

## Cormega "American Beauty"

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[Cormega]

Yo, its night time I can't sleep  
My pens beggin' me to write rhymes  
Cory's a felony despite time  
I erase the urge on the tip of my tongue  
I taste the words a story is born, my glorious song  
Hip hop cannot ignore me for long  
I know her last man abused her, I can't refuse her  
Alotta niggas used her, treated her like shit even  
confused her  
She had class now she sellin it all for cash  
When Marley had her, her face was more pure body  
fatter  
Primo treated her good, made her the queen in my  
hood  
She used to be out in Queens with DMC  
And on the rooftp with Big, Fritz, and R.P.  
She was fly she kept her shit tight  
Yo if he didn't go to jail dun, she mighta been Slick  
Rick's wife  
Disappeared a few years, she was "Stranded On Death  
Row"  
Dre had her on anotha level in the west coast  
She met a lame with with a drug dealer name  
He had a lot for a while, then his whole style changed  
You know the wisdom is reflected the knowledge when  
its manifested  
If not fed in due time the mind is anerexic  
You understand the message  
I know I'm gettin to deep for some  
Rhyme -- Uncut raw, the beat numb  
Back to the subject in hand, I called her and said I miss  
her  
Stop fuckin with my fake crew 'cause they dissed her  
Then along came the R, reminding her of her essence  
Rza said she like a sister blessin her with lessons  
She was stressed because she missed Pac  
She still crying after B.I.G. died askin 'when will this shit  
stop?'  
I love her like a mother, my physical path  
She even overlooked the fact about my criminal past  
And stayed with me in jail beyond gates visitors passed

No longer is she lettin niggas fuck her just for cash  
Whats her name dun? \*Echoed\*

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