

Deep Blue Sea soundtrack

"Mega's On His Own"

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featuring Carl Thomas

[Cormega]

Yo, yo
What, what
Wanna bounce?
Come on, come on
What, what
Bounce, bounce
Check it out y'all

Yo, you see the Benz I'm in, with BBS rims
Playing Lil' Kim's part off The Benjamins
I ain't a player, I just wear Tims
No need for gators, my feet can't swim
I'm in Reno, Nevada, sippin' a pena colada
How many niggas can see Montanna?
This movie's killin' and budgin'
Women love me in polo jeans and rugbys
You can hate it or love it, imiatate it or dub it
Compared to us, niggas ain't nuttin'
It's funny how niggas get paid for frontin'
Glorifying crimes, and they ain't done 'em
My rhymes'll split 'em like pimpin', Dom P sippin'
I'm not a baller, haven't even lived it
Women callin', since my days in the crib crawlin'
I plan to live enormous
I live nike dunks, icy chunks
A fly wifey I can trust
Not that she gon' wanna hesit me for re-up
I might be, Iron Mike if you try to entice me
I say this politely, tell it to a friend
Hard from the start, get money to the end
What up with Cormega? Did you see him?
Leanin' in the BM with the rim's gleamin'

[Chorus - Carl Thomas]

Mega gonna hold his own
He always knew he could do it alone
And when he rhymes
Everybody's gonna know

[Cormega]

Yo, I write rhymes for the flyest whips, finest chicks
And any rappin' nigga that thinks he's as nice as this
See me chillin' in clubs with women and thugs
Whoever wanna test this, we fill 'em with slugs
My jewlery gliestenin', rhymes usually sickenin'
Game like Fab 5 at Michigan, you listening?
Pimps, I

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