  
wanna see me  
Mega Montana, drama, I love, bring it  
Never sleepin', I close my eyes and see my enemies  
With nines reachin', so I awaken  
Criminal thoughts, become premeditation  
Yo, fuck explanations, son, I need the safe  
combinations  
Surrounded by snipers in a major operation

Authorities acknowledge me, kingpin, replace  
ya(replacing) week(weak) men  
Layin', sneakin'(Plans reaching) on the strength of  
information leakin'  
My destination reachin' the top, and puttin' heat in a  
cop  
Who wanna care if my heart beat was runnin' fast  
Yo, son, it only takes a second for my gun to blast  
Give me the world and everything in it  
My enemies need(meet) an uzi with a pearl finish  
I live it, my life a(is) pure corruption, rememeber these  
last words  
I ain't the one to fuck with, aiyo, I live..

[Chorus 2X]

[Cormega]

You fuck with me, you fuckin' with the best  
The crime emperor, niggaz'll die because my mind  
sinister  
I pack an automatic, of course(fours), to uphold my  
status  
'cause money bring power, and power bring madness  
And it, got a nigga mind, into bigger crime  
I appear to my(epitomize gettin') mad dough, and no  
prison time  
The money make a nigga sour like lemon-lime  
I'm gettin' mine, you gettin' yours, kid, with a(where's  
the) nine  
It's Mega Montana, introducing  
Bigger ways to get paid, rhyme distribution  
And if there's a problem, I'ma find a solution  
My face in the mirror, shows the eyes of the ruthless  
Sky's the limit, rise the tenent(ride is tinted)  
My life's so trife, I don't advise y'all, niggaz to try to live  
it  
My inner vision of better living inspired me  
To write the saga called the Montana Diary  
Bring it back, son

[Chorus 2X]

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