

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