

A Thin Line

Cormega

Your depiction of a thug nigga, is fiction
Your words hung my nigga lines were drawn
You sided with the judge I ain't a hater
I don't love squellers that's me
You have the audacity to talk like you real
Nigga you fold under pressure, my life is real
You sold your soul to detectives I could get you murdered
But you dying a slow death denying you told yet
The truth came to light you a fake nigga
You helped the D.A.'s case my nigga
Fuck your life I hate the side of your face nigga
Only a fake nigga would respect you
You went against the cause and signed papers
The signatures yours that's that bullshit pardon me
?Sammy the bullshit? take the stand betraying the fam
Should have kept it real you put your fate in ya hand
I guess that's the way it was planned
(Hook) There's a a thin line between love and hate and you crossed it
You had respect around the way and you lost it
If a coward dies a thousand deaths how you gon' live?
Nigga you get no love
Death before dishonor
You sacrificed your breath so respect a nigga power in jail
I get you hit up in the shower
I'm a real nigga I walk the streets with pride
I'm the turth, you living a lie
You a part-time prosecuter, full time ?hosa?
I right rhymes with great'ness you write statements nigga
And think the streets don't know
Tssk, yo it was all good just a week ago
How could you live with being the D.A.'s witness
And knowing ya names associated with snitches
You could pray for forgiveness I'ma fact you a stool pigeon
Ain't nothing you can do nigga, might I mention
Only a bitch would snitch to get a lighter sentence
Take it like a man nigga like official prints and cornbread nigga
I'm a warrior you deserve a bullet in ya head nigga
(Hook)
Uhh, I'm tired of you coming through like snitching justifiable
I once admired you, you rap bastard
Ain't no need to explain you not my man
Everytime you give me five I wash my hands
What nigga, M-E-G-A bitch tell the D.A. bricks
I move in three days not including the grindin
What polluted ya mind was it alluded time
my words are exulted yours ruin lives
You a disgrace to ya race I'm true to mine
All my doggs doing time, no before I side with the law
I rather ride with the fours and deprive you of your, coward existence
You probably send ya momma to prison to beat a sentence BITCH!
(Hook)