

American Beauty

Cormega

Yo, it's nightttime I can't sleep
My pen's 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 song
Hip hop cannot ignore me for long
I know her last man abused her, I can't refuse her
A lotta niggas used her, treated her like shit even confused he
r
She had class now she sellin' it all for cash
When 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 D-M-C
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 wi
fe
Disappeared a few years, she was "Stranded On Death Row"
Dre had her on another level in the west coast
She 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 manifes
ted
If not fed in due time the mind is anorexic
You 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 'cause they dissed her
Then along came the are, 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?