

Lord Jamar f/ Grand Puba

"The Corner, The Streets"

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"In the street, on the, on the, corner, in the street"
"In the street, on the corner"

[Chorus]

They got crack they got guns "on there corner"
I seen niggaz die young "in the street"
They got, females for sale "on the corner"
Mad niggaz in jail for running wild "in the street"

[Lord Jamar]

Yo, I attended UCLA, now how that grab you?
The University of the Corner of Lincoln Avenue
Where no sleep is lost when they think of stabbing you
Leave you in the playground laying face down
And I'm not Deandre, this is not HBO
This is real life, and it's real trife
Sometimes it's too much to fathom
Coroner come through they just bag 'em and tag 'em
Just the other I was copping weed "on the corner"
Man, I seen a nigga get shot, he was laying out "in the street"
The blood started to leak from his head
He was dead, I was just standing feet away
You never know if today's gon' be the day
That you get killed, blood get spilt
All over the pavement, cause

[Chorus]

[Lord Jamar]

Yo, she used to be a dime piece, back in '82
She was the shit, then she got strung out on the shit
Now her beauties drained from the cocaine
Her once delicate speech is now profane
Reminents of her formal self, catch a trick's eye
She suck anonymous dick and then gets high
She on the block to the whee hours
And I wouldn't fuck with it even if she took three
showers
With eight AIDS tests, she's a straight mess
She look older than she is, cause she stay stressed

The whole hood know her, we anbuvilent
Her mixed up girl, we lost at innocence
What's really sad is that she's not the only one
Her life is bad, but she's not the only one
There's plenty more, the streets got plenty whores
Pimp prophet bank corners on twenty four

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Now a new born baby from the hospital
Headed to the hood to face them obstacles
Of the gangstas, killings, fiends and drug dealings
Those who get caught, get pinched and start squealing
The have nots, stuck in the hood, that stays hot
Like crabs in the barrel try'nna make it to the top
With petty ass beef, gat handles with the glock
Where innocent kids wind up getting shot
Where murder is a trend, selling drugs is a hobby
And moms and grandmoms scared to walk through the
lobby
Where young men, don't get a chance to be men
Lie, step or shot down, all they talking was sin
Where young girls walk around the hood with no
clothes
Thinking it's aight from watching them videos
This shit is by design, program your mind
With a savage way of thinking, leaving you dumb, deaf
& blind

[Chorus]

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