Montana Diary

Cormega

[Cormega]
Yo, pushin' a red Lex, mini screens in my headsets
So much beef, police suprised I ain't dead yet
I keep mad heat, under my passenger seat, to master the beef
It's so real, if I don't see you, I'm snatchin' ya peeps
It's on, nigga, whoever get hit first, is gonna kiss dirt
My soldiers, cold blooded, vultures
Cold flooded, on streets, we control hundreds
I drink coladas, but some of my niggaz roll blunted
Ya man froze when I drove up, I symbolize death
Like a cobra attack, your life fear(here) is over
Black you fucked up, you never should of stepped(snuck) up
My spot cocked, suckers, scared to die, tough luck
Run, prepare to meet ya maker, no longer is you grimey
Motherfuckers fear(seein') paper
I burn your insides like Henny, nigga, need a taster(chaser)?
Pray to gods, the(n) way ya odds, 'cause only he could save ya
Motherfuckers, it's..[Chorus 2X: Cormega]
The Montana shit, the money and the power shit
Real recognize real, dough, I need alot of it
My name, you honor it, niggaz analyze with(analyzing) me
Need to take a look inside the Montana diary[Cormega]
Yo, I walk among men that wanna be me, love that(and) wanna see me
Mega Montana, drama, I love, bring it
Never sleepin', I close my eyes and see my enemies
With nines reachin', so I awaken
Criminal thoughts, become premeditation
Yo, fuck explanations, son, I need the safe combinations
Surrounded by snipers in a major operation
Authorities acknowledge me, kingpin, replace ya(replacing) week(weak) men
Layin', sneakin'(Plans reaching) on the strength of information leakin'
My destination reachin' the top, and puttin' heat in a cop
Who wanna care if my heart beat was runnin' fast
Yo, son, it only takes a second for my gun to blast
Give me the world and everything in it
My enemies need(meet) an uzi with a pearl finish
I live it, my life a(is) pure corruption, rememeber these last words
I ain't the one to fuck with, aiyo, I live..[Chorus 2X][Cormega]
You fuck with me, you fuckin' with the best

The crime emperor, niggaz'll die because my mind sinister
I pack an automatic, of course(fours), to uphold my status
'cause money bring power, and power bring madness
And it, got a nigga mind, into bigger crime
I appear to my(epitomize gettin') mad dough, and no prison time
The money make a nigga sour like lemon-lime
I'm gettin' mine, you gettin' yours, kid, with a(where's the) nine
It's Mega Montana, introducing
Bigger ways to get paid, rhyme distribution
And if there's a problem, I'ma find a solution
My face in the mirror, shows the eyes of the ruthless
Sky's the limit, rise the tenent(ride is tinted)
My life's so trife, I don't advise y'all, niggaz to try to live it
My inner vision of better living inspired me
To write the saga called the Montana Diary
Bring it back, son[Chorus 2X]Brought To You By Errupt!on of sixshot.com

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