

## Fetti Cash "Corners"

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(Awww man, Nit Lo  
yeaa yeaa  
ruff town music  
fetti I told  
I got you man)

(Verse): Nit Lo  
I love these streets and going hard over beats  
Duffle bag fulla guns moving in a G wa son  
Peep how I murder the game the 40 cal murder you  
lames  
N\*ggas change up like the weather, under pressure  
never  
Comfortable in my skin a good mix like juice and gin  
I can't lose I'ma win yall pretend to be killers  
We at the round table planning your death over dinner  
Nit lo is a patron sipper, mad love n\*gga  
You talking bout that cash then I'm all in n\*gga  
B\*tches f\*ck me, homies grip up with me  
I'ma warn ya if you looking for me I be on the corner  
Right next to Jolie's rest in peace little jolie  
Wish you did what I did when OGs tried to school me  
But your pops holding it down, we up in ruff town  
Still gripping the gun, its nit lo....one!

(chorus 2x):  
Since I been on that brickstack ish  
I've been sitting back stacking them brickstack chips  
In the streets they heard of them brickstack hits  
And how I be making all of them quick fast flips

(Verse 2): Fetti Cash  
I'm bout that paper man, haters be hating man  
So go head and get a grip I slipped and fell  
But I'm so back (word) homie its a wrap  
You want the bloody war heres the beast from bloody  
raw  
You wanna see my claws or that forty four  
Bull dog jump off, don't get crossed  
By that switch blade, you fish bate  
So I guess you was the worm, one of soldiers confirm  
That you was a germ, and infant born from rotten

sperm

I watched and learned sat back and blew trees till my  
eyes bleed  
Plus I heard from a little birdie, that these f\*ckers really  
wanna test me  
Then shots gonna fire...I thought I told you clowns don't  
be playing around  
Now its murder, death kill I ain't playing around I bet  
I'm laying you down f\*ckers

(chorus 2x)

(Verse 3): Mark Will

(mark will....I need my blocks back, know what I mean, I  
need my corners)

I made it fore this is a lifetime of pain  
Oozing thru these verses thats why my vocals strain  
Straight from the soil concrete rough terrain  
Was standing next to rick I seen him get splattered  
brains  
But when it comes to focus its hard to maintain  
Dealing with killers who life have no remorse of shame  
Many times I neal and ask god to forgive my sins  
But its hard when you selling drugs sitting in a 6 benz  
Sleep is the cousin of death, envy's the brother of hate  
So I keep them both close and let the toast spray  
My where abouts in the slums be unknown  
Cause being broke make some of the softest cats  
Become violent prone  
Living conditions close to (\*\*\*\*\*)  
I thank eric b for giving me hope he was the first black  
president  
Came in the door, on the waist the four in the crib with  
pepsi  
Cutting up that white raw, in the mean time in between  
studio time  
I was heavy on the block pushing slabs of dimes  
All of my real cats from the five and the K  
Pushing grams of white please stay out the cops way  
And I ain't gotta name no names that real know how ya  
boy  
Kept a job and pushed pills on the low  
Never floss for show and suppress all the goodies  
It don't mean you a criminal when you wearing a  
hoodie  
I don't hold a grudge but how he get an assault with a  
gun charge  
Moms an attorney his pops is a judge huh!!  
The bigger the cap the bigger the peeling  
Treat your dome like a retractable roof, drop your  
ceiling

You don't like me and I don't like you  
Now that we got that out the way, the feeling is mutual  
Respect close to real you don't care about the slums  
Put up a front like you tryna get rid of all the guns, nah  
homie  
I'm about to raise the bar homie, cause this time yall  
done went to far homie  
Its gun play the fights cause even the realest cats cry  
at night  
When that C.O say lights out  
I'm not a lifer but I had felony thoughts on how to get  
this money  
And stay the hell up out of court, its a sport with true to  
life G's  
We ride for it by any means we side down to ride G

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