

## Extreme Wit 16

Cormega

I'm extreme with 16's, God forgive me I'm nice  
Like Rasheed Wallace, my street knowledge is source  
When beef starting, niggas know my shit'll blow holes in  
Souls of my enemies, ain't no symphony  
I paint a portrait, your picture ain't complete, you talk shit  
I talk drugs, money and four fifths  
I spit the real, niggas feel you got something to prove  
Chill, I don't got nothing to lose, for real I crush you  
Like a gram in the hand of a nigga who sniff coke  
I conquer you, and be held responsible  
Niggas call me Kasha, cause I fake my own death  
And cause I ain't seen a, like I couldn't take yet  
Nigga, I ain't meter, how I couldn't shake yet  
Fuck the watch, did you see my bracelet  
Niggas, talk ki's, but ain't seen an eighth yet, and  
My coke is shit, you don't need a taste test  
Bragging bout your vest, means you want your face wet  
My lawyer so good, I beat him in a raiment, nigga  
Fuck what you heard, this is what you hearing  
I talk the real shit, niggas disappearing  
Interfering with a nigga like me  
Could get your black ass pushed to the white meat  
I talk about 16 bars, of 16 scars to deal with  
Either way you gonna feel it  
When I spit the real shit, for niggas hustling, bubbling, struggling  
Bitches with the big pussy, smuggling coke, motherfuckers is joke  
What block you used to pump on? Umm..  
I heavily dispute that, never seen you shoot back  
Never seen you bring loot back  
And niggas need to chill, that's word to Ill Will  
y'all niggas ain't real, ya don't know the meaning  
I'm to real, too ill, too strategic  
I'm Doe or Die, better yet, Do or Die  
Like Dutsy, Big L, and Suicide  
Like G Fresh, Pac Man, and Tito, we know  
My nigga J.S.P., rest in peace  
You niggas ain't ill like me, you niggas ain't real like me  
Fall apart, no heart, you ain't built like me, what the deal  
I spray well, ask my nigga KL  
I'm a far rock general, the mineral was cocaine I sell  
I reign well, niggas know the deal  
You might reign in hell fucking with me  
I'm buggin' strictly, straight for the dome  
That's the realist shit you ever heard  
Straight off the dome, what  
Niggas know my flow is unstoppable  
Mega Montana is popping you, uh  
Ice to B.I.B. channel high, madd fly  
Freestyling, they say that nigga be whilin'  
Ice to be and Edgmere, with my niggas on the daily  
Bases, chillin, you just can't erase it  
The villain, of The Firm, they just couldn't replace it  
I'm.. unreplaceable, I'm.. undisgraceble, I'm.. unmistakably  
The nicest that you'll ever see, Mega be heavily, cleverly  
Indeed, I can't stop, won't stop, won't ever stop  
When Mega drops get his shit, and go on  
I flow on, like a proton, missile, my shits official

So what the fuck you niggas want to do?  
I could go on for days, or flow afraid, shoot  
It's just poetry, niggas know its me  
Home after three, niggas sucking me, like Bon Appetite  
Niggas ducking like its homes after me, uh  
So call friends who have no cash for me, uh  
Fuck y'all niggas, y'all all ass to me  
If Mobb Deep was here, I would pass to P, and  
Talk about me, is pure blasphemy  
I leave the alligators to the players, and  
I rhyme sharper then a Rikers Island razor, and  
You under pressure, like you see my nigga Jada  
Yo, I'm outta here nigga, catch y'all niggas later, I'm out (what)