

LMC Vs. U2

"Cormega Freestyle"

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[Cormega]
What up son? It's Mega
Tony Touch, what da deal dun-dun
Yo yo yo yo yo
When I die, remember me for fly jewels, nines, and
Hennessy
Tropical weed, Rovers, Beamers, Infiniti's
Dun, I'ma drop it, consider me a ghetto prophet (why?)
I could write trife or recite a mellow topic (true)
In the streets, I had to maintain self
Son I packed enough heat to make thermometers melt
The trife life, I seen a lot of faces I hated
I exist in a cypher where drug dealers are livin it
More niggas are prisoned nowadays, we livin fouler
ways
The whole hood is in a marijuana daze
I know the power of a dollar saved
Son I'm young, but I'm out for the cash the old-timers
crave
Back in the day dope king, sweeter than Alize
Now it take forever and a day
I used to measure grams, but now I got better plans
Drivin a fuckin Navigator in the desert sands
I never ran and never will, get outta hand and Mega will
Send a missle at your chest and mad red'll spill
Cuz I'm exalted from words spoke and courtships
Seen some other bigger drug dealer blowin fortunes
In back rooms, niggas be sniffin like vaccuums
Reminesce to '88, the year crack ruled
They had Night Delta Forces pumpin clear capsules
Five for forty, had fiends like "I only rob for shorty"
My story real than yours, imaged, fabricated
I'm Mega Montana, drama and retaliation, what nigga
what?
BIOTCH! Ha ha ha

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