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 markedBeat a man who plot against me, God forgive me
My enemies die in the street and my heat is empty
Coindentally the same fate was meant for me
My AK's my lawyer when it's on, it represent for meVacate 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 thisUncut 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 seriousStreets 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 conquestWhere 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 ballingSometimes 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 realnessI 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 friendsMy 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 meSprewell 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 enticingCurse 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 itIf 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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