

Testament

Cormega

"For the rest of my life"

Yo a man don't got nothing to die for ain't worth living youknowwhatI'msayin?
Yo I do this shit for niggaz in jail cells, niggaz on the corners hustlin'
YouknowwhatI'msayin? I do this shit from the heart man

Yo I write rhymes for Beemers, Rovers overachievers
O.G.'s and young thugs want to hold heaters
One love real niggaz not gettin' out to make a deal nigga
I leave a nigga head numb like Bill Snivers
Figure me out my duns pillin' Infinities out
I'm on some real shit blowin' my enemies out
If there's a thrown touchin' it I don't condone
Pocket Biggie rule forever don't get it confused, never
My testamony will be death to a phoney MC
You want to impress me show me a key
Or I suggest we manifest this a drug deal test
Put your coke in the water solidify the rest yeah
Never question this poetry I'm manifestin' this
Graffiti scripted my mind paints an easy picture
Analyse every line my scene will vandalise
Mega Montana handle mine yo at night I use to fantasize
Triple beam scheme banana five yo my pen keep the plan alive
I went from misdate to big H my niggaz know I keep the shit straight

Yeah ya know testaments it's like uncuut raw dope you know?
Bag this up ship this to ever hood knowwhatI'msayin' son?
You pump this on your block this is where I stand for my clientel you know?
Then after that we have 'em make distribution off this, word

Yo I need stacks of green either rap or cracks to fiends
It's mad trife I seen enditments trap my team
Yo deep thoughts supreme courts decievin' me
Trapped in the belly like the beast was conceiving me
Thug status yo son I'm above average
When it's time for you to die does love matter?
You ain't sharing nothing payin' that and on bail weighing nothing on scale
Nigga you stay frontin' me I got plans like niggaz who chop grams
See when I eat my niggaz eat
See you wouldn't understand I'm too real for you
What you dream I live and breath which means
Don't make me have to kill you play the game
See real niggaz stay the same
y'all niggaz scarred to play our change
Cause y'all forgot the streets where ya came
Shit is real yeah my words sound forbidden still
I write lines for niggaz still I wipe dimes who livin' ill
I represent excellence my minds and I my third eye a extra clip yet to spit
So never questioned it poetry I'm manifestin' it
Graffiti filled testament

Yeah motherfuckers to East to West
The money green on your side the money green on my side (ha ha)
Let's get it, get it together, knahmean? That's my testament
That's what I stand for
Either with me or against me
I'm out