

Hold His Own

Cormega

Yo, yo
What, what
Wanna bounce?
Come on, come on
What, what
Bounce, bounce
Check it out y'all
Yo, you see the Benz I'm in, with BBS rims
Playing Lil' Kim's part off The Benjamins
I ain't a player, I just wear Tims
No need for gators, my feet can't swim
I'm in Reno, Nevada, sippin' a pena colada
How many niggas can see Montanna?
This movie's killin' and budgin'
Women love me in polo jeans and rugbys
You can hate it or love it, imiatate it or dub it
Compared to us, niggas ain't nuttin'
It's funny how niggas get paid for frontin'
Glorifying crimes, and they ain't done 'em
My rhymes'll split 'em like pimpin', Dom P sippin'
I'm not a baller, haven't even lived it
Women callin', since my days in the crib crawlin'
I plan to live enormous
I live nike dunks, icey chunks
A fly wifey I can trust
Not that she gon' wanna hesit me for re-up
I might be, Iron Mike if you try to entice me
I say this politely, tell it to a friend
Hard from the start, get money to the end
What up with Cormega? Did you see him?
Leanin' in the BM with the rim's gleamin'
Mega gonna hold his own
He always knew he could do it alone
And when he rhymes
Everybody's gonna know
Yo, I write rhymes for the flyest whips, finest chicks
And any rappin' nigga that thinks he's as nice as this
See me chillin' in clubs with women and thugs
Whoever wanna test this, we fill 'em with slugs
My jewlery gliestenin', rhymes usually sickenin'
Game like Fab 5 at Michigan, you listening?
Pimps, I bust 'em, niggas, don't trust 'em
Snitches, don't want 'em in my shit
We in a tunnel, buyin' mo' by the bundle
You know when we come through, get it right
But dead? right, techs spit nice
I know where you read my man was jessying your wife
I suggest you chill unless you ill enough to test the skill
That I possess niggas, for real
I'm the last of the mohecans, rhyme ill flow lethal
Due to magazines, there's no equal
No sequel to my flow evil, deletin' your people
We through seein' time, you're see-through
Nas off the meter, rhyme for the Beamers
Roll wit' overacheivers, my people, my people from madenas
Where you at dime-peices, fly features?
Lookin' so right my man is dying to meet ya

I know your baby dad just buying you sneakers
But I'm a keep it real, I ain't cheap
Check it out
Yo, to the haters, lovers, thug baby mommys
Walk around me tryin' to play stuck-up
See me in a ride and wanna say "what's up?"
I put my foot and the gas and tell they ass "tough luck"
I don't start beef, I finish it
My enemies hearts diminishin'
Before a rapper had dough, you didn't
You a pathetic nigga, first it was Biggie and Pac
Now you jealous of Jigga
You like a breast implant, fake on the inside
You nice, let's battle for dough Mr. Big-Time
On Hot 97, or live at Envy's
I can ass-bend you and still leave with 10 g's
Too real for you, what you dream I live and breath
Whoever wanna intervene, come on, get your team
And I'm a show you who the illest
'Cause everybody know who the realest
Now feel it
[Chorus]