

The Bodega

Skyzoo

Standing out in front of the 2-4
With a bunch of [?] pharmacies for you and yours
Pick up time, scuffed timbs but it kick up grind
Playing jets with sweats, come and pick up your dimes
This is everyday people like the rest of [?]
The weight's so weak that you would bet it was heaven-sent
God don't bless this corner, we the bottom of the bucket
We lucky he protect this corner
When the stress build on us, we burn leaves and twist tops
Duck behind the popcorn bags and ditch cops
[?] cheerios, when the close clear, we approach there
Like here we go, here we go!
See what you call hope, they call dope
Quiet as kept is the words that's all spoken
One rule youngin, get it and dash
Same place where your life depends on a brick and a half
You wanna look-look, either that or you inside on a cook-cook
Steamin crack, look at your eyes dude
You gotta wear a mask if you decide to do that
You can't be inhalin or smellin cookin a slab
Huh, fuck with that if you want to
Posted in front of the corner store when you come through, I peep that
45 magnum street, between Kilo Ave. and Brickplace in all [?]
In front of the bodega

Yuh, the bodega
Yuh, the bodega
Sun up, to sundown
Get your rep up here, so when you come around
Think twice before saying a word
Think twice before playing a curd

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Yea, I used to own branded pop
Homie would give him half while, I jugged all his sandwiches
Saw the way the feds get cocky
Way they snatched my man when they cuffed 'em and handled 'em, it was fuckin
g disgraceful
Right in front of the store
They shoved him on the floor, and they gave him a face-full
Burners in his teeth, with his rights, yelled at him
Spitting on his fit and holding [?]
Fuck is you doing, them tops cost
They all numbered, so they all need to be knocked off
And everybody on the Ave. just look at you, strapped

You acting like ya badge is bulletproof, relax
'Cus ain't nothing going on but the rent
Need a lil' crib so it only makes sense
Half the block got [?] time
And probably turned into high v, with a new sign and no clue
Welcome to any ghetto U.S.A
Get a heart, somewhere to start, and you gets paid, peep it
Let's get this money 'til it's all gone
Fuck the angel on your shoulder saying it's all wrong
'Cus cash counts, get that and bounce and keep a desert on you
First time outside, ya peoples better warn you
Huh, standing under the [?]
It's me and these flower seeds up to the mornin
In front of the bode- the bodega

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