

Ne-Yo, The Corner (Intro)

Spoken:

Its your boy Ne-Yo

For the mix tape (This shit don't gotta be perfect)

Gonna do this like this (My imperfection is my perfection)

Verse:

In the black stretched 'Lac with the diamond in back

He in the back, cream suit, --?-- gators to match

A leather print feather in hit hat, sippin' on yac

He roll around living out scenes from the mac

He like his woman with lower ambition and common sense (So That)

He can convince them to make him dollars and cents (So that)

She look at him and see a savior, a prince (But in fact)

He's just a pimp with a limp and a strong grip on her

Come with his chips, don't slip or he'll flip on ya

Zip up that lip don't say shit just get corner

Pull up them pumps, the skirt, and get them jimmys out

Catch every thing that you can, cuz every penny counts

Don't come up short, run up with just any amount (Nah)

Like your little girlfriends, you'll be pourin a little Henny out (Ahh)

And hit the block in the sizzle and burn

This is your life, that's your daddy and tricks your turn

Chorus:

On the corner, you wish you could cease the pimpin

You wish you made better decisions

Stuck out on the corner skeezing, trickin just to make a living, living

On the corner, you wish you could cease the pimpin

You wish you made better decisions

Stuck out on the corner skeezing, trickin just to make a living, living, living