

Bodega!

Statik Selektah

Yeah
Thank you, thank you, thank you
Far too kind, far too kind

Bodega! Bodega!
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If I'm a lion I run the jungle
I'm lying I run the streets
This nine I fire wild
I never had to sneak diss-
Member contenders with every word I speak
With any word that's wrote, the King James I preach
The insane I see, clear view my peak
Mountain top, no sweat like Keith Cool collect
You gotta prove me wrong
You can't prove these set traps
Like boobie setbacks
My uzi det dat
Loosie puff up, coughing lungs up
I'm from NY, we pop Chris like Tucker
This brick got locked up
Duct tape tucked up
This traffic fucked up
But nothing get me nervous when I'm trafficking weight, wait
The time and the place
You bring me static, your death come
I select the date
I hate the hate, I hate the love
I hate the fake
I don't need to flex like Gray, what his name?

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If you fucking on the plane for the first time, Fly Virgin
I put ice on the finger roll, what am I, a Spur like Gervin?
I made a living off rap, on purpose
Should I chase the money like JPMorgan?
Pay me portions, nah ah, I need that fortune
Like no sorcerer, I need sources
Check for the wire taps on cordless
Gorgeous thug, I don't need a course to put a hole in one
If they tryna cap a 10, they could hold the sun
Black boy with the golden tongue
Spit carrots, blow purp like puns
Heartburn, no tums
If you bite the hand that feed you, I'm a cut off thumbs
No lie, come try
They wanna watch but no body see me
Flowing infinity, like the memory of my nigga Stevie

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