

## On The Corner

Smoke DZA

Once upon a time on the corner  
There was a Pimp, there was a playa  
Sharp as a razor with alligators  
One time on the corner  
There was a trick that paid to play  
That always came but never stayed  
One time on the corner  
There was a ho that always chose  
To get the high - she took the lows  
One time on the corner  
There was a baller, shot-caller  
Baby mamas and baby fathers  
One time on the corner

He was the future, pure shooter, he was dead nice  
? fast life  
Pops went AWOL, moms got laid off  
Fuckin with the gangstas, now you barely wanna play ball  
Started hanging out with Dave, coming out early  
He was hitting? patch, you know, 70/30  
He tryna save up for that Ferregamo crewneck  
Was already?, about to be?  
Eating fresh, bitches fuck him with his 2-step  
Fuckin with this bitch named Keno  
Bad little bimbo, wasn't about shit  
Do anything for a light-up and a mil from Jimbo  
Grimey bitch, had the sights strained  
Had some niggas catching/flipping like a dice game  
Go figure. Used to want to be a Laker  
Now he wanna wake up  
Damn, what a way to make paper...

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Dedicated to the players in the candy-painted cars  
Them boys from the hood that's burning purple  
Sipping? with the boppers on the side  
Of their ride, looking fine  
On the corner, sweating, thugs and them hustlers  
On the grind, that's exactly where they came from  
Where they got their game from  
Straight out the streets, that's where  
They got their ghetto fame from  
Represent they hood and they represent well  
And they riding for their homies til they RIP as well

Tell by the smoke that they smoking on that fruity  
Putting on for their city daily: it's their duty  
Shorty's got booty, trunk's got bang  
Their steering wheel is wood  
So they're gripping on the grain  
The dope is in their shoes  
And the money in their pocket  
The pistol's in their left and they ain't even  
Got to cock it.?  
And tomorrow they'll be right back