

# 5 For 40

## Cormega

Son I was a young nigga hustling  
Me serving a D was unheard of, unless a D served me  
Speak words superbly, its clear you heard me  
Your idea of a real nigga changed  
I'm into bigger things  
I'm tryin to maintain the same aim of prisoners  
drug dealers and my niggas who gangbanged  
The game changed, shit is on fire  
Niggas went from greatness to statements and wires  
So scared to face a bid they betraying their suppliers  
Sold to niggas outta state, you want weight you pay higher  
I'm condemned yet exalted for words spoken cautious  
Seen some of the biggest drug dealers blow fortunes in bathrooms  
Niggas be sniffin like vacuums  
I Reminisce to '88, the year crack ruled  
I had Nike Delta Forces with them clear capsules  
5 for 40, crackheads like "I only buy from Cory"

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