

# The Corner

Common

Memories on corners with the fours & the moors  
Walk to the store for the roses  
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  
I wish I could give ya this feeling  
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...