

# Cormega, The Saga

(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?

[Verse 1]

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

[Chorus]

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..

[Verse 2]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

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