

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 lover 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
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Religion is burned down, in my old home

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