

# Common feat. The Last Poets, The Corner

Verse 1:(Common)

Memories on corners with the fo's and the mo's  
Walk to the store for the rose, talking straightforward to hoes  
Got uncles that smoke, and some put blow up they nose  
To cope with the lows, the wind is cold and it blows  
In they socks and they soles, niggaz holdin' they rolls  
Corners leave souls opened and closed, hopin' for mo'  
We know where to go, niggaz rollin' in droves  
They shoot the wrong way, cuz they ain't know and they goes  
The streets ain't safe cuz they ain't knowing the code  
By the foes I was told, either focus or fold  
Got cousins with flows, hope they open some doors  
So we can cop clothes and roll in a Rolls  
Now I roll in a Olds, with windows that don't roll  
Down the roads where cars get broken and stole  
These are the stories told by Stony and Cottage Grove  
The world is cold, the block is hot as a stove  
On the corners

Hook:

(Kanye West)

I wish I could give you this feelin'  
I wish I could give this feelin'  
On the corners niggaz rob or kill  
And dyin' just to make a livin', huh?

(Spoken: Lost Prophets)

We overstated, we underrated, we educated  
The corner was our time when time stood still and  
Gators and snakeskins and  
Yellow and pink and  
Powder blue profiles glorifying them

Verse 2: (Common)

Street lights and deep nights, cats tryin' to eat right  
Ridin' no-seat-bikes, with work to feed hypes  
So they can get sweet Nike's, they head and they feet right  
Desires of street life, cars and weed types  
Its hard to breathe nights, days are thief-like  
The beasts roam the streets, the police is Greek-like  
Game that is deep, we speak and believe hype  
Banged in the streets has cop left for deep life (?)  
Its steep life, coming up where niggaz is sheep-like  
Rappers and hoopers, we strive to be like  
G's with three strikes, seeds that need light  
Cheese and recite, needs and BE strife  
The corner, where struggle and greed fight  
We write songs about wrong cuz its hard to see right  
Look to the sky, hoping it will bleed light  
Reality's a bitch, and I heard that she bites  
The corner

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(Spoken: Lost Prophets)

The corner was our magic, our music, our politics  
Fires raised as tribal dances and war cries  
Broke out on different corners  
Power to the people

Black power  
Black is beautiful

Verse 3: (Common)

Black church services, murderers, Arabs serving burgers  
As cats with gold permanents, move they bags as herbalists  
The dirt isn't just fertile, its people workin' and earnin' this  
The curb getters go where the cats flow and the current is  
Its so hot that niggaz burn to live  
The furnace is, whether money movin', the determined live  
We talk shit, play lotto, and buy German beers  
Its so black packed with action that's affirmative  
The corners

Hook:

(Kanye West)

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(Spoken: Lost Prophets)

The corner was our Rock of Gibraltar, our Stonehenge  
Our Taj Mahal, our monument  
Our testimonial to freedom, to peace, and to love  
Down on the corner