

Naz & Dev

"Street Corner"

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[INTRO: Mr. Magic]

Aight, no doubt, no doubt
This is super rockin Mr. Magic on your FM dial
We're gonna send this piece out to every street corner
and every ghetto style
So recognize

[VERSE 1]

This scene takes place on a street corner
If you're strong, you survive, if not, then you're a goner
Throughout the world every ghetto is the same
Where 'nigga' or 'bitch' ain't a dis, it's just a name
The state of mind the same that idealize a nine
And if you batch your eyes, we'll rob you blind
Cause the law is survival of the fittest
If you need it and it's worth goin for, you better get it
The weekend is here, my money is low
I got a gun and a mask, I want some cash, so yo
To me the gas station looks just like a bank
I'm makin a withdrawal and fillin up the tank
I killed two birds with one stone
Nobody moved, I didn't have to bust a cap or break a
bone
Another clean get-away, the coast is all clear
Still got Uptown to go and buy some gear
Between me and my man, 10 g's at least
Fifty-fifty, good lookin, yo, I'm out, peace
I bought a ounce from the dread, cause I wanna
Get dipped and ripped and parlay on the street corner

[VERSE 2]

Well, I just got paid and brothers on the block know
Cause the crew is in a huddle, word up, they playin celo
I'm feelin kinda lucky tonight, like i could win it
Who got the bank, zigga, how much is in it?
1-2-3-4 hundred
Stopped it, bank got fever, but trips run it
When I took the bank I bet the whole ki
And rolled a deuce, all them heads rolled 1-2-3
Watch his face when he ace, now gimme some space
Shorty, go and buy a 40, better yet get a case

And a box of owls, street corner style
I'm hittin ziggas nice, so they can't say I'm foul
For breakin em, takin they papes and cold steppin
They know I got they money. but I also got a weapon
It's always like one or two brothers that start bitchin
But these is just the workers on the block that be pitchin
My peeps got the fat-ass jeep pumpin the system
Girls comin around me, cause they boyfriends dissed
em
That made it easy for me whenever I wanna
I call her to have her come and meet me on the street
corner

[VERSE 3]

No more stick-up's for me, cause now I'm gettin loot
I blew up on the block, and didn't have to shoot
See everybody who was on, fell off
Takin too many shorts, gettin caught, now they up
north
I opened shop and went straight to the top
Then some old-timers came back to get props
First they tried to play me, they thought they could
extort me
But now I got beef with these ziggas that taught me
One night I'm sittin in my car just chillin
Puffin a blunt, I got a paranoid feelin
Somethin was 'bout to happen, but I didn't know what
So I loaded my joint, cause I felt it in my gut
But then I got beeped as I stashed my gun
Who the hell this beepin me with 911?
Didn't recognize the number, so I went to call back
Then I heard somebody say (He think he all that)
When I turned around, I knew it was a set-up
I tried to pull out, before I could I got wet up
People tried to help me, I knew I was a goner
I said, "Later for me, just keep the babies off the street
corner"

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