

Ain't Gone Change

[Cormega](#)

I ain't forget the hunger pangs
Stomach growlin' like thunder and rain
Fame calmed the savage that I once became
My status wasn't established from trying to get a name
It came from serving addicts lead and automatics bang
My physical form grew stronger in a Riker's Island cage
Only as to weaken so many of my people
Passed away like leaves in the wind
Or kids blowing ashes from trays
I possess the ghetto essence of that which I portray
I'm an emotional chameleon, see, how I adapt to pain
Before we enjoy the sun, we must first get past the rain
A lyricist similar to Donnie Hathaway
Clearly superior to many, all I really lacked was fame
The true meaning that fact remains
My presence is felt like the knicks when Patrick reigned

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