

## Dramatic Entrance

Cormega

Yo.. yo.. A man is condemned or exalted by his words..  
Exalt me.. yo.. this what y'all niggas wanted..  
The streets was waitin'  
here I am, a beast awakened  
in a Beamer Station Wagon with massive gleamin' bracelets  
after years of bein' patient  
sheddin' tears and beatin' cases  
I'm ready for whatever yo (Mega!)  
no more to say  
words can't explain like Rich Porters grave  
this is a ghetto monument, my confidence is more apparent  
the mind like a Nine automatic  
graceful yet capable of causin' damage  
I'm too ill, lyrically I feel I'm too real  
dough or die, either way I do deals  
I'm gifted, my only fear is death or prison  
what other lyricist conveys such sincereness?  
I been through the ghetto life and drug concealings  
fearless, and betrayal with trust is given  
now I deal with a few, I don't fuck with niggas  
it's not arrogance, it's I'm-not-havin' it  
niggas act like they was sendin' me packages  
when I was upstate gainin' weight and lackin' friends  
think about it, I don't talk about it, I be about it  
I get money and I still be in the Projects  
fuck rap, nigga like me is eatin' regardless  
even during the drout I had a Ki in the closet  
connects was tellin' me I ain't need a deposit  
they were seein' the progress on my net, smashin' niggas  
I was pitchin', you was catchin' feelings  
like D's when they seen they couldn't catch my niggas  
41st side, what, we had cracks in the building  
the 4-5, Infra red Mac and the Sterling  
it was all for the cause except my dogs got careless  
I suppose those who ain't like us feared us  
the life we chose inspired me to write these poems  
I'm takin' mine like the Rikers phone  
The Realness...  
my niggas waitin' for this.. pump this on the corner..  
pump this in ya ride.. pump this in ya jail cell..  
the essence of a hustler my nigga.. what.. Mega