

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien, Corny Story

[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 roll a fat blunt and get perved

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 dank and 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
But then we had to pause like a comma
Cause someone got stuck and bucked and family was outside with trauma
We heard the shots from inside and whenever gats go off
I hit the deck and hide
And if po-po said they got there on time they lied
But you gotta give them credit they try
I see a mother cry and I'm wondering why
And my man said fuck 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 don't 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 panhandlers, they not no amateurs
Daily reminders of how I gotta find a way to come up
It 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 produce ain't 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 - fuck it, we there
Aint enough for a 6 pack so we had to share
A nice little stroll through the April spring air
We hide our shit so the Nation don't see it there

[Chorus 2x]