

Corner Store

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Corner store, 2 A.M
Got some mango high-chews, a bag of chips
Rollin' through the city and we hide behind the tints
In the Benzo, got the Swisher out the window, then we dip
Posted at the corner store, posted at the corner store
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Okay, 2 A.M, I'm posted (I'm posted)
Shit all in my Jansport
Moving to Utah, run with
Might treat your block like a dance floor
Finesse the rent out the landlord
Momma said, "Pull your pants up"
Bending corners and scraper are loyal to tell my bands up
I'm pushing, moving work, improving
There's commas on the way
Put the pussy on pedestal, blow the medical to the face
It's sad that they know my face
Rollin heaven in my new Wraith
Declining the call from labels
Still grubbin' on struggle-taste
They all wanna know whats next, I don't even know myself
Nah, I don't wanna hear your bullshit, I don't really need your help
I'm posted and smoking just like my uncles before me
I politic with the stagnant, forget my day by the morning

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I grew up on Old English, that's that malt liquor (aha)
Never smoked a backwood, it was all Swishers (uh-uh)
Before I pulled a fake ID out on a bartender
I was on bag of Cuban Z's, walking off kilter
We ain't have no common sense
Through that dirt and hop that fence (aha)
Roasting, talking shit, we mobbing, I just got my mama's whip (hell yeah)
We blow dank out that window
Right with your tape up, it's garbage
I used to roll up the weed, and I mixed the [??]with the parliament, ayy (oh
shit)
Can I tell you about our future? (yeah)
We was on the corner, posted (yeah)
Wasn't thinking 'bout tomorrow (uh-uh), on the rooftop smoking (smokin')
Swisher guts in the Funyun bag (yes)
I was just doing my thing (my thing)
Hit the hot food aisle (uh-uh)
Got the gizzards instead of the wings (gizzards)
But let's hold up, run my route, play the course
Sweatpants, shorts, wife beater, posted on the porch
Reminiscing to eleven and we smoking on some Ports
And getting high
Gotta re-up so you know we 'bout to hit the—

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Taking my time, working it out
Counting the coin, breaking my back (yeah)
All in my loins, all on my nerves
Can't get a break, but that's my snack
Call me Almond Joy, mama's boy
Can't afford none of what you ordered
Shit, I'm hardly on, not quite broke
Got to walk, but on the border
Pushing pen to the paper for peso (yeah, yeah)
They wanna leggo
Close construction, no room for the huevos (yeah Yeah)
You gotta love it
That's Benny, he like Montego, he save you like the gecko
He not gon' pay the debt 'till you ice, get OG Maco
Boy so wonderful
Them cheap thrills, they come and they go, yeah
Talking 'bout we saved you a seat, boy, boy
But they don't want no one to know long as you comfortable, yeah

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Corner store, that's all (Gemini)
God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage
to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.