

## Cormega "Dirty Game"

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Yeah

Know what I'm sayin' Premo'

Tell these niggas about my life know what I mean

It's been a crazy, crazy journey for me, know what I mean

I spend my days in a steel cage

Where brothers feel rage

And get real with razor blades

in ill ways so when my cell close

my brain cells expose

and my pen excels to a part of hell froze

Inside of me was tellin' me to stay out

Reality was tellin' me that if I find a way out

I had to stay out

Plans I had to lay out

In order to elevate from my identity

mentally accelerate

I seen a lot of men break down

Being an inmate

Now I realize I couldn't make the same mistakes

It was real being concealed in steel gates

Where brothers who feel hate against a another race

Which only indicates a snake mentality

These are my days of reality

Hook:

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

but niggas stay strapped in the hood

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets they still callin'

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

but niggas stay strapped in the hood

It's a damn shame

The streets is a dirty game

My heart's still home in the streets

Often I think of my people the board denied they  
freedom, a mirage  
Disappearing before our eyes  
We were born to strife  
Now living in courts decide  
Missing their children we can feel it when our mommas  
cry  
We was hustlin' but would the jury find me guilty?  
They seen us strugglin'  
Doing what we have to do to ease the sufferin'  
We know its wrong but so was havin' us freezin'  
Left the stove on wearing our sneakers until the soles  
are gone  
We constantly holdin' on, being broke  
And hopin our phone is our only escape  
And when our favorite TV shows is on shots ringin'  
echo in the ear before the cops came kids was  
everywhere  
and women cryin niggas going to jail  
A mothers eyes fill with tears as she nears  
Realizing he's surviving she exhales like Angela  
Bassett  
I'm a poet amongst slums, crimes, and crack addicts

Hook

I live a lonely existence  
Lately I've become a mathematician  
As I divide my friends with phony niggas I confide in  
God  
As for sins may he forgive 'em  
If you have dreams they can be achieved never give up  
Look at me once a convicted felon  
Once addicted to sellin'  
The substance which corrupted many men in my era  
I stood in awe at the dope fiends  
Drove by those caught in the coke game  
Some proper some locked up some sold claim  
The main team wanted the shine  
Streets so alive I felt the air breathe  
Not only did I misplace time  
I could remember as an inmate  
At midstate I stayed in the law library  
Some chose to lift weight, fine  
As if they content with they time  
They strip us at the visit  
Limit our education  
Ridicule us niggas  
modern enslavement  
Even though I'm out of the cages  
I'm the voice of the soldier in the yard with the banger

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