

Bow Wow

"Texaco"

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Prod by Jahlil Beats

Late night, I done ran out of swishas
Shit it's only 12: 30, it's 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 don't move
I'm hidin behind a king of Pringles thinkin what
I'm gon do
Man I might die in this bitch, we just came for some
swishas
I'm nervous than a motherfucker, man this nigga
might kill us
This remind of that motherfuckin scene out of Menace
You know that feeling when you're so nervous you
feel like shittin
Then he let off a shot, but dude missed
And I'm tryna text the homies like I'm 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 don't 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
I'm tryna tell em what happened but they say that
I'm losin it
Told em my nigga came into the store and start shootin
shit
These niggas think I'm lyin but I'm tellin the
truth
And if you don't 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 ain't coming home, it's 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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