

Baker's Dozen

Skyzoo

Corner store still open, it ain't too late
Praise that in your arms like it's a bouquet
Corner store still open, it ain't too late
Praise that in your arms like it's a bouquet
Right back outside, the way they want it
On line for the pie, baby who cutting?
Right back outside, the way they want it
On line for the pie, baby who cutting?

Bake the cake, bake the cake, bake the cake, Cut a piece
Some done lost their religion for the mark of the beast
Bismi 'llahi Alhamdulillah So we pray to the east
See if there's a heaven, there's got be hell

900, 000 away from a first mil
Caught 100 large overnight like I work crills
My man identical with how his work builds
And how the 14th can feel like the first still
Swear to God that as long as it jumps nothing will change
And may he look at me and my Gz one in the same
Same money spent on the same trucks and the same chains
And the same superheroes agree that they take blame
Proud of it, 100 miles running, the whip moving
The stick stuck in the side door, the grip stupid
They had it how we wanted to have it and get into it
Word to the glamor and word to the influence
Influenced by whatever becomes, whatever's done
Disappear couple days out the month, Heckler runs
Let it run like rumors or the bags running to us
You be looking over past but tradition run the truest, do believe it

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One time for the love of the lead and the way it had us
And the irony of dotting the beam on whatever matters
Black lives in black 5s, the frame boxing out
I'm Luke Caging but more related to Cottonmouth
And we related to whoever made it
And came back to park it in front of us and let us chase it
Came back talking in numbers over better wagers
All of my chains weigh enough for me to celebrate it
Heard em when they was saying to never leave until the plate done
And how it turns into better bitches with better lace fronts
I mean you either out or you on it, got it or want it
Same way 9 won't cut it like "find yo' budget"

Regardless of who move up the block, the block's shaking
You moved in when they promised you that the block's vacant
New month coming tomorrow, you got patience?
Call it even, we got Richie, you got Reagan, do believe it

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Said to praise that in your arms like it's a bouquet
Same way as you ever thought, sweeter than Kool-Aid
Brown paper bags for us all baby, touché
Took it right back outside, the way they want it
Catch us on line for the pie, baby who cutting?
Counting up like live or die, live it and love it
Or leave it and be all you despise until you done with, do believe it