## 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)