

Home

Blu

[Verse 1]

88 carats on my gold face, shining like the golden state
Ridin on daytons, banging for my whole race
All black, no blanks
Spacings on my ball cap, playin like we all stacked
Aces, new money all black faces
Tell them bummy niggas fall back
Bases, play never broke, we gon forever blow
Blue weed, blue money, Blu do it better for
Hoes on my level know I shine like a bezzle bro, bro
Treasure will forever glow
Them specials be especially special to
She knew it, she tried to hold me back but she blew it
My partner bought an old school Buick and let me cruise it
Was sittin in the liquor store wonderin what the fuck was I doin
And thank God it was music nigga, then I'm home[Hook]
Gonna take a miracle
Cause by now I know I need you so
Hope that you can catch me when I fall
I know that you can catch me
Catch me when I fall[Verse 2]

Good golly, hood got me got me started on that [?]
Bliddy in the memory from last night, dizzy yo
80 shots of Henny, took an eight of my memory on my cellphone
Telling this chick, she could forget me
I was so stoned, taking this ho home, no phone
Hand signalling niggas, like I don't roam
Playing that postpone on em for the fifth
Niggas played Soul Provider 60 times in the whip
I'm like homes ain't never sold dope, He ain't never seen crack
He ain't never had to tote, what he think that he G for?
Them niggas need PO's to be dope, please folk
Ya got the game crushed you need dough
Live from the 53-0, from out the weed smoke and henny we pour
I emerge for all my people who ain't never seen the world like me
Still ain't forgot where I'm from, but now we back like the Prodigal son, I'm home[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I stay payed every first of the month
Dropping 100 on them meals for the times we couldn't pay for a lunch

We live the life niggas couldn't live once, twisting up, getting drunk
Pushing the young, pushing my lungs to the fullest extent, with the goodest intent, 'til the hood is content

I only put it on the hood cause I'm bent

She came out the bar pushing a bent, I came out the bar pushing a pent
But go together like pepper and mint, Christian but she never made it to lent
My money made a denim, still I never knew what made lint, it make sense right?

Now make dollars 'til you get your shit polished like a new whip

Models on the tip like weilers on the fence or impalas on the strip

Had the keys to the city since a kid my nig, I'm home[Hook]

[Outro]

"In a year that has been so improbable, the impossible has happened!"

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