

Del The Funky Homosapien, Corner Song

(Chorus)

We 'bout to roll to the corner me and my crew
We 'bout to roll to the corner and get us some brew
We 'bout to roll to the corner and get some swishers too
So we can role a fat blunt and get perfed
Another fine day in this land I live
Oakland we're they don't give a shit and that's it
You know I'm sellin' they can split the profit 50 50
With this other brother who went in half with me
Now, first before we burst the move
We gotta sooth our nerves with the liquor
Then we don't bicker
We'll be relaxed ask your mama
This shit is like a war zone
Streets is hot like the Bahamas
But we will stay away from the drama
I'm wearin' my snipe, my arctic jacket with the wool like a llama
Then we had to pause like a comma
Cause someone got stuck and buck and family was outside with trama
We heard the shots from inside and went there when the gats go off
I hit the deckin' high
And a popo said they got their own time they lie
But you gotta give them credit they try
I see a mother cry and I'm wondering why
And my man said f**k it aint nothin' we can do
But to continue our mission down the block for the brew
And we out (yeah, yeah)

(Chorus 2x)

On our way we 'bout half way there
Children runnin' everywhere like they just don't care
The Muslim Bakery is like right between
And if I pass by with beer they will look at me mean
So I ducks in and gets my Final Call now
Cause still my brain gotta be well endowed and proud
The ambulances signals and glances
So let's hurry up and take no chances
Niggas step to us trying to rap like we got all the answers
In front of the store trying to work that slide ahead
The pant handlers they got no amateurs
Daily reminders of how I gotta find a way to come up
And sums up life along with the kids and a wife
But anyway
We pass the local grocery store
And you can be sure the meats and the products aint good no more
Some of it is from days before
I want it fresh and the clerk ain't my race so he stress
They doin' me in my community
F**k it, we there
Aint enough for a 6 pack so we had to share
A nice little strole through the April spring air
We hide on shit so the nation don't see it there

(Chorus 2x)