

Cormega

"Real Niggas Do Real Things"

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Mega
Mega

uh huh
uh huh yo
This goes out to you(mega) LA DC the Queens and
Brooklyn Crew
VA Atlanta, niggas from uptown too. (uh huh) Yea
Exclusive
You know how we do it kiko, Connecticut Muthafuckin
Cormega settin it

[Cormega]
Yo, to my enemies, I show no sympathy
Lay down forever, with my tre-ocho, spray loco
United we stand, divided we fall
In spite of it all, I am still the illest nigga,
keepin it real with niggas
Weed in my lungs, Henny fill my liver
Its on now, niggas better get gone now
Or get torn down, with 4-Pounds my team kick doors
down
My dreamim for cream, we can all have

Chorus: Cormega

On the road to the riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Iam rappin for the bitches in the songs I sing
'cause real niggas do real things

On the road to the riches and diamond rings
Real niggas do real things
Iam Rappin over beats by B.I.G.
'cause real niggas do real things

[Cormega]
Alota long time friends are foes now
Exposed now to my four-pound
No rock tote on my block
Your spot closed now
Dedicated to those who, never made it

Fuck those who froze while interrogated.
Picture me giving the cops a victory by snitchin
I'd rather be in penetenrcy
Doin life, with you niggas runnin though my wife
Fuck it lam locked down forever do her right
Where I go my nine go
My eyes low, from hydro
My shine glow, fuck 5-0
Yo, let me think a minute, my jeep tinted
The heat is in it, I better drive slow
Cause I aint wit bein, printed in a cell
Henny got me bent as hell, Usually I mix it with ginger
ale
I pass, where niggas fail, I stab for niggas bail
I flash the wicked el, to have ya niggas, down like what

Chorus (x2)

(Real niggas do real things, ya know
I think its time for me go, lam out kiko
Nah son, one more for BK. Ok Check it out)

[Cormega]

Yo, from QBC it be me C-O-R-M-E-G-A, get it
Also known as the planna Montana
Wit banana clips, hittin ya man up
My rhymes got ya swichtin ya plan up
I leave a leave a innefect with inelect
The LX or GS, my procedure be best
Competition be ??? like D'z hittin the spot
Wit no ki's left (stupid)
Look at your bitch she wet
She wanna do me because,
lam rappin over Biggie rockin a Kool G.
Well check this, I got Colombians money
In the bed I hit your honey in
No love for cops cause my dunn is on the run again
Feel the rhyme, I got the shit locked liked prison time
And '98 is to late lam gettin mines

Yea Cormega Kiko

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