

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