

## **Re-Up Gang f/ Clipse**

### **"Million Dollar Corner"**

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[Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]

I got a million dollar corner, (million) million dollar corner

Million dollar corner, (million) million dollar corner

Ever since I got it like, e'rybody want it

Got a million dollar corner, (million) million dollar corner

[Verse One]

Million dollar corner from the school of the hard knocks

Built an empire off of hard rock, hard work

Freezin cold winters on the block in my longjohns

All heart semi-auto pistol in my Sean Johns

Three wings, fried rice, soup with the wontons

Fiends love my face, wavin they stems like pom-poms

Public Enemy peep, put my Africa charm on

"Night of the Living Bassheads" with the song on

Man the quarter's all gone, I re-up again

Give me 7 to bend, I got 2 in the crib

It's only 7 A.M., the early bird gets the worm

As I post pine wall in my dickie overalls

Handle my mission, strict protocol

3 A.M. and momma's so appalled

Crack in my clothes, she gon' call the law

And never look back like Sodom and Gomorrah

I got a while pal like it's Killamanjar~!

Cook it up Cypress Hill, "Kill a Man" raw

Pocket full of stones, back against the wall, burner on my side

Pourin liquor for my niggaz in the sky

Eye for an eye, I'm the meaning of simplify

My hoes circle me, the true meaning of pie

You caught up in my word like it's "Catcher in the Rye"

Stevie with the ki's is my "Ribbon in the Sky"

As I analyze all these clients all are mine

I think there's some inside while I sit up in that ride  
Everyday this money gettin bigger  
Cook up a whole drawer and put out dime size nickels,  
ya dig?

And I'm never in a pickle, ya dig?  
Bail money straight cause I done saved for the drizzle  
Fiends can't wait they know my work from the sizzle  
Pistol in your face cause some niggaz need a visual

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I'm a boss now floss that, horse in the hood  
Nigga do it to the sky, fire red like a torch  
Now a bad bitch on my arm, whispered that I want her  
Fly where it's warm, hang Louis bags on her

Feelin like Adonis, the roof is a goner  
Sun hit the watch, wrist steam like a sauna  
Drug money laundered, feds comin to harm us  
Spend a lifetime, duckin dodgin my karma

Bentley with the armor, floatin on a cloud  
Daddy blowin on the scarma bangin Mary J. "No Drama"  
Thinkin how them Thomas got that common effect  
I love pussy but what's better than sex is real paper  
player

Toss a brick like an easy lay-up  
Powder more noses than Mac counter makeup  
Thirty-six O's off, then counter Jacob  
Hustle to the death until commonwealth erase us

I can see it clear through them Gucci Aviators  
It's written on your face these niggaz is paper haters  
The Pyrex pidgeon nigga what the block gave us  
I'm third generation descendant of rock shavers

I fed the cravers, disregarded my neighbors  
Sponsored them hoes, "Memoirs of a Geisha"  
As I reveal that ain't how momma raised us  
With audacity 'spect God to save us

Or Satan to condemn us for sinnin  
Costin your soul, the price paid for alternate winnin  
You see I'm lost on Crack Road and Cocaine Fall  
How we started? On that Million Dollar Cor-ner

I'm just like Jack Horner with the pie in the corner  
Like my uncles before us, we in line with the foreigners

Word on the streets is the feds comin to corner us  
Just don't speak like WHEN and we gon' pay the lawyers

[Chorus]

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