

Tony Touch, Cormega Freestyle

(feat. Cormega)

[Cormega]

What up son? It's Mega

Tony Touch, what da deal dun-dun

Yo yo yo yo yo

When I die, remember me for fly jewels, nines, and Hennessy

Tropical weed, Rovers, Beamers, Infiniti's

Dun, I'ma drop it, consider me a ghetto prophet (why?)

I could write trife or recite a mellow topic (true)

In the streets, I had to maintain self

Son I packed enough heat to make thermometers melt

The trife life, I seen a lot of faces I hated

I exist in a cypher where drug dealers are livin it

More niggas are prisoned nowadays, we livin fouler ways

The whole hood is in a marijuana daze

I know the power of a dollar saved

Son I'm young, but I'm out for the cash the old-timers crave

Back in the day dope king, sweeter than Alize

Now it take forever and a day

I used to measure grams, but now I got better plans

Drivin a fuckin Navigator in the desert sands

I never ran and never will, get outta hand and Mega will

Send a missile at your chest and mad red'll spill

Cuz I'm exalted from words spoke and courtships

Seen some other bigger drug dealer blowin fortunes

In back rooms, niggas be sniffin like vacuums

Remesce to '88, the year crack ruled

They had Night Delta Forces pumpin clear capsules

Five for forty, had fiends like "I only rob for shorty"

My story real than yours, imagnated, fabricated

I'm Mega Montana, drama and retaliation, what nigga what?

BIOTCH! Ha ha ha