

# Montana Diary

Cormega

Yo, pushin' a red Lex, mini screens in my headsets  
So much beef, police surprised I ain't dead yet  
I keep mad heat, under my passenger seat, to master the beef  
It's so real, if I don't see you, I'm snatchin' ya peeps  
It's on, nigga, whoever get hit first, is gonna kiss dirt  
My soldiers, cold blooded, vultures  
Cold flooded, on streets, we control hundreds  
I drink coladas, but some of my niggaz roll blunted  
Ya man froze when I drove up, I symbolize death  
Like a cobra attack, your life fear(here) is over  
Black you fucked up, you never should of stepped(snuck) up  
My spot cocked, suckers, scared to die, tough luck  
Run, prepare to meet ya maker, no longer is you grimey  
Motherfuckers fear(seein') paper  
I burn your insides like Henny, nigga, need a taster(chaser)?  
Pray to gods, the(n) way ya odds, 'cause only he could save ya  
Motherfuckers, it's..  
The Montana shit, the money and the power shit  
Real recognize real, dough, I need a lot of it  
My name, you honor it, niggaz analyze with(analyzing) me  
Need to take a look inside the Montana diary  
Yo, I walk among men that wanna be me, love that(and) wanna see me  
Mega Montana, drama, I love, bring it  
Never sleepin', I close my eyes and see my enemies  
With nines reachin', so I awaken  
Criminal thoughts, become premeditation  
Yo, fuck explanations, son, I need the safe combinations  
Surrounded by snipers in a major operation  
Authorities acknowledge me, kingpin, replace ya(replacing) week(weak) men  
Layin', sneakin'(Plans reaching) on the strength of information leakin'  
My destination reachin' the top, and puttin' heat in a cop  
Who wanna care if my heart beat was runnin' fast  
Yo, son, it only takes a second for my gun to blast  
Give me the world and everything in it  
My enemies need(meet) an uzi with a pearl finish  
I live it, my life a(is) pure corruption, rememeber these last words  
I ain't the one to fuck with, aiyo, I live..  
You fuck with me, you fuckin' with the best  
The crime emperor, niggaz'll die because my mind sinister  
I pack an automatic, of course(fours), to uphold my status  
'cause money bring power, and power bring madness  
And it, got a nigga mind, into bigger crime  
I appear to my(epitomize gettin') mad dough, and no prison time  
The money make a nigga sour like lemon-lime  
I'm gettin' mine, you gettin' yours, kid, with a(where's the) nine  
It's Mega Montana, introducing  
Bigger ways to get paid, rhyme distribution  
And if there's a problem, I'ma find a solution  
My face in the mirror, shows the eyes of the ruthless  
Sky's the limit, rise the tenent(ride is tinted)  
My life's so trife, I don't advise y'all, niggaz to try to live it  
My inner vision of better living inspired me  
To write the saga called the Montana Diary  
Bring it back, son  
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