

Corner Store

Papoose

It's gettin real cold outside
I'm bout a make this a cold winter
All my corner store nigguhs
My heart is pure
n.o.t. banger

I stand in front of the corner store
Ran into nigguhs I done robbed before
Wearin the shit that I robbed em for
I ain't even feel alarmed at all
My heart is pure

I hustle in fronta the corner store
I move yay, soft, hard, and all
My man mom sniff bombs of raw
I never sold to his moms before
My heart is pure

Ya catch me slippin by the corner store
You want some points? grab ya crons and score
If it was me I woulda pushed off yours
I respect the art of war
My heart is pure

This for my niggas by the corner store
All for one, One for all, back on the wall
I don't know why they coppin work
Where they gon sell it?
They cant hustle here
What, I gotta spell it?

Any objections?
You niggis draw weapons
Cause I got a fetish
For leavin flesh reddish
When I told em I wasn't energetic
I calmly put the bug in his ear
What I gotta yell it?

You niggas hard headed
I feel disrespected
Niggis don't believe shit stink till they smell it
When you got some nice jewels
and Niggas come debted
You say they hatin on you
That shit sound pathetic

I listen when yall talk
All you rappers said it
Yall wanna know the truth
Well ima bout to tell it
When a nigga strait pussy
He cant rock a necklace
He don't deserve that
I ain't talkin reckless

Thats a honor in the hood

Ain't nobody jealous
If he a bird then pluck his feathers
Back in the days only the kings wore gold
They wore it til they perished
If we don't cherish that
What the fuck we gon cherish

Its a time when you gotta ill out quick
But its a time when you gotta be on some chill out shit
Niggis told you to chill
Take a look at the big picture
You don't want to chill
You want to be a gorilla

Everybody chillen
They just tryin get skrilla
You don't wanna chill
You wanna be a ice grilla
You just chill out
You probably get rich quicker
Instead wit yo gun
Cause you ain't got no chin killa

Really need to chill out
Bitch nigguh hit you right in ya chin and make you chill
Thats what I call a chinchilla
Papoose,
I'm a star like the big dipper
Thats why I'm a 45th gripper
Rappers livin in denial

You don't wanna admit I'm the king bitch
You denyin the truth
Bow to ya defeat prick
You lies makin me seasick
Stop livin in denial
Da Nile is a river in Egypt

Find me in the corner store eatin some sweet shit
Crack the door
Spit out the sunflower seeds quick
Papi on the phone tryin snitch and I peeped it
He just started workin here
He a complete snitch

This nigga think he slick
I smack papi over the counter
Dropped all the super bubbles and beef sticks
Niggas tellin me I need to dead my beef quick
I laughed at em
Yall some funny cats like heathcliff

Talk that dead the beef shit
What would I dead the beef
When I can dead the niggus I got beef with
I'm just gettin started
This just the preliminary
I redefine nice
I'm a physical dictionary

Write the stages of my mission on my itinerary
My mission is to conquer this game
I'm a missionary

I got this locked down
Ya freedom is temporary
I imprison and envision the visionary

I place rappers in the cemetery
So if I put ya name in my verse
Welcome to the obituary
Out for dead presidents you niggas hear me
So I go to war for the president just like the military

Baybridge Hold Down Ya Corner Store
Bed-Stuy Hold Down Ya Corner Store
Thug-a-cation Hold Down Ya corner Store

This cat loose, Papoose, My Heart Is Pure