

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Who Can I Trust?"

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[Cormega]

Yo, I write rhymes, for niggas at night time
Consider your life mine
Whether you pumpin 5 packs or 5 dimes
My time I'm livin' it, my persona eminent
Real niggas don't keep beef we finish it
No retreat, no surrenderin
No rockin me to sleep
I keep the heat up in my premises
A whole different level of rhyme several of my
Competitors try comin better than mine
Verbally I'm way ahead of my time, Mega
Immortalized through words
Son I'm livin off the time you served
Stay focused, keep a eye open for straight vultures
Everybody gotta go, everydays a day closer
I'm soakin in my sofa, Reminiscin Tony coked up
Life is fucked up, even when you blow up

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Lil Wayne: Who can ya trust?
Mega: Only a few and my nine will bust
Lil Wayne: What do you lust?
Mega: The money and the power nigga
Lil Wayne: Who you respect?
Mega: All my niggas that's no longer with us
And all the drug king pins who showed us how ta get up

[Cormega]

Who's the nicest nigga spittin a trife shit
Ghetto drama, Sagas for niggas with enditements,
flippin white shit
Screamin fuck the feds
Squeezing ya heat at police till your cuffed to your
hospital bed
Thug general, write rhymes for criminals to listen to
If you aint real, my shit aint even meant for you
My pen stain the paper like blood
My mind is like a nine and my rhyme is like a slug
Before I snitch like a bitch, I'd rather die like a thug
If they arraign me for bangin I throw my sign up at the

judge, I'm almighty
Defy me, feel the 44 beside me
Red light to guide me to your vital point
With my heat I anoint you a second from death
My only regret, is that I emptied out my whole clip in
your soul BIATCH

[Chorus]

[Cormega]
To my thugs, it's unconditional love I'm givin you
I've been out the motha fuckin system too
Hunger pains when I was younger made me ready 2
face
Consequences of life the streets fed me
Ready rock chop the pumped I bought my high top
dunks
And crack fiends only a baby nah, hold up
The sense of shit I just made up in the rhyme this is the
realness
In a reflection of a sinner I spit
Yo feel this, my name alone had me maintainin a
phone
On a come through not to mention the banger I hold
Aint nothing new why would I front for you
I'm a felony offender, you showin your jealousy nigga

[Chorus]

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