

## Cormega "Introspective"

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[Cormega]

I killed her with +The Realness+ now I'm bringin new  
life

Prestige is an illusion people tend to lose sight  
I will always be Cory, youngest child of Dorothy  
My brown eyes mirrors the pure ferocity  
I slung to eat, held my first heat with curiosity  
Slept with it, rep with it, streets empower me  
I came from curses, cuffs, and suede Pumas  
To painting slums as visual as James Evans Jr.  
I became a criminal when few though I wasn't  
My shot wounds, my birthmarks  
a thug injustice

Aint with the Yanks

The quarters not working I question my purpose in life  
It must be to write, son I'm very determined  
I child of the ghetto like a very young Sherman  
Breed not molded, the chosen upholding  
unwritten laws of those behind walls closed in, picture  
me rollin  
but don't look at me differently on the strength that I'm  
holdin

This is Mega you never heard my chain got stolen  
I pitch like Randy Johnson

Dudes needed work I assist like Magic Johnson  
Before rap my name was ringing in the projects  
We took the block and props off every gram cooked  
rap game

and change gon' come like Sam Cook  
And Big didn't give the crown up and this means  
his unwilling departure still makes him king  
Cor-Mega, RAW forever, still born in Bedstuy, never ran  
never will

My life is very real a tri-beam couldn't measure my skill  
The True Meaning+ who wanna bring it, I'm right here...

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