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Corner Boy P "Corner Boy"

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I'll flier than a pilot, I should have been a doctor
Bitch, I am a pimp, where my fucking lobster
thirty in this mac, fifty in the chopper,
Nigga, you ain't heard, I am a mother fucker corner
boy
Bitch, I am a mother fucker corner boy
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Bitch, I am a mother fucker corner boy
(Why would I hide it?)
Bitch, I am a mother fucker corner boy

Collar blue denim, 6's on them skinnies Stacks full of hundreds, bet you won't find a fifty, Nigga I'm a menace, you know how I get it, she aint Fucking on the first night, I ain't fuckin with her We drink til we pissin, throw it up and drink more She just wanna ride, 'cause all we do is chain smoke, There must be wide recievers, way they catch a feeling Shit tem like a nerd goes away, I'll be dipping*** Candy blue six four, Up and Down Crenshaw, black Maserati, flying down slawson Cherry red beamer, when I be out harlem Fuck them with the kush, don't we flow, I'll be a glorior**

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Give me, give me time, pass a pound down, Full of that mink, looking like a dime Sipping on down*, out the bottle fuck a glass These bitches on molly, I won't fuck with that And I dont smoke purple, used to sip syrup too, She say I use to, fuck this when I use to So also use the rob, so won't bring up my past, My catches flashback oh I still got my mask, See you nigga shinning, I might get them Thank that was a game, nah nigga its a stick up, Go ahead and kill him with my hand merely money* All my chains are nigga must take it busta

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