

## Cormega "Built for This"

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It's time to separate the rookies from vets  
Pussies from threats, truth and(from) lies  
Supplies from dealers and death  
Im feeling this, I'm young and ruthless  
Status unmatched undisputed, some assuming  
My destiny to rep these streets  
I'M BUILT FOR THIS  
The will is too strong  
Feel this(feelings) numb from dealing too long  
Its real count ya friends when you on  
My pen is visual I'm real, men are miserable  
I feel the tension growing  
You hold a grudge, a 45 with infra holding no love  
Hungry like my ribs are showing, as if you didn't notice  
I spit the potent, uncut raw my mind is pure ferocious  
Like a shark I tear you open cut you blood in my ocean  
My pen it ghost people, like dope needles  
When I rhyme there's no equal  
The flow will freeze you, like medusa stair I'm so lethal  
Obvious I'm a vill, with odds against me  
Like Rasheed Wallace it's hard to stick me  
I'M BUILT FOR THIS  
In the street, I'm powerful if shit gets dirty  
30-30 clips will shower, you exist cause I allow you to  
live  
I concord(conquered) you, I kinda knew you was weak  
I can see how cowards do  
I write epic facing a scholar, question my life  
expectant(expectance)  
My essence is getting money, my oral life(my aura like)  
Lexus  
On the mic I'm relentlence, prosude(pursue) the  
perfection  
Ya new connect for pure, uncut raw - what  
I caught a rush when ever my palms clutch a gun, pen  
or a ki  
Or a dyme satisfy my every need  
I write rhymes with killer instinct, yet to find a nigga  
iller then me  
Some smile at my face, yet they still against me  
I ??? the fake, never sleep or denie death for waste  
Or compisate(conversate) in the presence of snakes

When & where and time I'm measuring weight  
You destine(d) to think or(yo) where does he get this  
paper, son we nearly extinct  
I realized that when burring spank(buried Spank), the  
real will parish(perish) ya life  
Conceal evidence my rhyme skill is ex(c)elent  
M - for the man  
E - executioner  
G - get money  
A - all my niggas movin up  
I'M BUILT FOR THIS  
For real it's in me, like R. K ill(R. Kell', I) make you feel  
the big heat  
The illest is me, the drug dealer empties semi-auto I  
conceal on these streets  
To uphold the kiss of death and try to deal ki's and  
snort blow  
You can't replace me  
I live the rhyme I visualize, you aint real I (I can) see it in  
ya eyes  
I spit nines, weight(weigh) coke on scales that's  
digitalized  
The realness I live and die, the streets I  
impitalize(epitomize) the trife life  
I rock juels with ice, verbally I bruise mics  
Mega live it I'm ghetto, my shit is chromed out  
Give me a pen and watch a nigga zone out  
I can't believe the shit I spit is from my own mouth

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