Church / Liquor Store (feat. Noname)

Saba

[Intro: Akenya]
Oooh
Ahhh
Oooh
Ahhh[Verse 1: Saba]
They ask you what's the cause and effect
Of doobies packed in they fat, now you calling collect
They booby trapping the trap
The police pulling a pulley you fall for it you silly
Putty you outta shape, fuck running, you'll catch a case
I can't, relate to half of my relatives
My genetics is felony, buying low and reselling it
They told me tell a story I'm like "Why not mine?"
Shit everybody taking pictures I'm like "Why not Vine?"
And growin' from the ground up, it look like I'm a vine
It's rarity in my realness
Yeah I'm a fine, diamond in the rough type, rough type
Roughhouse in a roadhouse like rugby
Lovely, when you hit a lick little kick like Chun-Li
Funny, kids that I hoop with all in county
Counting, black bodies hunt 'em down look like bounties
Bound to, be on the block a little while longer
They your homies, this what home is, what don't kill ya make ya stronger
Call Obama, Jesus, Yeezus
He can save Chicago from the demons and the deacons
When it's the end
Yeah, dodged precincts since pre-teens
Let's pretend we privileged not deceased, addicted
[Hook: Saba & Akenya]
It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
Corner store, dread-head, dead leg, ditto, 10-4, ten foes from Cicero to Central
Was told, "let it go"
Didn't know who to hit though
Now that's church, barber shop, bottle I...got...from the liquor store on Cicero
I ain't 21 but he didn't know[Verse 2: Saba]
Bad habits of wrong places at wrong times (times, times times...)
A stray bullet will take your first-born like the tenth plague, I'm the new Pharoah
My phone line...forever open for prayer
The fallen soldiers ain't fell, they in my pen

And I do thank God
They say preach like Cooley High
From beginning to end that's Alpha and Omega
My city the same ghost that made Lupe cry
Soon's you loosen up your grip you lost then lose your life
I loosen a dread, from every time I gotta wash the cigarette smoke from outta my head
Like how I'm not dead
Going on 20 soon, they say I changed, that's a fitting room
I'm still the same kid that didn't speak when we were in the school
I just got a mic now, I turned to a real nigga
I just gotta wipe down, and fuck who you think I sound...like, I'm a legend in the making like the director's cut
Of I Am Legend and I'm fed up with the fuck comparison
These niggas don't got the truth that y'all want do they?
Think I'm lyin'? Then plan a trip to Chicago today
I was 15, they was fucking with me
There's no logic in love, but there's no love in the streets[Hook 2: Saba & Akenya]
It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
Corner store, dread-head, dead leg, ditto, sillou...-ette!
Chalk outline, sketch! It's not safe outside, when they want, your neck
Now that's church, barber shop, bottle I...got...from the liquor store on Cicero, I ain't 21 but he didn't know[Verse 3: Noname]
They sold prison the way they pipeline
Systematically lifeline
Erase all niggas, they so bulletproof from the law
Law abiding citizen shot, Willie Lynch doing crack now
Made the new letters shiny, now we pray King Kunta
I hope the grave don't find me, I do my E&J kindly
I do my time when it's timely, sometimes the bible tastes like marmalade
My momma still sipping, politician owe Donald Duck
A quacking new kitchen
They kept the melting pot inside the slave plot, watch
They gentrified your neighbourhood no needs for cops, watch
Look at the yoga pants, coffee shops and yoghurt stands
Consumerism, holy land
And on the other hand my momma land[Hook: Saba & Akenya]
It look like funeral home, church, church, liquor store
Corner store, dread-head, dead leg -

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