

# 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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