

Game

"Standin On A Corner"

Visit "[Standin On A Corner](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Game - Verse 1]

Big blunts in the air, I dont even care
Spilling Ace of Spades on my all white airs
Stuntin in my J's
I got every pair, they put out since '85
Cus a n-ga bout his gear
Hoes all up in my ear, cus im stylin'
Try to go bottle for bottle with us,
Can't do it, money we runnin through us
So competition throw the towel in
We over here, with fireworks up in the air
Bitches with good hair, cus you know we about to spark
Bobby Ray just walked in, Wiz about to park
The party bout to start, jewelry glowing in the dark
We got all the bitches wet, Skylar Diggins from the ?
and you know your boy is sharp, cus she in my bed
I tell her take her clothes off, and open her legs
Keep them Louboutins on when she giving head
Cus you already know my favorite colour RED!
Im gettin bread while im

[Game Chorus]

Standing on the corner
Watching my logo
I got my dime in the crib, iron in my Polo
Soon as your boy hit the streets, you know that I'm
clean
So fresh and so clean, Outcast know what I mean
I throw that Andre 3000, one in the changer
And I dont ride through the hood, with out one in the
chamber
You know i used to be broke butâ€¦ now n-ga im getting
it

[B.o.B - Verse 2]

As I roll up up, I sit back and laugh in amazement
As how this all started in bottom of a basement
Back when i got started, n-ga saying "your shit is
basic"
Now when you mention me, you must say Grammy
nominated
All these haters drunk of hate, they basically wasted

Call a cab for these n-gas, cus they aint gon make it
Can somebody please tell me just where Bobby Ray is
Well he's prolly faded, prolly in a spaceship
Prolly outside of his mind, cus you know he crazy
But I kind of dig his style, its pretty contagious

Man themâ€¦ prolly doing him all kind of favors
I mean, it's gotta be absolutely outrageous
Well, I couldn't tell you what it is
More people tell me that they down, the bigger that I
get
But I just keep doing my thang, cruise control in my
own lane
And let these suckas complain

[B.o.B - Chorus 2]

Im standing on the corner, watching the world go
I got my dime in the crib, holding up their dolo
Soon as your boy hit the stage you know the screaming
Its that pandemonium, if you know what i mean
I throw that Eastside up, Compton to Decatur
And on the Westside, I hit the homie Game up

[Wiz Khalifa - Verse 3]

I used to be letting on, now the n-gas listening
Big money talk, big joint to spark
These Jordans on my feet, that's hoe big money walk
Shawty give me head, like she don't need body parts
Running my city like the King of New York
Poppin' champagne, hit him with the cork
Eating so good, n-ga need a fork
And i ball hard, n-ga need a court
The way lil mama give me brain, i swear she must have
been a dork
Durrrrrr, you know me i keep one rolled up
Smoking with my bitch from overseas, where my
Porsche from
And these hating n-gas get no love
I be rolling weed, getting rich, f-cking they bitch
Letting you spend all of your m, sending her on trips
I meet her there, you know, 'cus you smell the weed in
her hair
You worried bout me keeping it player, instead you
failed
Treated her fair, don't need to look, she in the air

[Wiz - Chorus 3]

Standing on the corner, talking that shit
You ain't really saying nothing, just hating of him
Every time i'm in my car i'm smoking that green
Even though this real life, its like a movie scene

I ain't in the club if I Don't Blaze Up
It don't matter where I go, I'm throwing my gang up
Nobody used to know me but but
Now a n-gga famous, now a n-ga famous

Visit [Game](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.