

# Street Corner

## Don Drummond / Roland Alphonso / The Skatalites

Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling  
Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling Enhance 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 too Slow 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 posing But 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 up Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling  
Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still out Hold 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 folds Take 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 corners Well 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 higher  
From 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 damn Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling  
Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling  
Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling  
Don't know why I'm folding?  
Illegal substance controlling, still outdoors rolling

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>