

## On The Real

Cormega

Yea (House of Hits)  
Finally up in this nigga  
On the real, all you crab niggas know the deal  
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To my seed, May I lead you into no breed of evil  
In the categories and stories I breed my sequel  
You know the money, blues, blunts, broken 22's  
Monkey see, Monkey do  
A shorty sipping sunny dew  
Now it's V.S.O.P. in a G.S. that's mad smokey  
Murder tree's, Crusin gun in the stash so it won't poke me  
Up in the Marriot, Sweet dirty tint, Don't make no noise cause we dirty  
Tell the ho's to hurry in  
We got the room lit up with perfume, and mad boom  
And there's video taping of booming ass's on the zooming lens  
Rolling on you non descript niggas  
Your marked for death like colombians with bad coke that gip niggas  
Tilt the dutch, twisting up the uwee if your skilled enough  
In Will we trust, salute the dead the nine mili's bust

On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal  
On the Real all you crab niggas know the deal 2x

Now it's verbal abuse cause the mic's in use  
This is your sorry excuse  
Get your neck put in a noose  
K-L is quick to let loose, to make your blood count reduce  
Over the snare drum  
We reproduce like cum  
Impregnating the track, making it fatter than it was  
Giving life to idea  
Through the verse is what he does

See a close call about two clicks from my fortress  
We rolling squad deep, on the Kawasaki hourses  
QueensBridge got the drop on you niggas trying to toss us  
We metal down now it's time to show these clowns who the boss is  
We live for the shit, Ain't trying to take no lossess  
Accumalating to much cream for you to touch  
Fucking welcome to my clutches, wipe the blood on off my chuckers  
From the ruckus  
Your gone and your crew still love us  
Can't call it, I'm in love with this good life shit  
I'm working with jewels, car, chicken clits, paying rent  
Murdered Presidents, running wild, stacking in piles  
Onyx pendants, and Rubied down shit from the nile  
Kamikaze style, sought the antique three pound  
Yo Nas, lets cop this brick and let the mobb supply the town

(Play some treats on us)  
Drugs in my shirtsleeve  
The side bubble converti  
Eyes low cause the lye blow  
Five-oh know we dirty drive slow  
Write a line sipping a glass of wine  
The block is mine cause I am a live criminal mastermind  
When I rhyme, I perfect this, niceness, I'm blessed with

Exhale precise shine like cocian white  
Its the life of Pablo, Escobar niggas I know  
With diamond rolexes, that drive infinit's and lexus  
So send my enimies a message  
My Tommy Hilfiger vest, is bullet proof, so when niggas shoot  
I'm still protected  
So never ask why I write so violent  
My brain storm formed on a dorm in Rikers Island  
I remained calm while you tried to bite my style and  
When I performed niggas mic's went silent  
To the kid who made my man I'll will bless this  
(On the real)  
When I catch up to your ass you know the deal

On the real