

Church / Liquor Store (feat. Noname)

Saba

Oooh

Ahhh

Oooh

Ahhh They ask you what's the cause and effect
Of doobies packed in they fat, now you calling collect
They booby trapping the trap
The police pulling a pulley, you'll fall for it you silly
Putty you outta shape, fuck running, you'll catch a case
I can't relate to half of my relatives
My genetics is felony, buying low and reselling it
They told me tell a story, I'm like "Why not mine?"
Shit everybody taking pictures, I'm like "Why not Vine?"
And growin' from the ground up, it look like I'm a vine
It's rarity in my realness
Yeah I'm a fine diamond in the rough type, rough type
Roughhouse in a roadhouse like rugby
Lovely, when you hit a lick little kick like Chun-Li
Funny, kids that I hoop with all in county
Counting, black bodies hunt 'em down look like bounties
Bound to, be on the block a little while longer
They your homies, this what home is
What don't kill ya make ya stronger
Call Obama, Jesus, Yeezus
He can save Chicago from the demons and the deacons
When it's the end
Yeah, dodged precincts since pre-teens
Let's pretend we privileged not deceased, addicted
It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
Corner store, dread-head, dead leg, ditto
10-4, ten foes from Cicero to Central
Was told, "let it go"
Didn't know who to hit though
Now that's church, barber shop, bottle I, got
From the liquor store on Cicero
I ain't 21, but he didn't know
Bad habits of wrong places at wrong times
A stray bullet'll take your first-born like the tenth plague, I'm the new Pharoah
My phone line forever open for prayer
The fallen soldiers ain't fell, they in my pen
And I do thank God
They say preach like Cooley High
From beginning to end, that's Alpha and Omega
My city the same ghost that made Lupe cry

Soon's you loosen up your grip you lost, then lose your life
 I loosen a dread
 From every time I gotta wash the cigarette smoke from outta my head
 Like how I'm not dead
 Going on 20 soon, they say I changed, that's a fitting room
 I'm still the same kid that didn't speak when we were in the school
 I just got a mic now, I turned to a real nigga
 I just knocked a white gal, and fuck who you think I sound
 Like, I'm a legend in the making like the director's cut
 Of I Am Legend and I'm fed up with the fuck comparison
 These niggas don't got the truth that y'all want, do they?
 Think I'm lyin'? Then plan a trip to Chicago today
 I was 15, they was fucking with me
 There's no logic in love, but there's no love in the streets
 It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
 Corner store, dread-head, dead leg, ditto
 Sillou...-ette! Chalk outline, sketch!
 It's not safe outside when they want your neck
 Now that's church, barber shop, bottle I, got
 From the liquor store on Cicero, I ain't 21, but he didn't know They sold, they sold
 They sold prison the way they pipeline
 Systematically lifeline
 Erase all niggas, they so bulletproof from the law
 Law abiding citizen shot, Willie Lynch do crack now
 I hope the grave don't find me, I do my E&J kindly
 I do my time when it's timely, sometimes the bible tastes like marmalade
 My momma still sipping, politician owe Donald Duck
 A quacking new kitchen
 They kept the melting pot inside the slave plot, watch
 They gentrified your neighborhood no needs for cops, watch
 Look at the yoga pants, coffee shops and yogurt stands
 Consumerism, holy land
 And on the other hand my momma land It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
 Corner store, dread-head, dead leg-...Man, give them people hell bro... on life, let 'em know
 how you feelin', yo, let 'em know what's going on, bro
 Free us, every chance you get, free my nigga Marl
 Free Jimmy... Fresh, yo, Frillz, yo
 Let 'em know yo, keep us alive out there in them verses yo
 On a real bro... aayt love bro, take care bro
 Tell my brother, tell Fresh I said I love

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