

Get Off The Corner

Lil' Wayne

The block is hot, the cops is swarmin a neighborhood heavy
While niggas off in the neighborhood sellin, with penitentiary chances
The dope roped up in the cup of their pants
Fiends flock like? come get this candy
I got heroin in bundles, them Highland O's
Plus a cooked slab, chopped up, dimes is swoll
If I spot the laws comin, hey its time to roll
Candy Carter got a line of parole, Outta control
The first fell a Tuesday this month oh sweet thang
Plus it's a sweet day, me next score for three days
One time they say what you mean, I gets the green
Break up the block like Maurice Green, ya feel me?
In my predicament I'm guilty until proven innocent
Hustle ridiculous, I'm tryin to get this dope continuos
Ball til I fall, one thing, I ain't tryin to fall
Want everybody numb like ambasol
But he heard
(Chorus 1)
Uh oh
There go them fuckin po-po's
And if you know like I know
You better get off the corner I'm a young dog, wild and ecstatic, violent when passin
hem gangstas doin time in a parishment, role models
And keep ya cup, we drink whole bottles, and cuss at niggas
Like fuck that nigga, I let my pump subtract niggas
You beef with me I guarantee your mams be missin
With a note behind demandin three chickens or she gets it
Do not twist because lil man is trippin
They could have ya body in three different places
Ain't nothin gravy, but save it
Cause I'm a ride and hit the nigga street
Weezy go to war like Sadaam and Clinton disagree
While I'm shitty from the weed
Like were them bustas be
I promise ya never fuckin sleep, I clear the set
Come outside late at night to your surprise I'm here with Tecks
Two shots knock off the niggas necks, it's so realistic
So I hope ya get it, or else them shots poke ya fetti
Be on the block until them souljas hit it

That's when he heard...

(Chorus 2)

Blocka

Me come to tear your block up

If you don't want no problems

You better get off the corner All right, I cook it, cut it, ship and move it

I make a livin in this crooked public distributin

Just take a peek around, the hood is floodin, shit is boomin

The hottest D in town lookin for me hit me Tuesday, like after six

See I crack the bricks right down to Z's

Got pounds of trees, my blocks blazin qp's to ki's

Gangin in the cheese, them bricks is comin

No droughts I don't sit on nothin

I don't believe I'm frontin

If I give you a dime, I leave with somethin

The big dog, Nigga I got the city under siege

And the law don't bother me, I give the pigs a couple of G's

Shit, I hustle strong to push this work through the streets

I'm tryin to deal with every nigga, and sell the birds up cheap

I'm greedy, if there's any money bein made from drugs I need it

Twenty bricks two weeks completed, you can't beat it

Whatever you want, holla at me when you need to get it

Does anybody else, I'll pay em a visit

That's when ya heard...(Chorus 3)

Come here peeps

I'm hearin that you run these streets

You don't want beef

Then get off the corner(Chorus 1, 2, 3, 3 repeat 2x)Uh oh, you better get off the corner, skirt

Blocka, you better get off the corner

Come here, you better get off the corner

Get off the corner, Get off the corner

What, uh oh, get off the corner

What, uh oh, you better off the corner

What, uh oh, you better off the corner

What, uh oh, you better off the corner

Like dat, Get off the corner

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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