

## CyHi The Prynce "Round Da Corner"

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[Intro]

We did it all around the corner, Â'round the corner,  
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[Verse 1: CyHi The Prynce]

That's where I sold my first sack

Where mama's get they purse snatched

And niggas get they dirt naps

They merk rats, church slacks, hearse slacks

You either jack or serve packs

Standin' on this curb, black

But I was just a sellin' herb cat

Drove some work to Texas,

Dropped it off and called the 'burb back

That's why my nerves bad - 'cause I've been shot  
at

Bitch, I'm like a pan 'cause I'm always where the  
pot at

Never sold no yams, but I know some niggas that buy  
that

Like a marine through Decatur, bet some paper he'll  
fly back

To Iraq...

I'll see a stack off a pound, that's the Iraq

I hope you niggas got that

I'm from Atlanta, boy, everybody got gats

Run up in your trap and make everybody lie flat

The same place you supply at, be the same place you  
die at

A lot of my homies never made it to where I'm at,  
'cause...

[Hook]

Some niggas sold weed, some niggas sold hard

Some of my folks robbed and we stole cars

We did it all around the corner, Â'round the corner,

Â'round the corner  
We did it all around the corner, Â'round the corner,  
Â'round the corner  
I hit my first blunt, I fucked my first broad  
This is where I hit my lick and caught my first charge  
We did it all around the corner, Â'round the corner,  
Â'round the corner  
We did it all around the corner, Â'round the corner,  
Â'round the corner

[Verse 2: Trae The Truth]

Same place I got my first stripes at  
Murderville, get your whole life jacked  
IÂ'll teach you hot to turn money to a white pack  
Hit the penitentiary and come right back  
Fuck up and get your whole dope knocked off  
Same block fat, head got chopped off  
Same niggas that you played with back then  
Will fill you up with the bullets from a sawed-off  
Se me, I ainÂ't fuck with them niggas  
I learned from my brother that got hit with life  
Around the same time that my niggas got murdered  
The same week I went to a funeral twice  
I caught Hell in the worst of ways  
IÂ'm in the game makinÂ' perfect plays  
If the block flood, IÂ'll surf for days  
During drought time, it was thirst for days  
IÂ'm in the hood in my first pair of JordanÂ's  
Flyer than a plane, you could tell if I was boardinÂ'  
Bitches watchinÂ' a nigga like somethinÂ' they  
recorded  
Bricks all in the garage like I was hoardinÂ'  
It was murder like 48 Hours  
Truth got filleted like 48 salmons  
They told me Â"ainÂ't nothinÂ' like a nigga whoÂ's  
brokeÂ"  
So IÂ'm tryna get to the money to stack like towers

[Hook]

[Verse 3: CyHi The Prynce]

We was supposed to be playinÂ' football  
HowÂ'd I end up with all the niggas that cook raw?  
Â'Cause when the hood call, you canÂ't press ignore  
Now you got your pistol stashed in your dresser drawer  
Prepare for war, shorty, I was never poor  
But my mama and my daddy couldnÂ't afford a pair of  
drawers  
So I went around the corner, got an ounce of marijuana  
Had Lithonia in the chokehold, had Stone Mountain in a  
coma

And we got them pounds if you want 'em  
Shop with me, my green is stronger  
Back when I had that green Daytona  
Or that blue Monte Carlo, had my foot on the throttle  
Extended clip in my chopper holds like 200 hollows  
Met some dudes from Chicago, Larry Hoover, they  
follow  
They motto is "when you move it, make sure you  
lookin' for potholes"  
And they some real killers, knock the meat out your  
taco  
They did business with Pablo, I'm used to that  
avocado

[Hook]

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