## Extra Prolific "Hitting Corners"

Visit "Hitting Corners" on MotoLyrics.com

featuring Pep Love
Chorus 1
(Pep Love)
I'm the type of mack that's on top of the stack
(Snupe)
And I'm the killa of the wack with no time to react
(Pep Love)
I make em Holler
(Snupe)
Makin dollars
(Pep Love)
I'm a scholar
(Snupe)
I'm a prince
(Pep Love)
Since it all makes sense
(Pep & Snupe)
Let's hit some corners in the 'lac
(Pep Love)
I'm the type of mack that's on top of the stack
(Snupe)

And I'm the killa of the wack with no time to react (Pep Love) I make em Holler (Snupe) Makin dollars (Pep Love) I'm a scholar (Snupe) I'm a prince (Pep Love) Since it all makes sense (Pep & Snupe) Lets sip some cogniac (Pep Love) I was told the flavor is bold, oh so cold Its gonna get hotter than the equator, when this dream is sold To you (you) This is how we bring the old (old) To the new (new) And make it turn into gold (gold) Heads up, when I said stuff, that had'em mesmerized Speaking on the Hiero enterprise We mega, and vicious, magnificent And bitches always be on the dick and shit Cause we was doin it when you were not

Always coming through blue off a big shot

Wondering, when will this bullshit stop, in hip hop

Niggas pop lip

Really need to get their lip popped

Didn't you know in the O-A-K-land

Is the source of the force, indivisible by man

And of course the shit don't stop

Isn't it an event, when we give it all we got

I'm driven to gain dividends

Financially, substantial

And we shant be stopped

When the beat drop, we chop game

High octane, got it locked

So press delete

On that thought that you had

To test the elite

We vested, or your destiny

Will manifest in a spilt second

We takin' it to the extent

With earthquaking shit

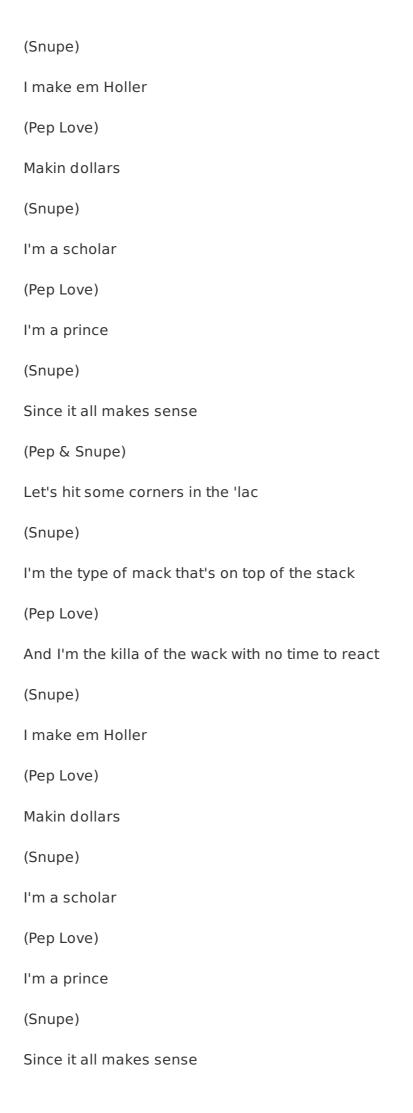
Chorus 2

(Snupe)

I'm the type of mack that's on top of the stack

(Pep Love)

And I'm the killa of the wack with no time to react



```
(Pep & Snupe)
```

Lets sip some cogniac

(Snupe)

Your contaminated stand is taken for granted

Catered to the uncontended, faded and handed

To the next MC stranded, makin em mad quick

Of these undercover bandits, flakin like dandruff

Fuckin' your man stiff

Stuck in his Stan Smith

Reluctant to the crew

Mr. Lee, and if you think I just do

The same as these gambling gimmicky MC's

You don't know my name

I'm in it to please

In available, the stellar flow

Wherever we go

Within minutes with ease

And we simultaneously straining these MC's

Cause we Hiero

Claiming us is pain for free

By poetic caricature

Your flows pathetic, still embarrassing your

So called know all

And the richness, of my diversity compels

All the bitches, to come and pop at me and Pep

I give a gentle thrusting style of lyricism that your into

And what seems like Hieroglyphics wisdom is a pinto

Adjusting, fundamentally until the scratches

I'm matchless

So I kick back with scotch and smoke

So drop the coke

We gotcha so watch the choke

Leave ya hot like va-cotcha dough

And if she's not then we got the mo'

On the back so I get another fishnet stocking hoe

Repeat chorus 1

Visit Extra Prolific page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.