

On the Corner (feat. Bun B & Big K.R.I.T.)

Smoke DZA

[Hook - Big KRIT]

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

[Smoke DZA]

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...

[Hook - Bun B]

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[Big KRIT]
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>