Dirty Game

Cormega

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah
Know what I'm sayin' Premo'
Tell these niggas about my life know what I mean
It's been a crazy, crazy journey for me, know what I meanI spend my days in a steel cage
Where brothers feel rage
And get real with razor blades
in ill ways so when my cell close
my brain cells expose
and my pen excels to a part of hell froze
Inside of me was tellin' me to stay out
Reality was tellin' me that if I find a way out
I had to stay out
Plans I had to lay out
In order to elevate from my identity
mentally accelerate
I seen a lot of men break down
Being an inmate
Now I realize I couldn't make the same mistakes
It was real being concealed in steel gates
Where brothers who feel hate against a another race
Which only indicates a snake mentality
These are my days of realityHook:
The streets is a dirty game
My heart's still home in the streets
It's a damn shame
The streets is a dirty game
but niggas stay strapped in the hood
It's a damn shame
The streets is a dirty game
My heart's still home in the streets they still callin'
It's a damn shame
The streets is a dirty game

but niggas stay strapped in the hood
It's a damn shame
The streets is a dirty game
My heart's still home in the streetsOften I think of my people the board denied they freedom, a mirage
Disappearing before our eyes
We were born to strife
Now living in courts decide
Missing their children we can feel it when our mommas cry
We was hustlin' but would the jury find me guilty?
They seen us strugglin'
Doing what we have to do to ease the sufferin'
We know its wrong but so was havin' us freezin'
Left the stove on wearing our sneakers until the soles are gone
We constantly holdin' on, being broke
And hopin our phone is our only escape
And when our favorite TV shows is on shots ringin' echo in the ear before the cops came kids was everywhere and women cryin niggas going to jail
A mothers eyes fill with tears as she nears
Realizing he's surviving she exhales like Angela Bassett
I'm a poet amongst slums, crimes, and crack addictsHookI live a lonely existence
Lately I've become a mathematician
As I divide my friends with phony niggas I confide in God
As for sins may he forgive 'em
If you have dreams they can be achieved never give up
Look at me once a convicted felon
Once addicted to sellin'
The substance which corrupted many men in my era
I stood in awe at the dope fiends
Drove by those caught in the coke game
Some proper some locked up some sold claim
The main team wanted the shine
Streets so alive I felt the air breathe
Not only did I misplace time
I could remember as an inmate
At midstate I stayed in the law library
Some chose to lift weight, fine
As if they content with they time
They strip us at the visit
Limit our education
Ridicule us niggas
modern enslavement
Even though I'm out of the cages
I'm the voice of the soldier in the yard with the banger

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