

## Cormega "On the Real"

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[NAS]

Yea (House of Hits)

Finally up in this nigga

On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal

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To my seed, May I lead you into no breed of evil

In the categories and stories I breed my sequel

You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's

Monkey see, Monkey do

A shorty sipping sunny dew

Now its V.S.O.P. in a G.S. thats mad smokey

Murder tree's, Crusin gun in the stash so it won't poke  
me

Up in the Marriot, Sweet dirty tint, Don't make no noise  
cause we dirty

Tell the ho's to hurry in

We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom

And there's video taping of booming ass's on the  
zooming lens

Rolling on you non descript niggas

Your marked for death like colombians with bad coke  
that gip niggas

Tilt the dutch, twisting up the uwee if your skilled  
enough

In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili's bust

Chorus

On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal

On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal 2x

[K-L from ScrewBall]

Now its verbal abuse cause the mic's in use

This is your sorry excuse

Get your neck put in a noose

K-L is quick to let loose, to make your blood count  
reduce

Over the snare drum

We reproduce like cum

Impregnating the track, making it fatter than it was

Giving life to idea

Through the verse is what he does

[Kamikaze]

See a close call about two clicks from my fortress  
We rolling squad deep, on the Kawasaki hours  
QueensBridge got the drop on you niggas trying to  
toss us  
We metal down now its time to show these clowns who  
the boss is  
We live for the shit, Ain't trying to take no lossess  
Accumalating to much cream for you to touch  
Fucking welcome to my clutches, wipe the blood on off  
my chuckers  
From the ruckus  
Your gone and your crew still love us  
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit  
I'm working with jewels, car, chicken clits, paying rent  
Murdered Presidents, running wild, stacking in piles  
Onyx pendants, and Rubied down shit from the Nile  
Kamikaze style, sought the antique three pound  
Yo Nas, lets cop this brick and let the mobb supply the  
town

Chorus 2x

[Cormega]

(Play some treats on us)  
Drugs in my shirtsleeve  
The side bubble converti  
Eyes low cause the lye blow  
Five-oh know we dirty drive slow  
Write a line sipping a glass of wine  
The block is mine cause I am a live criminal  
mastermind  
When I rhyme, I perfect this, niceness, I'm blessed with  
Exhale precise shine like cocaine white  
Its the life of Pablo, Escobar niggas I know  
With diamond rolexes, that drive infinit's and lexus  
So send my enemies a message  
My Tommy Hilfiger vest, is bullet proof, so when niggas  
shoot  
I'm still protected  
So never ask why I write so violent  
My brain storm formed on a dorm in Rikers Island  
I remained calm while you tried to bite my style and  
When I performed niggas mic's went silent  
To the kid who made my man ill will bless this  
(On the real)  
When I catch up to your ass you know the deal

[Nas and Cormega]

On the real

chorus 4x

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