

## Package Store

Big K.R.I.T.

Just the other day when I was out at the store  
Saw a preacher hellra creepin', trying to bang on a ho  
That same motherfucker used to bang on my door  
Hollering 'bout donations for cause cause collections  
is low  
Damn shame, but I got change, so I give to the plate  
He know I know he buying pussy, he don't lie to my face  
Said that I should cut my grass cause I'm surrounded by  
snakes  
Not sure if that was metaphoric or if he had seen one  
today  
I know what he said but maybe I beg to differ  
The only souls you like to touch were the legs of  
strippers  
The only reason I know that cause I used to tip 'em  
How could I judge when in this world we both some  
niggas  
And we both some killers, and we both some thieves  
Only God can save us all what he spoke to me  
What he hoped to be was a better man in due time  
But he fell short tryna sip on the wine

In the neighborhood package store  
Get some wine for spirits  
Some gossip for your mind if you down to hear it  
In the neighborhood package store  
Silver and gold for the low  
And some papers for your Rolls you can roll  
In the neighborhood package store  
Mixing the good with the bad  
Which flavors of life's labor have you had?  
In the neighborhood package store  
Don't need directions for the gun shop, it's on the  
same block  
Of the neighborhood package store

Click clack 'gainst my head went the Glock  
From a hoodlum on the block  
Whispered to me "What you got?  
You'll get shot if you refuse to come up off that  
What made you floss that outside the package store?  
You know we out here like wolves searching for antelope  
Lambs, and sheep, prey on weak  
Don't you reach under your seat, I'll bust your head  
like cantaloupe"  
Then I replied "Out for a night cap  
Didn't bring my tool with me cause I assumed that I'd  
be right back  
Shawty said the neighborhood was cool and it wasn't  
like that  
But here you are with a loaded gun and I'll be damned  
if I'm gon' fight back"  
So he went on to loosen up on the aggression  
And proceed to lecture me on the troubles of recession  
And ain't that many jobs outchea hiring convicted  
felons  
So instead of buying what he want, he taking what they

selling  
Then billing it to the [?], forever on the grind  
Addicted to the feeling of wine

Gripping Golden Grain, flying like Thunderbirds  
Easy, Jesus, watch your Crown while I swang and swerve  
Molotov bottle, alcohol, not a Tylenol  
Could remove the kind of headache that a 'll cause  
in the streets  
Don Julio my peeps  
Cuervo, texting hoes, Captain Morgan with my feet  
Standing tall on 'em, 'til I rendezvous with Grey Goose  
Cool gray, salty taste, almost threw up on my shoes  
Hypnotiq blues, Bloody Mary red  
Codeine purple seem to take me to the edge  
One more shot all I need just to hit the ledge  
Toss and turn, crash and burn, just to crawl up in my  
bed  
Go into my head, seeing circles lately  
Tasting cream daily, I don't mean Bailey  
Vodka tried to kill me, but Seagram Gin saved me  
Been a customer so why they play me

[Hook]