

## Corner Suite

Babyface Ray

Yeah, uh, uh  
Read what the fuck goin' on  
Yeah, from this point on, nigga  
Call me 'Face Mob, yeah, back in the corner too with this shit

I hopped in it full speed I'm going straight to the top  
We got liquor in rotation perky's breakin for thots  
Every glizzy got a switch they think it gang from the Chi  
You ain't spendin' at least a twenty I ain't wasting my time  
I hop in it full speed I'm going straight to the top  
I got liquor in rotation perky's breakin for thots  
Every glizzy got a switch they think gang from the Chi  
And I ain't spendin' at least a twenty I ain't wasting my time

I sense when they envy talk  
I see hate in they eyes  
Man I hate when that bitch talk  
I like her better face down  
All that playin' ain't no talkin' let the draco make sounds  
Gotta keep it incognito movin' weight through they town  
Bendin' corners early, swervin', servin'  
My young niggas purgin' cautious man I know you heard me  
Sippin' dirty, feelin' like I'm birdie  
Mixed in with the perky's  
Stick em' while you workin'  
Get a job  
The shit you doin' ain't even worth it  
Goin' in like I got motherfuckin' curfew  
Money to my Aunty, to my nieces and my nephews  
Once you play it wrong I'm a dead you  
I left yo ass on read too  
Granny say why you always got red juice  
White paint, seats red too  
All my racks are blue  
All your raps is cap  
Got the dice, shook and threw a nack  
Phone beatin'  
Know who got the hook up like blue and black  
That's my old mini chain like they dick boy, don't you rap  
Attach them to my name and these lames, trying to hold me back  
I just left the country I went shopping spent like forty racks  
Soon as I touched back I did a show made that forty back  
Hit a nigga DM I'm a demon where yo shorty at  
Made that lil bitch cut his water off I'm drinkin' all of that  
Chill nigga, coupe chill too the roof be fallin' back  
Ballin' on them, they don't stand a chance with they sorry ass  
These niggas chasin' rich niggas like the bitches  
Bitch its tinted why don't you give me head in it you a vixen  
If I was broke I wouldn't crack a joke I would try to fix it  
(Get money)  
I'm tryin to figure out if this shit fact or this shit fiction  
Marbel on my  
Marbel on my kitchen  
L V on my white low's why would I come kick it  
Told her keep it clean, keep it scentless, keep it sticky  
I still rock Givenchy with the dogs this shit vintage  
Make it rain on a lame ass rapper kill his image

Place an order for ten thousand fake beans since they gremlins  
Flip it, flip flip again  
That's my gymnast  
I can grant your wishes I'm like Timmie what you thinkin'?  
Phone won't stop ringin'  
Juice won't stop blingin'  
I ain't gonna tell ya no lies I either doneF or I seen it  
How to keep it low my engine screamin'  
Hoodrich like Keem  
Bought my bitch a beamer  
Know you see it  
All her diamonds fiji  
All my niggas made men fuck do ya'll be thinkin'  
You get money, oh really, they think I'm from Cleveland  
I'm out with the sharks and I'm Willie Beamon  
Cups pink, Killa Cam  
And I really mean it