Package Store

Big Krit

[Verse 1]Just the other day when I was out at the store
Saw a preacher hella creepin', trying to bang on a ho
That same motherf*cker used to bang on my door
Hollering 'bout donations for cause cuz 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 cuz 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 cuz I used to tip 'em
How could I judge when in this world we both some n*ggas
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
[Hook]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
[Verse 2]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
[Hook][Verse 3]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 fight'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
Hypnotic 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]

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