

Cormega "Extreme Wit 16"

Visit "[Extreme Wit 16](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Cormega]

I'm extreme with 16's, God forgive me I'm nice
Like Rasheed Wallace, my street knowledge is source
When beef starting, niggas know my shit'll blow holes
in

Souls of my enemies, ain't no symphony
I paint a portrait, your picture ain't complete, you talk
shit

I talk drugs, money and four fifths
I spit the real, niggas feel you got something to prove
Chill, I don't got nothing to lose, for real I crush you
Like a gram in the hand of a nigga who sniff coke
I conquer you, and be held responsible
Niggas call me Kasha, cause I fake my own death
And cause I ain't seen a, like I couldn't take yet
Nigga, I ain't meter, how I couldn't shake yet
Fuck the watch, did you see my bracelet
Niggas, talk ki's, but ain't seen an eighth yet, and
My coke is shit, you don't need a taste test
Bragging bout your vest, means you want your face
wet

My lawyer so good, I beat him in a raiment, nigga
Fuck what you heard, this is what you hearing
I talk the real shit, niggas disappearing
Interfering with a nigga like me
Could get your black ass pushed to the white meat
I talk about 16 bars, of 16 scars to deal with
Either way you gonna feel it
When I spit the real shit, for niggas hustling, bubbling,
struggling

Bitches with the big pussy, smuggling coke,
motherfuckers is joke

What block you used to pump on? Umm..

I heavily dispute that, never seen you shoot back
Never seen you bring loot back

And niggas need to chill, that's word to Ill Will
Y'all niggas ain't real, ya don't know the meaning

I'm to real, too ill, too strategic

I'm Doe or Die, better yet, Do or Die

Like Dutsy, Big L, and Suicide

Like G Fresh, Pac Man, and Tito, we know

My nigga J.S.P., rest in peace

You niggas ain't ill like me, you niggas ain't real like me
Fall apart, no heart, you ain't built like me, what the
deal
I spray well, ask my nigga KL
I'm a far rock general, the mineral was cocaine I sell
I reign well, niggas know the deal
You might reign in hell fucking with me
I'm buggin' strictly, straight for the dome
That's the realist shit you ever heard
Straight off the dome, what
Niggas know my flow is unstoppable
Mega Montana is popping you, uh
Ice to B.I.B. channel high, madd fly
Freestyling, they say that nigga be whilin'
Ice to B and Edgmere, with my niggas on the daily
Bases, chillin, you just can't erase it
The villain, of The Firm, they just couldn't replace it
I'm.. unreplaceable, I'm.. undisgraceble, I'm..
unmistakably
The nicest that you'll ever see, Mega be heavily,
cleverly
Indeed, I can't stop, won't stop, won't ever stop
When Mega drops get his shit, and go on
I flow on, like a proton, missile, my shits official
So what the fuck you niggas wanna do?
I could go on for days, or flow afraid, shoot
It's just poetry, niggas know its me
Home after three, niggas sucking me, like Bon Appetite
Niggas ducking like its homes after me, uh
So call friends who have no cash for me, uh
Fuck y'all niggas, y'all all ass to me
If Mobb Deep was here, I would pass to P, and
Talk about me, is pure blasphemy
I leave the alligators to the players, and
I rhyme sharper then a Rikers Island razor, and
You under pressure, like you see my nigga Jada
Yo, I'm outta here nigga, catch y'all niggas later, I'm
out (what)

Visit [Cormega](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.