

# 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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