

# Verbal Graffiti

## Cormega

I'm like a panther in the dark silent when I strike the paper  
Like a dagger in your heart when I write I leave a mark  
I seen a narc before they even bark  
Told son, "Leave the block" get that money upstairs  
In case the currency is marked Beat a man who plot against me, God forgive me  
My enemies die in the street and my heat is empty  
Coindentially the same fate was meant for me  
My AK's my lawyer when it's on, it represent for me Vacate the sentence case acquitted when your face get  
splitted  
I stay spittin' with grace, chain glistenin'  
Gray timberlands, my niggas face predicaments  
But we could either live, die, or face imprisonment take a hit of this Uncut raw, a taste will numb your jaw  
My rhyme is on consignment just in case you wanted more  
Lyrics are furious, I reign imperious  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with me son, I'm dead serious Streets personify me like heat I keep beside me  
Either I be, the most underrated lyrical  
Drug related nigga who gun be blazin' in the projects  
A prosperous drug block is subject to conquest Where I'm from a fiend is selling heated for five jungs  
Dealers scatter when D's or Y come  
R.I.P. is written on walls for people who die young  
And niggas either dream of B-balling, or to be balling Sometimes it's hard for me to write, 'Son, the streets  
calling'  
Patience is a virtue, temptation I'll hurt you  
And sentence to a bid, your fake friends will desert you  
Til' you're assed out screaming life's a bitch that burnt you  
I don't expect a fake nigga to feel this  
Look in my eyes, stare at the realness I was corrupted by drug supply, fly kicks and buckin' nines  
Looking up at the skies thinking I'm too young to die  
Thoughts are conquering though we were taught not to sin  
Supreme court and death got a nigga losing lots of friends My pen's immortal like mommy in heaven no man  
can harm you  
An army of angels with true love is there to guard you  
Tell my dog blue, I love him like a brother the deep shit  
Three bricks remain uncovered the industry didn't want me in  
And they try to condemn me Sprewell of rap, they even try to suspend me  
Yet a thug nigga rise people are snakes, and justice is blind  
My jury is my gun at my side,  
Son I write with the trifeness engraved enticing Curse the shots that left big and pac lifeless  
The realness some try to conceal this

Despite that fact, niggas can't match my lyrical illness  
I'm a key you three grams with cut in it If you want it I don't give a fuck, nigga  
Rapper slash drug dealer, slash I bust my gun, nigga  
Slash your face with a rug, nigga  
What's the meaning?

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