

Common "Corners"

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(featuring Kanye West & The Last Poets)

Verse 1:(Common)

Memories on corners with the fo's and the mo's
Walk to the store for the rose, talking straightforward
to hoes
Got uncles that smoke, and some put blow up they
nose
To cope with the lows, the wind is cold and it blows
In they socks and they soles, niggaz holdin' they rolls
Corners leave souls opened and closed, hopin' for mo'
We know where to go, niggaz rollin' in droves
They shoot the wrong way, cuz they ain't know and they
goes
The streets ain't safe cuz they ain't knowing the code
By the foes I was told, either focus or fold
Got cousins with flows, hope they open some doors
So we can cop clothes and roll in a Rolls
Now I roll in a Olds, with windows that don't roll
Down the roads where cars get broken and stole
These are the stories told by Stony and Cottage Grove
The world is cold, the block is hot as a stove
On the corners

Hook:

(Kanye West)

I wish I could give you this feelin'
I wish I could give this feelin'
On the corners niggaz rob or kill
And dyin' just to make a livin', huh?

(Spoken: Last Poets)

We overstated, we underrated, we educated
The corner was our time when time stood still and
Gators and snakeskins and
Yellow and pink and
And colored blue profiles glorifying that

Verse 2: (Common)

Street lights and deep nights, cats tryin' to eat right
Ridin' no-seat-bikes, with work to feed hypes

So they can get sweet Nike's, they head and they feet
right
Desires of street life, cars and weed types
Its hard to breathe right, days are thief-like
The beasts roam the streets, the police is Greek-like
Game at its peak, we speak and believe hype
Bang in the streets hats cocked left or deep right
Its steep life, coming up where niggaz is sheep-like
Rappers and hoopers, we strive to be like
G's with three stripes, seeds that need light
Cheese and weaves tight, needs and BE strife
The corner, where struggle and greed fight
We write songs about wrong cuz its hard to see right
Look to the sky, hoping it will bleed light
Reality's a bitch, and I heard that she bites
The corner

Hook

(Spoken: Last Poets)

The corner was our magic, our music, our politics
Fires raised as tribal dances and war cries
Broke out on different corners
Power to the people
Black power
Black is beautiful

Verse 3: (Common)

Black church services, murderers, Arabs serving
burgers
As cats with gold permanents, move they bags as
herbalists
The dirt isn't just fertile, its people workin' and earnin'
this
The curb getters go where the cats flow and the current
is
Its so hot that niggaz burn to live
The furnace is, whether money movin', the determined
live
We talk shit, play lotto, and buy German benz
Its so black packed with action that's affirmative
The corners

Hook

(Spoken: Last Poets)

The corner was our Rock of Gibraltar, our Stonehenge
Our Taj Mahal, our monument
Our testimonial to freedom, to peace, and to love
Down on the corner

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