

## Cormega "Love in Love Out"

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When I came home from jail we was brothers  
Your beef was my beef  
Remember that time with Butta on your video set  
When he was talkin' bout shootin'

If you don't pay him, then I got into it  
Son you gave me a hundred dollars when I came home  
I didn't complain I wasn't in it to gain  
You my nigga when you hot and when the temperature  
changed

Now we enemies, 'til we enter the grave  
When I got signed to Def Jam I offered you ten grand  
You said you didn't want it, then you started acting  
funny  
It started with the cover of YSB  
A picture of The Firm, everyone except me

Then my voice disappeared off La Familia  
That's when it was clear to me there wasn't no real love  
I was out The Firm, unless I signed a production deal  
Which I didn't do 'cause son, that wasn't real

I was never jealous of you in fact I was proud of you  
I smiled when I heard you on live at the Barbecue  
I respect you as an artist thou I'm no longer fond of you  
I gave you love from the heart unlike the people  
surrounding you

Love in, love out  
Nowadays is no honor, only drama  
Your friend today can be your enemy tomorrow  
Never show weakness, tell 'em no secrets

What's deep is, I had love for you  
But due to situations, I can't fuck with you  
Trust is a luxury I can't afford  
Betrayal's something that I can't ignore

My love is real, some earn it, some are unworthy  
Some, walk in the presence of men with thoughts to  
hurt me

And wonder why I throw shade and stay to myself  
'Cause I'm me, plus I'm not betraying myself

I'm free from the burden of extending my hand  
To my man's that don't deserve it, I only trust fam  
When I was locked up, you was doing you excluded me  
You should be happy now that I'm doing me

Niggas, acting like I won't give up a habit  
I got a question, "Who came to spank weight empty  
handed?"  
You smile in my face yet your eyes reveal the hate  
Next time you talk about me, mention I ain't fake

I'm living my dream, live yours, I gave sweat and tears  
You didn't even buy my CD, you say you my man?  
You so jealous your emotions make you careless  
I hope when you hear this it makes you think before you  
staring

At your last I hear you scheemin', I'm reading you your  
last right  
Get your mind off primitive thoughts and get your cats  
right  
I'm not limited, without rap I'd still be gettin' it  
Yours truly, the dealer, lyricist

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