5 For 40

Cormega

Son I was a young nigga hustling
Me serving a D was unheard of, unless a D served me
Speak words superbly, its clear you heard me
Your idea of a real nigga changed
I'm into bigger things
I'm tryin to maintain the same aim of prisoners
drug dealers and my niggas who gangbanged
The game changed, shit is on fire
Niggas went from greatness to statements and wires
So scared to face a bid they betraying their suppliers
Sold to niggas outta state, you want weight you pay higher
I'm condemned yet exalted for words spoken cautious
Seen some of the biggest drug dealers blow fortunes in bathrooms
Niggas be sniffin like vacuums
I Reminisce to '88, the year crack ruled
I had Nike Delta Forces with them clear capsules
5 for 40, crackheads like "I only buy from Cory"

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