

Mavis Staples

"Death Around The Corner"

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Verse 1

French Montana:

I see death around the corner
Tryna survive, gettin' high in the city where the skinny
niggaz die
I see death around the corner
And look and you can see
A nigga gotta roll up, get ya mind free
I see death around the corner
Lookin' for a way out
Better shoot first, or get laid out
I see death around the corner, I see death around the
corner
I see death around the corner, I see death around the
corner
I see death around the corner
All eyes on me
With my Eastside homie, got my.9 on me
If niggaz try to ride on me
You know it's my time homie, ya got nuttin' for me
Your btich is tryna own me
Ya know I ride by my lonely, all eyes on me
You gon' die anyway
A real nigga pick his time to go, ya know we tell it from
the soul
If you see us then ya know all the hate keep us goin'
It's survival of the fittest, you ain't with us, nigga die
slow
Gotta get my grind on, even though my mind gone
Outta here, whole different timezone
Mind on money, and hoes got me cold-hearted
Got all the money and nuttin' to show for it
Oh boy, when the feds take them pictures
And niggaz steady wishin' on ya downfall
Nigga off the wall like handball
Stand tall, lookin' down
Niggaz goin' to jail and comin' home with beards
steady Muslim now

Chorus

Max B:

I see death around the corner
Niggaz still ain't over Green Mile
Saving this moment before the meanwhile
I see death around the corner
They tryna get me while on duty
Tryna send me in the pen with a doodie
I see death around the
Know how it feel when you're about to go
Macaroni, yeah that's him on the radio
I see death around the corner, death around the corner
Death around the corner, death around the corner
Death around the corner

Verse 2

Max B:

We got them hammers, it'll spray, the cannons in a
case
Got a ounce of sour deez, we bouncin' through the
trees
Got them bitches wanna fuck us
But po, they tryna lock us, but there the niggaz that's
causin' all the ruckus
Knowin' they don't love us, them niggaz is tryna be a
part
They lie, they don't wanna see us on the charts
We gon' catch 'em in the gutta, we 100, the don
blunted
All you bitches get gun-butted
Show no remorse when we see you, my whores is
European
Plenty ass, never holdin' them doors meet 'em, greet
'em
Then feed 'em, hit 'em with the dick
So many bitches and true they wanna sit and stay
The only thing I'ma miss
Is ridin on you niggaz with a 5th of some Grand Cru
while blowin' on a spliff
Shit, but I ain't tryna grip, the boat is takin' they toll
But I ain't tryna kid

Chorus

Max B:

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