

Death Around The Corner

Young Chris (From The Young Gunz)

[Verse 1][French Montana:] I see death around the corner
Tryna survive, gettin' high in the city where the skinny niggaz die

I see death around the corner

And look and you can see

A nigga gotta roll up, get ya mind free

I see death around the corner

Lookin' for a way out

Better shoot first, or get laid out

I see death around the corner, I see death around the corner

I see death around the corner, I see death around the corner

I see death around the corner

All eyes on me

With my Eastside homie, got my .9 on me

If niggaz try to ride on me

You know it's my time homie, ya got nuttin' for me

Your btich is tryna own me

Ya know I ride by my lonely, all eyes on me

You gon' die anyway

A real nigga pick his time to go, ya know we tell it from the soul

If you see us then ya know all the hate keep us goin'

It's survival of the fittest, you ain't with us, nigga die slow

Gotta get my grind on, even though my mind gone

Outta here, whole different timezone

Mind on money, and hoes got me cold-hearted

Got all the money and nuttin' to show for it

Oh boy, when the feds take them pictures

And niggaz steady wishin' on ya downfall

Nigga off the wall like handball

Stand tall, lookin' down

Niggaz goin' to jail and comin' home with beards steady Muslim now

[Chorus][Max B:] I see death around the corner

Niggaz still ain't over Green Mile

Saving this moment before the meanwhile

I see death around the corner

They tryna get me while on duty

Tryna send me in the pen with a doodie

I see death around the

Know how it feel when you're about to go

Macaroni, yeah that's him on the radio
I see death around the corner, death around the corner
Death around the corner, death around the corner
Death around the corner
[Verse 2][Max B:]We got them hammers, it'll spray, the cannons in a case
Got a ounce of sour deez, we bouncin' through the trees
Got them bitches wanna fuck us
But po, they tryna lock us, but there the niggaz that's causin' all the ruckus
Knowin' they don't love us, them niggaz is tryna be a part
They lie, they don't wanna see us on the charts
We gon' catch 'em in the gutta, we 100, the don blunted
All you bitches get gun-butted
Show no remorse when we see you, my whores is European
Plenty ass, never holdin' them doors meet 'em, greet 'em
Then feed 'em, hit 'em with the dick
So many bitches and true they wanna sit and stay
The only thing I'ma miss
Is riding on you niggaz with a 5th of some Grand Cru while blowin' on a spliff
Shit, but I ain't tryna grip, the boat is takin' they toll
But I ain't tryna kid
[Chorus][Max B:]I see death around the corner
Niggaz still ain't over Green Mile
Saving this moment before the meanwhile
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