

# The Saga

Cormega

(Man talking) Yo Mega man, whats the deal son?

(Mega) Yo son, whattup?

(Man) Yo, I'm just sittin' here, zonin' out, thinkin' about how life is yo, life's general for us, you know? how we livin' out here, you know, things we go through man, why we gotta go through this life?

(Mega) Life is an interlude to death son, you ever thought about that?

The saga begins

I'm a reflection of the drama within  
the ghetto I live in, niggas Moms on crack, Pops just disappeared  
the first time you get locked up who really cares?  
I see a snotty nosed kid with his sneakers on backwards  
sleepin' on a mattress when I go to make a sale  
at times I wonder, are we goin' straight to Hell?  
or does God realize we're tryin' to make it as well  
my sleep is interrupted by food on the stove  
not gun shots, we're immune to those  
some of my friends first bids are two to fours  
others are on the run with huge rewards  
Mothers watch Son's walk through the doors  
for the last time 'till they go view at the morgue  
life is deep, we all just tryin' to eat  
rap's a mental narcotic, I supply the streets

Look at my life, you see white coke and black roses  
and tears shed for passed soldiers  
we all walk in a path chosen  
from the cradle 'till the casket's lowered  
I still got the black ski mask to throw on  
but I can get richer off the tracks I flow on  
I'd be lyin' if I said I wasn't hustlin' no more  
look at my life..

Life ain't fair, shorty pregnant with nowhere to live  
sleepin' in a crackhouse 'cause she don't got no relatives  
or friends, wanna drink brew and beef about whose sale it is  
now she's gettin' hungry, she smells the marijuana scent  
I paint a picture vividly  
as if Picasso's spirit entered me  
starin' at the Heavens, secluded in a tinted jeep  
I'm sick of hearin' eulogies  
I realize my nigga Blue is - a reminder of my past like Greek ruins  
yet his seek keeps bloomin'  
unaffected by police intrusions  
or street illusions we were consumed wit'  
I've even grown away from people I grew wit'  
I mean we cool, but I don't need to bullshit  
my mood could switch easily from smooth to ruthless  
we ain't built the same so mind games are useless  
times change, like the climate I change  
check the forecast, I reign

Live niggas I rep for, deceased, I pour Moet for  
those incarcerated, my heart is wit' y'all  
I know at times it gets hard behind penitentiary bars  
then once free you realize you're mentally scarred  
if not physically, if subjected to correctional facilities

prepare for your future to the best of your ability prosper, otherwise  
you've been conquered  
blowin' up your mother's phone so she can send you a box  
Son, I sit inside my residence  
and thank God I'm blessed with this poetical gift evident in every  
ghetto like graffiti and crack sales  
and cabs that won't stop for Black Males  
undercovers givin' younger Brothers bad stares  
Fours clap, Dogs crap in the grass here  
you love to hear the story Son, the saga began here  
MC's are fictitious yet the actual facts here