# The Saga

## Cormega

Yo mega man, what's the deal son?
Yo son, what's up?
Yo man, I'm just sittin' here zonin' out, thinkin' about how life is
Yo, life's general for us, you know?
How we livin' out here, you know?
Things we going through man, why we gotta go through this life?
You know, life is an interlude to death, son
You ever thought about that?The saga begins, I'm a reflection of the drama within
The ghetto I live in, niggas moms on crack, pops just disappeared
The first time you get locked up, who really cares?
I see a little snotty nosed with his sneakers on backwards
Sleepin' on a mattress when I go to make a sale
At times I wonder, are we goin' straight to hell?
Or does God realize we're tryin' to make it as wellMy sleep is interrupted by food on the stove
Not gun shots, we're immune to those
Some of my friends first bids are two to fours
Others are on the run with huge rewards
Mothers watch son's walk through the door
For the last time till they go view at the morgue
Life is deep, we all just tryin' to eat
Rap's a mental narcotic, I supply the streetsLook at my life, you see white coke and black roses
And tears shed for passed soldiers
We all walkin' the path chosen
From the cradle till the casket's lowered
I still got the black ski mask to throw on
But I can get richer off the tracks I flow on
I'd be lyin' if I said I wasn't hustlin' no more
Look at my lifeLife ain't fair, shorty pregnant with nowhere to live
Sleepin' in a crackhouse 'cause she don't got no relatives
Her friends wanna drink brew and beef about who's sale it is
Now she's gettin' hungry, she smells the marijuana scent
I paint a picture vividly as if picasso's spirit entered me
Starin' at the heavens, secluded in a tinted jeep
I'm sick of hearin' eulogies, I realize my nigga blue is a reminder
Of my past like greek ruins yet his seek keeps bloomin'Uneffected by police intrusions
Or street illusions we were consumed with
I've even grown away from people I grew with
I mean we cool, but I don't need to bullshit
My mood could switch easily from smooth to ruthless

We ain't built the same so mind games are useless
Times change, like the climate I change
Check the forecast, I reignLook at my life, you see white coke and black roses
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Look at my lifeLive niggas I rep for, deceased, I pour moet for
Those incarcerated, my heart is with y'all
I know at times it gets hard behind penetentiary bars
Then once free you realize you're mentally scarred
If not physically, if subjected to correctional facilities
Prepare for your future to the best of your ability
Prosper, otherwise you've been conquered
Blowin' up her mobile phone so she can send you a boxSon, I sit inside my residence
And thank God I'm blessed with this poetical gift evident in every
Ghetto like graffiti and crack sales
And cabs that won't stop for black males
Undercovers givin' younger brothers bad stares
Fours clap, dogs crap in the grass here
You love to hear the story son, the saga began here
MC's are fictitious yet there's actual facts here
Like the Bible said 'Jesus had napped hair'Look at my life, you see white coke and black roses
And tears shed for passed soldiers
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I still got the black ski mask to throw on
But I can get richer off the tracks I flow on
I'd be lyin' if I said I wasn't hustlin' no more
Look at my life

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