# Street Corner

## The Skatalites

Don't know why I'm folding?
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling
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Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rollingEnhance the game, but give me the Benz
While I send my word
It's lightly packed [Incomprehensible] giving a fuck
Bitch I got's to eat too while I catch up like Heinz
On the hook for my family tree
East to west to south is booted in this red clay
And everyday I get up and work my ass to the bone
So I can pay for me a home, in the ghetto or the woods, to build
I'm packing my steel tooSlow rolling, everybody in this clique holding
Anything we riding in is stolen
And you can tell when a nigga on round' here
His neck and his wrists be all frozen
You wanna go bust because some fool caught you dozing
Out on the ave posingBut you ain't no more good, like a used up Trojan
You horsing around, now your spot finna' be closing down
We brang them guns, you tote them roses
Indecent exposure, beat you till' you're swollen
Now here, put some ice on that
Work with, reject heavy crack now pick up, pick up, pick upDon't know why I'm folding?
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Don't know why I'm folding?
Illegal substance controlling, still outHold up, wait up, gipp swolled in here
My eyes getting little and its hard to steer
Reverse safe, can't wait, communicate next tale
Kept my money in the floor so I can chalk bail
And anything you got for me, just hold
'Cause I'll be back one day to get them foldsTake a second to regroup, get back in the loop
See the veins never change, only part is in the name
I ain't that old, wanna play me cold
Wanna treat me like a wrangler wanna snatch my gold
See I was raised by a man, so a man you see
Came up in the trailers of Fulton County
Hard top for the winter, soft top for the summer
If we caught roaming the streets, we some runners
From the street cornersWell when you looking at me make sure that
I'm trapping and slowed down

Still suffer from sunrise till' the sun done gone down
Before I go any further, fool let me break it on down
Get blasting with the best and get brutally blown down
Yes sire! Collapse and get caught in the crossfire
Talking shit at one time, but nowadays your cause higherFrom the hatred, hunger, hopelessness, yes I kill
So I guess I'm no better than the rest
But I try to be somehow these streets feel so fly to me
I'm a get it right Lord, "Cee-Lo, don't you lie to me!"
I hope this work here work me a way up out this
Hey, don't wanna die the same way my buddy
Did the other day damnDon't know why I'm folding?
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