

Cold Corner

Lloyd Banks

Yeah!

Let's get to the money!

G-Unit done had enough of that bullshit, nigga! (Right?) (Yeah!)

It's a 2 G thing, boy!

Uh! {PLK! }

My corner cold! - My corner cold! (uh!)

My corner cold! [gun cocks] I'll make it warmer! (uh!)

My corner cold! (yeah!) - My corner cold! (yeah!) {Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooo}

My corner cold! (yeah!) - The cold corner! (boom!) {Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid!}

Icey as a fuck, you neva think I made it back from hell (naah!)

Everybody sellin' out! - Me? I'm comin' back to sell! (yeah!)

This is for the jail cell - international and L (whattup?)

Gotta and my nigga Ace, I'm stuntin' in these niggas face. (right!)

Gucci bubble take, they takes me by the double

Trouble seems (uh!) to follow me (uh!) no time to sleep! - Thru the struggle
. (yeah!)

Humble down, 'fore I make you, come around and I'm a chase you

Take you outta here, Impala stare, (blat! blat! blat!) 'rounds to the ankle.
(whoo!)

I should thank you! - You haters brought me right outta my coma

Flashbacks of Barcelona now I'm 7 years older. (uh-huuh!)

Purple tree aroma, got my smokin' weed diploma (ye-eah!)

And the microphone my bitch, in the booth - I beat up on her. (AHHMMM!)

On my block! - The teenagers is comin' out the house tucked

Shorty only turnin' 8 and know to keep his mouth shut. (yeah!)

I hit him off with' somethin' help him cop his favorite kicks,

Niggas brought me up the same way. - It pro'ly made me rich. - BITCH!

My corner cold! - My corner cold! (uh!)

My corner cold! [gun cocks] I'll make it warmer! (yeeeeah!) [gunshot]

My corner cold! (uh!) - My corner cold! (uh!)

My corner cold! - The cold corner! (yeah!)

Call me whatchu want hater, you mad you can't call me! (yeah!)

I'm pushin' 400! - You on the corner with' ya 40! (40!)

40 acres and the vapors when you rakin' up the paper

In my candy-coated scraper, system wakin' up Jamaica! (boom!)

Take a portion of my formula! - I'll still be toppin' all of ya (yeah!)

Ring-rockin' warrior, lower ya into a line! (yeeeeah!)

Take a L on the street - before you win with the rhyme

Boy ya life is bullshit, (blat! blat! blat!) cause that's all you did with y
a time. (boom!)

I'm born to win with the grind. - My catalog would pack a crowd

Wrist full of lights, chain swingin' like Packie out. (whoo!)

20 Thou pocket stack, tryna see where it's poppin' at,

Prepared cause I'm popular, paid! - And they ain't' stoppin' that! (boom!) (
naaaah!)

My energy'll knock 'em back, I'm Blanka with the shock

Tonka with the truck! - Timbaland stompin' with' the whop! (whop!)

Knockin' up the block! - Rubberband poppin' when I shop

How can I be topped? - Niggas name-droppin' to the cops! {DAMN! } - STOP!

My corner cold! (uh!) - My corner cold! (uh!) {CAN'T FORGET...}

My corner cold! [gun cocks] I'll make it warmer! (uh!) {"THISIS50.COM!"}
My corner cold! (yeah!) - My corner cold! (yeah!) {SHADYVILLE!}
My corner cold! (yeah!) {COME ON!} - The cold corner! (boom!) [gunshot] [beat stops]