

## Cormega

### "Rapture"

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my rise inevitable,  
i rhyme incredible,  
i try to ascend to the highest level when im in the  
booth,  
i execute like an armed sniper,  
nicer than me na cipher,  
im an articulate lyricist,  
i remind you of the era, when STRICKLAND was with the  
knicks, fort greene was Preme's and streets was  
serious,  
i spit, sick as diesel in your vain, which means you get  
a rush and fiend for me to mc again, as i look back how  
i cooked crack and what we became  
from greed, no mystique in this hood we proclaim,  
where life and death are common as right and left and  
dealin rock is like boxing you can win with the right  
connect, yet if ya stance aint strong you lose rounds,  
be evasive body shots will put you down, i SPAR with  
patience now i spill DON on the pavement, for those  
who not here, my honor is sacred, i came from sleepin  
on cots in cages, to sleepin on beaches on PRIVATE  
vacations, my poetrys deep over melodic  
arrangements ayatollah hooked the beat up and i just  
laced it.

verse 2

enter my realm they callin me a savior, of hip-hop,  
same time niggas who get knocked ARE callin me for  
paper, the cycle is never ending like my pen against  
paper, AND my premises im infinite no lyricist is  
greater, straight up like coke off the stove get ya weight  
up, my mental strainer separates pure from infiltrator,  
and men who betray us when IN danger they scared to  
face consequences, they want live niggas respect but  
have the heart of women, the ART IS missin like an  
ancient civilization its hard to listen, RAP AND hip-hop  
ARE different, im a student of tradition, a sneaker head  
who used to pee the bed, now im shittin in the beamer  
lift my heater if my seed aint fed, i seen the streets  
make a killer outta tj, my pj's is said to breed base  
heads, some people FELT RELIEVED WHEN THEY seen

spank dead, they even GRIEVE fakes tears knowin its  
he they fear, i flow with ease over the beat this is me  
right here, no need to be king, to the street im here,  
apparent, a maverick in the art of rappin, i hold no  
grudge but palm a gat for those plottin those as if ima  
have it, its not gon happen ill pop off like a block war  
and turn a fiend to hardcore addict.

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