

Corner Boy

Potter Payper

I was a corner boy, meetin' cats by the corner shop
Since I had Boy In Da Corner on
Tryna make my way home but it was cordoned off
Cah they caught two trappers and they bored 'em up
I heard he weren't no shot caller, he just calls the shots
Either way I just know he never walked it off
I swear I seen it all from my corner shop
I fuck with boss man, he even calls me "Boss"
I seen man act cold, then they all defrost
Even though I'm sellin' death, I still thought of God
Then I started goin' jail, but I ain't fallin' off
I came home and had to G-check the corner shop
I seen new faces, and the same man with two faces
I need twelve twelve-gauges and shoelaces
Had to jack me a pussy for his new bracelet
Now they all look at me like "How could you make it?"
What? 'Cause nanny send me pictures, had to toothpaste it
All this trauma from the corner, I just mutated
We put smoke on the corner, where's it located?
I got mine, you got yours, are you just fugazin'?
I used to hit this man's shots, now he's food blazin'
Heard they caught a little thing, he nearly toupéed him
I'm hittin' OT spots like I'm crusadin'
More cats, more corner shops
Shit's hot, so my runners get drawn a lot
But I ain't complainin', I'm beyond savin'
I put cold nights in this, I put long days in
On my strip there ain't a bando that I've not stayed in
Had to barricade the door and put the blockade in
I can just tell you ain't had no block trainin'
Read the room, you can't act like you got ratings
I cook crack cocaine by the wash basin
I stayed ten toes down and never lost patience
Had to blame it on Brexit, all the cost raisin'
I'm with my YG, he talk about is opp shavin'
He wanna put one in your head, and leave you top tailin'
I'm King Kong 'round here, you see me block scalin'
Got chased by the CIDs and had to hop railings
You never watched the opp vids and tried to clock faces
'Course you ain't, you ain't dangerous, you're just complacent
I'm a corner boy, meetin' cats by the corner shop
In my black track suit that I wore a lot
I got a quarter brick, I made the corner hot
Then I went back to jail, but I weren't falin' off
I came home and had to G-check the corner shop
I swear I seen it all at my corner shop
That's where we back Henny and we pour Courvos
And an eye for an eye, that's how we mourn a loss

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