

# My Old Home

## The Belle Brigade

So yeah, basically  
A lot of people ask me how life was then  
So here it is

My old home smelled of good birth  
Boiled red beans, kernel oil and hand me down poetry  
It's brick white-washed walls widowed by first paint  
The tin roof top humming songs of promise while time is  
Locked into demonic rhythm with the leaves  
The trees had to win  
Hugging them, loving them a torturous love  
Buggin' when  
It was over and done  
The round cemented pot kept the rain drops cool  
Neighbors and dwellers spatter in the pool  
Kids playing football with his hand and sock  
We had what we got, and it wasn't a lot  
No one knew they were poor  
We were all innocent to greeze judgment  
The country was combusting with life like a long hibernating volcano  
With a long tale of success like J-Lo  
Farmers, fishers, fighters, even fools had a place in production  
The coastal line was the place of seduction  
The coral reef make you daze in reflection  
The women walked with grace and perfection  
And we just knew we were warriors too  
Nothing morbid, its true  
We were glorious  
Boom!

Then one day it came  
Spoiled up a ray like rain  
Like oil in a flame, it pained  
The heart attack sudden  
Odder than eleven  
Harder than a punch in the womb  
Harder than the lunch you consume  
For us, it had a cancerous fume, more lust  
Men who made killing hoggies,

Selling prout fully like healthy livestock  
It made tides rock with a diligent mock  
Confused are the people, infused in the evil  
Professed to eject like Jews in the sequel, to win  
It came in the morning, with a warning and without  
The hurting was a burden, only certain was doubt  
A mythical tale, no soul knows well  
Liberty went to hell, freedom called for shells  
Fierce was the blow, keep your ears to the show  
It appears Orwell was right in '84  
Had big brother kill Mother in her store  
With all of us watching, we didn't love her anymore  
Peep my poem, Mother was my old home  
Good winners looted, in my old home  
Religion is burned down, in my old home  
Kindness is shackled, in my old home  
Justice has been raped, in my old home  
Murderers hold post, in my old home  
The land, bombers, ghosts, in my old home  
We got pistols with eyes, corruption and lies  
Trusting snakes, and death without breaks  
Suspicious new borns live in our horn  
Used to the pain, rack bodies not grain  
Chopped limbs not trees  
Spend lives not wealth  
Seek vengeance not truth, the craziest youth  
Hoist pain not plans, nigga' fuck your parents

Bandits will beat us down, in my old home  
Rumors are law now, in my old home  
Sedatives of faith, in my old home  
Rapists are praised, in my old home  
Demonds dressed well, in my old home  
Infants are nailed, in my old home  
Spirits are jailed, in my old home  
Grudges grow tails, in my old home

High roads of sea in electric Hayden  
Outward labor beneath stubborn faith  
Our farms produce guilty grub and  
Our kids depend on shifty luck, see  
Our muse is life for death is old, so  
Don't blame me for truth I told, say  
Good winners looted, in my old home  
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Kindness is shackled, in my old home  
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