

# They Forced My Hand

Cormega

Yo, son it's real, you know what I'm saying?  
A man is often condemned or exalted by his words, you know?  
That's why we feelin' my niggas going through the struggle  
QB-Brooklawn  
Y'all niggas hold on... if you can't hold on, hang on, you know?  
Yo, I seen it all, coke rise and kingdoms fall  
Profits in sneaker boxes, riches hidden between the walls  
The hood agony  
I'm one of the few who ever understood Tragedy  
Batteries not included in my music  
Or holding up my spinal cord  
Niggas be lyin' on wax  
Committing vinyl fraud  
Denyin' the fact  
They never slung or fired a gat  
Mega's tongue is ghetto, dun  
Hello  
Where I'm from is the crime and graffiti  
And NYPD  
Broken glass, .44's, open caskets  
Shorty ballers pop shit when they' rock hits the basket  
The only life we know  
I flow so precisely, though  
My chain got the icy glow  
Be-Mer Jeep shine with Lorenzos shine brightly, yo  
Laugh now, cry later, one day I might be broke  
And tellin' niggas I need coke  
Shit is real  
See the good Lord giveth and he taketh away  
But niggas talk it and don't live it, then they forced to pay  
I'm just trying to be a man in this poison land  
Forgive me, Father - they forced my hand  
Yo, visualize Mahdi as a shorty Fidel Castro  
Snotty nose, nappy afro  
Never realized in due time what I would have, though, yo  
Before I spit at a ho I used to bag up blow  
Little bastard - rockin' Pumas under two-tones  
As we roam from the streets to the group home, yo  
Watchin' mob flicks, clappin' at imaginary targets  
Adolescents up in Spofford, facing hardship  
Newborns grew up on Anita Baker songs  
In the 'hood, wonderin' why the police hate us all  
Up late nights waiting for the next day to fall  
We're up late nights waiting for the next day to fall  
My stomach hurtin', still searchin' for a way out  
On an Island where P.C. was a gay house  
Made my first board, stabbin' niggas on the way out  
I knew cats who got bagged they' first day out  
Yo  
Yo, Trag, we been down for years(word)  
From rappin' in the 'hood  
To promising careers  
It's all good  
The rap game is new to me  
The crack game - true to me(my life)  
Accept the consequences  
And the blood money cruelty

Yo, remember you and me? Back in the days  
You had a sheepskin, I had a goose and Pumas in gray  
(You remember that shit!)

We even did the same dorm in see-74  
More than boys we were fuckin' outlaws  
If I could break you out the courtroom, and clap through reporters  
Kidnap the jurors - and whack all their daughters  
The Montanas, Al Po's and Rich Porters  
Mandela time - get smacked with two quarters  
A life speed - fuckin' with cracks and weed  
Yo, I sniffed so much coke, I froze with nosebleeds  
Jumpin' over snow cliffs without the skis(shit is crazy, yo)  
Then I saw shit was real, and I switched my steez  
(outro)

Trials and tribulations... you gotta shine...  
Regardless to what... nah'mean?  
All of my niggas growin' up strugglin' - word  
I see y'all out there - live ya life, man, stick your chest out, against all  
odds, you can handle that shit. If you couldn't handle it, it wouldn't fall  
on you, man - believe that. Nah'mean? Strap your shit up, pa. Keep it movin  
g. Shit ain't nothin'. We live this, son! Word, that's what we do nigga. y'a  
ll feel that?