

# Introspective

## Cormega

I killed her with the realness now I'm bringing her life  
Prestige is an illusion people tend to lose sight  
I will always be cory, youngest child of Dorothy  
My brown eyes mirrors the pure ferocity I slung the E, held my first heat with curiosity  
Slept with it, rep with it, streets empower me  
I came from curses, cuffs, and suede pumas  
To painting slums as visual as James Evans Jr I became a criminal when few though I wasn't  
My shot wounds, my birthmarks a thug injustice and with the yanks  
The quarters not working I question my purpose in life  
It must be to write, son I'm very determined  
I child of the ghetto like a very young Sherman  
Bread not molding, the chosen upholding Unwritten laws of those behind walls closed in, picture me rolling  
But don't look at me differently on the strength that I'm holding  
This is mega you never heard my chain got stolen  
I pitch like Randy Johnson  
Dudes needed work I assist like Magic Johnson Before rap my name was ringing in the projects  
We took the block and props of every gram cooked  
The rap game a change gon' come like Sam Cook  
And big didn't give the crown up and this means His unwilling departure still makes him king  
Cormega, will forever still born in bedstuy, never ran never will  
My life is very real a tri-beam couldn't measure my skill  
Or true meaning who wanna bring it, I'm right here

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>