They Forced My Hand (feat. Tragedy Khadafi)

Cormega

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, son it's real, you know what I'm saying?
A man is often condemned or exalted by his words, you know?
That's why we feelin' my niggas going through the struggle
QB-Brooklawn, y'all niggas hold on, if you can't hold on
Hang on, you know?Yo, I seen it all, coke rise and kingdoms fall
Profits in sneaker boxes, riches hidden between the walls
The hood agony, I'm one of the few who ever understood tragedy
Batteries not included in my music or holding up my spinal cord
Niggas be lyin' on wax, committing vinyl fraudDenyin' the fact, they never slung or fired a gat
Mega's tongue is ghetto, dun, hello
Where I'm from is the crime and graffiti and NYPD
Broken glass, .44's, open caskets
Shorty ballers pop shit when they rock hits the basketThe only life we know, I flow so precisely, though
My chain got the icy glow
B-Mer Jeep shine with Lorenzos shine brightly, yo
Laugh now, cry later, one day I might be broke
And tellin' niggas I need coke, shit is realSee the good Lord giveth and he taketh away
But niggas talk it and don't live it, then they forced to pay
I'm just trying to be a man in this poison land
Forgive me, Father, they forced my handSee the good Lord giveth and he taketh away
But niggas talk it and don't live it, then they forced to pay
I'm just trying to be a man in this poison land
Forgive me, Father, they forced my handYo, visualize Mahdi as a shorty, Fidel Castro, snotty nose, nappy afro
Never realized in due time what I would have, though, yo
Before I spit at a ho I used to bag up blow
Little bastard rockin' Pumas under two tones
As we roam from the streets to the group home, yoWatchin' mob flicks, clappin' at imaginary targets
Adolescents up in Spofford, facing hardship
Newborns grew up on Anita Baker songs
In the 'hood, wonderin' why the police hate us all
Up late nights waiting for the next day to fallWe're up late nights waiting for the next day to fall
My stomach hurtin', still searchin' for a way out

On an Island where P.C. was a gay house
Made my first board, stabbin' niggas on the way out
I knew cats who got bagged they first day out, yoSee the good Lord giveth and he taketh away
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Forgive me, Father, they forced my handYo, Trag, we been down for years
(Word)
From rappin' in the 'hood to promising careers
It's all good, the rap game is new to me
The crack game true to me
(My life)
Accept the consequencesAnd the blood money cruelty
Yo, remember you and me? Back in the days
You had a sheepskin, I had a goose and Pumas in gray
(You remember that shit)
We even did the same dorm in C-74
More than boys we were fuckin' outlawsIf I could break you out the courtroom and clap through reporters
Kidnap the jurors and whack all their daughters
The Montanas, Al Po's and Rich Porters
Mandela time get smacked with two quartersA life speed fuckin' with cracks and weed
Yo, I sniffed so much coke, I froze with nosebleeds
Jumpin' over snow cliffs without the skis
(Shit is crazy, yo)
Then I saw shit was real and I switched my steezSee the good Lord giveth and he taketh away
But niggas talk it and don't live it, then they forced to pay
I'm just trying to be a man in this poison land
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But niggas talk it and don't live it, then they forced to pay
I'm just trying to be a man in this poison land
Forgive me, Father, they forced my handTrials and tribulations, you gotta shine regardless to what nah mean?
All of my niggas growin' up strugglin' word, I see y'all out there
Live ya life, man, stick your chest out, against all odds
You can handle that shit, if you couldn't handle it
It wouldn't fall on you, man, believe that, nah mean?
Strap your shit up, pa, keep it moving, shit ain't nothin'
We live this, son, word, that's what we do nigga, y'all feel that?

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