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Smoke City "On The Corner"

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[Hook - Big KRIT] Once upon a time on the corner There was a Pimp, there was a playa Sharp as a razor with alligators One time on the corner There was a trick that paid to play That always came but never stayed One time on the corner There was a ho that always chose To get the high ? she took the lows One time on the corner There was a baller, shot-caller Baby mamas and baby fathers One time on the corner [Smoke DZA] He was the future, pure shooter, he was dead nice ? fast life Pops went AWOL, moms got laid off Fuckin with the gangstas, now you barely wanna play ball Started hanging out with Dave, coming out early He was hitting? patch, you know, 70/30 He tryna save up for that Ferregamo crewneck Was already?, about to be? Eating fresh, bitches fuck him with his 2-step Fuckin with this bitch named Keno Bad little bimbo, wasn't about shit Do anything for a light-up and a mil from Jimbo Grimey bitch, had the sights strained Had some niggas catching/flipping like a dice game Go figure. Used to want to be a Laker Now he wanna wake up Damn, what a way to make paper...

[Hook - Bun B] Once upon a time on the corner There was a Pimp, there was a playa Sharp as a razor with alligators One time on the corner There was a trick that paid to play

That always came but never stayed One time on the corner There was a ho that always chose To get the high ? she took the lows One time on the corner There was a baller, shot-caller Baby mamas and baby fathers One time on the corner

[Big KRIT]

Dedicated to the players in the candy-painted cars Them boys from the hood that's burning purple Sipping? with the boppers on the side Of their ride, looking fine On the corner, sweating, thugs and them hustlers On the grind, that's exactly where they came from Where they got their game from Straight out the streets, that's where They got their ghetto fame from Represent they hood and they represent well And they riding for their homies til they RIP as well Tell by the smoke that they smoking on that fruity Putting on for their city daily: it's their duty Shorty's got booty, trunk's got bang Their steering wheel is wood So they're gripping on the grain The dope is in their shoes And the money in their pocket The pistol's in their left and they ain't even Got to cock it.? And tomorrow they'll be right back

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