

Game, The "Standin On A Corner"

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[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 but**** 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 them niggas 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
niggas 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, niggas need a fork

And i ball hard, niggas 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 niggas 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 niggas famous

