

Cormega

"Respect Me"

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Aiyyo, real niggaz live off of principles
If you want it bad enough, I'ma give it to you
If your nigga ain't faithful, then fuck him too
I don't trust to many niggaz, just roll with a few

East New York, flooded with Bloods
I took care of responsibilities before I turned to Dove
They quick to judge when they see me in the streets
but fuck 'em
Y'all don't really live like me, in the hood like me
With crackheads and dopefiends unconditionally

I show love to the niggaz whose real with me and
reality friends is hard to keep
I can't trust nobody in the industry, motherfuckers
don't want to see Dona eat
I never been the type to panic, fall under pressure in
dispair and vanish

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Respect me, I'm respect you
Niggaz ain't stupid, they know who to step to
Don't get it twisted, if you feel something handle your
business
Real niggaz recognize realness

For years I've been waiting for this moment
My feelings wrapped up in this moment, I can't control
it
Driven by something bigger than a dollar sign
and momma always said make best of the worst times
For the first time, I see shit clearly
writing at the table with captain crunch and dairy(?)
Dare to be nothing like them, they turned their backs on
God
and he gave his only son, am I'm the only one whose
keeping it real
we struggle everyday just to eat a decent meal

Keep a roof over our heads and over dead prez, they
shooting at our heads

and either way, our children suffer from lead
You don't want to see me make it
Rather see me dead/but real bitches do gangsta things
I do whatever nigga to feed my team

[Chorus]

Seven days out of the week, I'm on my j-o-b
Little to know sneak(?), my fam gotta eat
Fuck trying to get by, we multiply
in my hood everyday a young nigga dies
Its a blessing to be alive, hungry to get these pies
I drop versus, niggaz feel deep inside
No question, its a respect thing, I'ma keep it real with
Tims and Pepe
All the money in the world couldn't change the way I
think
Streets are watching every move I make
These niggaz are fake always coming at you wrong
Brownsville still going strong
Friends become enemies, nigga you never been a
friend of me
Always pretending to be my closet friend
Like I'm stupid enough to let you in

[Chorus]

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