

# Hold His Own

Cormega

Yo, yo  
What, what  
Wanna bounce?  
Come on, come on  
What, what  
Bounce, bounce  
Check it out y'all  
Yo, you see the Benz I'm in, with BBS rims  
Playing Lil' Kim's part off The Benjamins  
I ain't a player, I just wear Tims  
No need for gators, my feet can't swim  
I'm in Reno, Nevada, sippin' a pena colada  
How many niggas can see Montanna?  
This movie's killin' and budgin'  
Women love me in polo jeans and rugbys  
You can hate it or love it, imiatate it or dub it  
Compared to us, niggas ain't nuttin'  
It's funny how niggas get paid for frontin'  
Glorifying crimes, and they ain't done 'em  
My rhymes'll split 'em like pimpin', Dom P sippin'  
I'm not a baller, haven't even lived it  
Women callin', since my days in the crib crawlin'  
I plan to live enormous  
I live nike dunks, icey chunks  
A fly wifey I can trust  
Not that she gon' wanna hesit me for re-up  
I might be, Iron Mike if you try to entice me  
I say this politely, tell it to a friend  
Hard from the start, get money to the end  
What up with Cormega? Did you see him?  
Leanin' in the BM with the rim's gleamin'  
Mega gonna hold his own  
He always knew he could do it alone  
And when he rhymes  
Everybody's gonna know  
Yo, I write rhymes for the flyest whips, finest chicks  
And any rappin' nigga that thinks he's as nice as this  
See me chillin' in clubs with women and thugs  
Whoever wanna test this, we fill 'em with slugs  
My jewlery gliestenin', rhymes usually sickenin'  
Game like Fab 5 at Michigan, you listening?  
Pimps, I bust 'em, niggas, don't trust 'em  
Snitches, don't want 'em in my shit  
We in a tunnel, buyin' mo' by the bundle  
You know when we come through, get it right  
But dead? right, techs spit nice  
I know where you read my man was jessying your wife  
I suggest you chill unless you ill enough to test the skill  
That I possess niggas, for real  
I'm the last of the mohecans, rhyme ill flow lethal  
Due to magazines, there's no equal  
No sequel to my flow evil, deletin' your people  
We through seein' time, you're see-through  
Nas off the meter, rhyme for the Beamers  
Roll wit' overacheivers, my people, my people from madenas  
Where you at dime-peices, fly features?  
Lookin' so right my man is dying to meet ya

I know your baby dad just buying you sneakers  
But I'm a keep it real, I ain't cheap  
Check it out  
Yo, to the haters, lovers, thug baby mommys  
Walk around me tryin' to play stuck-up  
See me in a ride and wanna say "what's up?"  
I put my foot and the gas and tell they ass "tough luck"  
I don't start beef, I finish it  
My enemies hearts diminishin'  
Before a rapper had dough, you didn't  
You a pathetic nigga, first it was Biggie and Pac  
Now you jealous of Jigga  
You like a breast implant, fake on the inside  
You nice, let's battle for dough Mr. Big-Time  
On Hot 97, or live at Envy's  
I can ass-bend you and still leave with 10 g's  
Too real for you, what you dream I live and breath  
Whoever wanna intervene, come on, get your team  
And I'm a show you who the illest  
'Cause everybody know who the realest  
Now feel it  
[Chorus]