Beautiful Mind

Cormega

I'm sick of gossiping bitches and niggaz who gossip like bitches
claiming they live but if you pop em they snitching
some wise from the building, the game knowledge of dealers
knowing they lack the heart of those who out on the benches
I was out in the trenches
which enables me to paint such a powerful picture
like Apocalypse Now
I put my heart in my lyrics, every time I sit down
I write, my source of inspiration ain't 3 and a half mics
I must have been an mc in my past life
presently I'm unquestionably poetic, I'm that nice
people act like, I don't deserve nothing I got
I grew up in the spot
my sleep was interrupted by customers knocks
some of y'all should just stop the animosity you got for me
luck it was not
for years we ran the projects like a marathon
these catastrophic, my time depth of pride became my own conquest
subsequently some are with me others ain't yet, the gun is within me
I wish for nothing except that my mother was with me
some place judgment against me based on nothing but envy
they pray for my downfall like the song by biggie
born in the city which never sleeps till rest in peace
its carved in stone some starved while others bled to eat
rap is my legacy I leave my seed my destiny
except I hope she never see the treachery success will bring
the trife life and death of kings
I'm from the rarest breed of people who rep the street and spit poetically
never sleep, rest assured mega is dope in its pure form
the dealer mc, keeping it real is my protocol
fall back I got you hoping off the style- I was working on it
the beat is lifeless, till I put my verses on it
I reminiscence confinement as I read a kite from
my people with secret inditements
freedom and trying, contemplating putting streets on the tires
dominating this beef with my rhyming as if you need a reminder
I spit that drug dealer shit you might have seen on the wire
what other lyricist is known for giving people consignment?
I'm eager to find my equal at rhyming

I rock, iceberg jeans with the nikes
an extremist when rhyming deep as poseidon
we lived in violence now I live in a peaceful environment
a secret asylum from the streets where people be wiling
some blind with fury from seeing my shining
like a phoenix arising from the depths showing the reaper defiance
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written by HAYES, ISAAC / , Y
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