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 cornerI'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 cornerAll 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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