

# 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]  
Yeah and I remember flaming hots and cheese from out the cornerstore  
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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[Outro]  
I need to escape now, now  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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