

The Corner

Common

Memories on corners with the fours & the moors Walk to the store for the roses
e talking straightforward to
Got uncles that smoke it some put blow up they nose
To cope with they lows the wind is cold & it blows
In they socks & they souls holding they rolls
Corners leave souls opened & closed hoping for more
With nowhere to go rolling in droves
They shoot the wrong way cause they ain't knowing they goal
The streets ain't safe cause they ain't knowing he code
By the fours I was told either focus or fold
Got cousins with flows hope they open some doors
So we can cop clothes & roll in a Rolls
Now I roll in a "Olds" with windows that don't roll
Down the roads where cars get broke in & stole
These are the stories told by Stony & Cottage Grove
The world is cold the block is hot as a stove
On the corners

I wish I could give ya this feeling
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On the corners, niggas robbing, killing, dying
Just to make a living (huh)

We underrated, we educated
The corner was our time when times stood still
And gators and snakes gangs and yellow and pink
And colored blue profiles glorifying that

Streetlights & deepnights cats trying to eat right
Riding no seat bikes with work to feed hypes
So they can keep sweet Nikes they head & they feet right
Desires of streetlife cars & weed types
It's hard to breath nights days are thief like
The beast roam the streets the police is Greeklike
Game at it's peak we speak & believe hype
Bang in the streets hats cocked left or deep right
Its steep life coming up where sheeplike
Rappers & hoopers we strive to be like
G's with 3 stripes seeds that need light
Cheese & weaves tight needs & thieves strike
The corner where struggle & greed fight
We write songs about wrong cause it's hard to see right
Look to the sky hoping it will bleed light
Reality's and I heard that she bites
The corner

The corner was our magic, our music, our politics
Fires raised as tribal dancers and
war cries that broke out on different corners
Power to the people, black power, black is beautiful

Black church services, murderers, Arabs serving burger its
Cats with gold permanents move they bags as herbalist
The dirt isn't just fertile its people working & earning this
The curb-getters go where the cash flow & the current is
It's so hot that burn to live the furnace is
Where the money move & the determined live

We talk play lotto & buy german beers
It's so black packed with action that's affirmative
The corners

The corner was our Rock of Gibraltar, our Stonehenge
Our Taj Mahal, our monument,
Our testimonial to freedom, to peace and to love
Down on the corner...