

# They Forced My Hand(Ft. Tragefy Khadafi)

Cormega

[Cormega and Tragedy - intro]  
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?[Cormega]  
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 fraud  
Denyin' 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 basket  
The only life we know  
I flow so precisely, though  
My chain got the icy glow  
Be-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 real[Chorus x2 - Tragedy Khadafi]  
See 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 hand[Tragedy Khadafi]  
Yo, 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, yo

Watchin' 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 fall  
 We'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  
 Yo[Chorus x2][Cormega]  
 Yo, 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 consequences  
 And 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 see-74  
 More than boys we were fuckin' outlaws[Tragedy Khadafi]  
 If 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 quarters  
 A 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 steez[Chorus x4](outro)  
 Trials 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?

Songwriters

Anthony Blagmon;Cory Mc Kay;Percy Lee ChapmanPublished by  
 CORMEGA MUSIC;PERCY COLES MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
 patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>