American Beauty

Cormega

Yo, it's night time I can't sleep
My pens beggin' me to write rhymes, Cory's a felony despite time
I erase the urge on the tip of my tongue
I taste the words a story is born, my glorious songHip hop cannot ignore me for long
I know her last man abused her, I can't refuse her
Alotta niggas used her, treated her like shit even confused her
She had class now she sellin' it all for cashWhen Marley had her, her face was more pure body fatter
Primo treated her good, made her the queen in my hood
She used to be out in Queens with DMC
And on the rooftop with Big, Fritz, and R.P.She was fly she kept her shit tight
Yo, if he didn't go to jail dun, she mighta been Slick Rick's wife
Disappeared a few years, she was stranded on death row
Dre had her on anotha level in the west coastShe met a lame with with a drug dealer name
He had a lot for a while, then his whole style changed
You know the wisdom is reflected the knowledge when its manifested
If not fed in due time the mind is anorexicYou understand the message
I know I'm gettin' to deep for some, Rhyme uncut raw, the beat numb
Back to the subject in hand, I called her and said I miss her
Stop fuckin' with my fake crew 'cuz they dissed herThen along came the R, reminding her of her essence
Rza said she like a sister blessin' her with lessons
She was stressed because she missed Pac
She still crying after B.I.G. died askin', "When will this shit stop?"I love her like a mother, my physical path
She even overlooked the fact about my criminal past
And stayed with me in jail beyond gates visitors passed
No longer is she lettin' niggas fuck her just for cash
What's her name dun?

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