

Donna Summer

"Bendin' Cornas"

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[Ad-libs]

Yo, what's up?

What's up, playa?

What's up, kinfolk?

Oh yeah, we down it with it down here

We shines up the dubs

We blow dro, we glass it up

Oh yeah, we rag it back, we put the hard top on that
thing, shawty

Do it like my west coast homies, put it on the ground,
let fire come out the back

What y'all know about that?

[Verse 1: Slip Matola]

It's going down

Young ballers with seven figures

Eighty foot candy painted yachts on the river

Platinum hitters

That's all I delivers

Tattoos

On all affiliates and members

Say hoes, Little J drops in December

Until then, I bails through the land of gang members

Hot hoppers

Scandalous hoes and crooked coppers

24/7 we grind feds try to pop us

Can't stop us

Whole clique back out on choppers

And rock by my side quick to blast like Binoca

We do it dubs

This year it's 22s

Via satellite live on BET News

We crack rap

Street niggaz demand scratch

Front and back

Rack Bentleys with ice plaques

Bombing on buses hurting hating it's like "whoah!"

And if you didn't know I straight bang for my logo

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Bending corners

Hitting switches
Swerving these trays on big bunk suspensions
Come on shawty, come on shawty, come on shawty,
come on shawty, come on
shawty, come on shawty, come on shawty!

[Verse 2: Khujo]

All my west coast homies slam on your brakes
Hit the gas
Go slow, go fast
Atlanta niggaz drive the ass
Down the yellow brick road in a flash
Khujo Goodie, A-Town boss jack
In a lumbalac
Keep, off the sack
This how I'm yacking in an alien swerving
Deuce trays cutting them up like surgeons
Hit them indiscriminate hollering like virgins
Don't come through here facing fly they calling me like
serving
Lick hitting got us in dips splurging
Reckless
In the empress
With the gold fist padding
Plus it's bitching
Bending corners over snakes vanilla busters attracting
all the neighborhood
Jailbaits
Mustard and mayonnaise, it's icing on the damn cake!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Mark Twayne]

I represent that 105 Crear Road
I hit the block in Chevy with the brains blown
I put it down for my folk on flat shores
Over to Clay Cole back up to Pinona Road
Them South boys with a mouth full of gold
Off in the door cliqued up with the west coast
Hitting switches, candy paint on Lo-Los
Bending corners, looking for them po-po
.45 cap with extra clips in the back (back)
Chromed out wheels with the bump in the match
(match)
Drop that ass to the floor whenever we hit the gas (gas)
Kept them switching lane to lane blowing on dro when I
pass (pass)
Rolex on voes, deuces on six-fours (fours)
Hit the trunk with the dro hauling the money carload
(load)
Southwest connect, from LA to the Deck

Slip Matola, Khujo Goodie, Mark Twayne, doing jets
We..

[Chorus]

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