

Cornerstore (feat. Saba & the Mind)

Joey Purp

[Hook]

Yeah and I remember flamin' hots and cheese from out the cornerstore
Stole these jeans, I sell 'em, I'm gon' buy me 20 nickle dros
Dime rocks and nickle blows from niggas who ain't here no more
And talking to my brother every week from off that prison phone, may never come home[Verse
1]

But black son gone hood rich from a broke home
Judges biased skin tone, no fighting when it's guns drawn
I remember finding that revolver, I was looking through my closet
Try'n to find my remote control car charger
Wish I knew then, things I knew now but how it goes down
Aimed it at my head and make a gun sound, ain't that a bitch?
Adolescence ducking opposition, don't get too attached
We made it through too much and ain't no looking back
And opposites attract so I'm a magnet to these bitches and bitch niggas, that's tragic
I'm out the mall cause they plastic, why pass the ball with my handles?
It's off the wall, yeah I'll stand it
Had a dream I wasn't stacking, I woke up screaming and gasping
In the studio jamming, listening to Deelo Peace
And no religion shit, Chiraq look like the Middle East
And white kids deal with problems that we never knew to bother
Arguing with they dads, we pray we ever knew our fathers
Release day 2050, he'll never meet his daughter
And trust that mothers bought a mirror at himself, look in the mirror and see myself
Look in my eyes and see my hell and every tear I ever spilled
Every problem resemble hell, when every day is jail
I used to hit the blunt and get lifted and then envision
Making college tuition flippin' a hundred chickens
Now up in the corners where killers used to inhabit
They built up the new condos, that's what our project building
Raised by the movers and shakers and life takers
Proper preparation, prepare for where life take us
Blame it on the family structure, that's the news anchor
But the teacher only taught us excuses for our behaviour

[Hook]

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home[Bridge: TheMIND]

I used to dream I was from somewhere else
Somewhere [the sun don't?] wanna go

Found myself at the corner
I'm gonna [go?] for the cornerstore
[Verse 2: Saba (Joey Purp)]
I left my house this morning with the intent of returning
The last thing that I heard was the news of a murder
That wasn't more than a couple blocks from where I rest my head
But I'm certain that it was a stranger, that's how I detach myself from the situation
My grandma asked if I had everything for school
Seem like she growing more overprotective as I get older, she lost both of her sons
And I can feel it when she kiss me, she don't sleep 'til I get home
And she don't like me in the city
(Grant it's nice in penitentiaries, I paint a picture that none of you get
Police still shooting niggas but I ain't scared of shit)
It's hostile out here as everyone have a bone to pick
I look my granddad in his eyes and said I'll be home at 6
To get to my bus I gotta walk pass the thugs on the corner
And even if they know me, they gon' try me like some fucking foreigner
Flash in the die pack, yelling good now, good now
They do this every day and I tell 'em that I don't smoke shit
My best friend from when I was 11 posted with the weapon
Acting like he do not see me stepping to they section
We used to hoop daily and treat it like a profession
And now I'm walking by him like I'm some type of pedestrian
I went to private school with most of these guys
But ultimately I'm the only one who tried omitting the crime
I turned the corner with caution and approach as I walked to the cornerstore
There I passed the fiends, it seems all of 'em off it
I just wanted them 50s, juicy crunchy curls
I just wanted a little hoopty in case that train derail
I missed my bus so I get to school and I'm late as hell
That block and monster hoping they can make a sale[Hook]
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And talking to my brother every week from off that prison phone, may never come home[Outro]
I need to escape now, now
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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