

# 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)