

Texaco

JOK

Prod by Jahlil Beats
Late night I done ran out of swishas
Shit its only 12: 30, its still kinda early
I pull up to the Texaco before I hop out
I hit the blunt once more and then put it out
Now as I open the door, as I walk in this door
Somebody rushin to the front so the clerk empty the drawer
He put the gun to his face and told him dont move
Im hidin behind a king of Pringles thinkin what Im gon do
Man I might die in this bitch, we just came for some swishas
Im nervous than a motherfucker, man this nigga might kill us
This remind of that motherfuckin scene out of Menace
You know that feeling when youre so nervous you feel like shittin
Then he let off a shot, but dude missed
And Im tryna text the homies like Im stuck in some shit
Why them niggas is fightin? Scrappin over the cash
I saw the blunts by the racks, to grab the pack and hall bags
I went on the block, here come the cops
Tryna see the time but the light dont work on my watch
I made it to the crib and put the key in my house
Yelling to the homies as they sleep on the couch
Im tryna tell em what happened but they say that Im losin it
Told em my nigga came into the store and start shootin shit
These niggas think Im lyin but Im tellin the truth
And if you dont believe me you can turn on the news
The pronounced the clerk dead at 3: 22
Come to find out he surely used to go to my school
He was a nigga named Bryce, I used to fuck with his sister
Crazy motherfucker, always in detention
Now he facing 35 with a public defendant
Man and he aint coming home, its a wrap for that nigga
As we spark up a blunt, who got the light?
Asked er what the fuck we came to do, alright

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