

Corner Store Freestyle

Boogie

Yeah, yeah
Yo, rest in peace to my grandma
Yeah, yeah
Ah, man

I see you back in your disguise, uh
Peace with you as you travelin' through time, uh
Nah, peace with you with that battle in your mind
Talk to God, I just hope that he reply
And can you open up the sky? Think my granny tryna fly
Sick and she just died, I couldn't tell her my goodbyes
She kept that shit inside and had to hide how she was hurtin'
But damn, my poor baby wasn't tryna be no burden
I been lurkin' in the deep and I been searchin' for a meanin'
All these bitches got secrets, all these niggas got demons
I see that I done lent a helpin' hand to the ruined
Oh, I understand that now that I'm flowin' and influencin'
Take this lil' bit of light, thread this lil' bit of glow
Show my niggas they can heal, then put my foot up in the door
I told brodie check they car before they walk into the store, uh
Bet they watch they step when they start talkin' 'bout the flow
Niggas know, I know, ah, shit, niggas got me in my mode
All alone, lightin' blunts up on my stove
They put me on the shelf, that shit surprisin', I ain't fold, uh
Got it from my momma, taught me how to stay composed
Me and shawty had to end, now she fuckin' on my friend
Irritate my skin, why the fuck you rub it in? Ah, man, yeah, yeah
Now I go out and pretend, uh
Wonder if it's somethin' that you thought in the begin'
Let me end, I know

Alright, let's get out this beat, I'ma be in my feels all day
Let's get to the next shit
Yeah, let's go off
Lemme be ratchet, ratchet BOOG' activated
Yeah, yo, free Bully
WESTSIDE America, yeah, yeah
Ah, man, and

Free my nigga out the cell, uh, uh
Can't you tell? Lately, I been overwhelmed, uh, uh
I'm the only one that's tapped into the killings
And can turn around and rap about my feelings
It can happen if you willin', oh, well
Better think before you in here, uh, uh
Please remember, I'm a Campanella member
I been hangin' with the sinners
Keep it real enough that I could pull you out a river, you a sinner
She keep talkin' to me brazy, I just let it go off
He don't really know me, baby, he just tryna show off
I did shrooms the other mornin' and that feelin' wore off
I just caught another bag, I can't let you throw off
I'm just hopin' I don't blow it, assumin' it can happen any time
As I maneuver through the mines in my mind
Ain't no Uber or a ride, if I do, you gotta scoop me in the sky
You a goofy or the guy, you decide, uh
Thankful for the hard shit, thankful for the burnt missions

Teachin' me my letdowns but now you know the terms different
Shawty got some nerve 'cause niggas never curve bitches
She ain't my main and my broker have his turn with it
Let me go off, ah, shit, go off

Ratchet BOOG' activated
Shoutout to The Corner Store, Dezzie in this bitch