Come Home With Me

Cam'ron

Ah yo, come on home with us man
Harlem World USA man
Take a walk with us on our block man
See how we live
Dip-sect
Yo, yo, come on home with me, early 90's
I wasn't pearly and shinning, I was certainly grimy
'Cause I ain't have no fresh clothes
Or jewerly with the X O's
My house had asbestos, though I'm fixing up a 60 pack
Where the kitty cat, mice runnin' around the damn sticky trap
Come on home with me, where my mother found my crack platter
Threw it away so I snap at her, back slapped her
She picked up the bat like Maguire
For that matter hit me, I was back at her
Come home where I ducked the DT
Lying around the corner, but I'm getting the free cheese
Come on home with me, where I stand on my post
Playing my toast, dinner there was mayonaise and toast
And pepper, many nights I done slept with a hefa
Any beef came it left on a stretcher, Killa
Come on home with me, where they rapidly flossing
Where I beg Kim to have the abortion
Money brang back extortion, caution
There ain't no track in the office
Relax in the coffin, and the bitch know I'm serious
'Cause I'm never scared ma, unless you miss your period
So come home with me, where the girls wanna come home with me
And say Cam "If you leave, don't hit me", love to see the chrome whippy
The car a quarter mill, on the wheels I done blown 50
Dice game blown 50, Jones loan 60
Head cracks thrown swiftly, took it home with me
So come home with me, where a nigga make Starbucks
I'm about to cop a Starbucks, I reversed on my hard luck
Now I'm at the dealer buying car trucks
Aww shucks
Come home with me, to the streets, the slums, the ghetto
That's home to me, everynight my girl crying to come home with me
No, come home with me where there so many cops

The block is boiling and the food is spoiled but that pot
With the rock is boiling, same pot mommy cook with, left the oil in
Come on home with me, where these bitches is frauds
Niggas don't listen to broads
They having you sitting in court for kids that ain't yours
Come home with me, where everyday the glocks go pop
Where the front doors broke and them locks don't lock
Come home with me, dog where the beef is seeking
Kids don't trick or treat, they get tricked for treating
Come home with me, where the pistol squeezing
Niggas twist they cheekin', ripped to pieces
Our kids get even, come home with me
Don't leave your condoms behind
'Cause them bitches leave there martians behind
Pray to God that I'm fine, come on home with me
Come on zone with me, come on walk through this cold city
Where these kids need food
Niggas need guidance and bitches need roofs
Come on home with me, where niggas living off they last bucks
Phone is off, rent is backed up
Come on home with me, niggas strap up
Hit the street gats up, clack up and get they money back up
Come on home with me, every block got a crack in it
Every hallway got a nigga with some crack in it
Don't get trapped in it
Come on home with me, where my parents
Would leave me alone, so early I was free to just roam
7 keys to the home, 11 trees to the dome
13 I ran the streets with the chrome
Come on home with me, where the buses don't run
And my dogs stay busting there guns
Think that getting caught by Justice is fun?
Keep a blade up the in the gum, this is Harlem World
Where the fuck is you from?
Come on home with me every few minutes, was a knock on the door
Fiends coming copping the raw, clothes kicks socks on the floor
Mommy like be quiet 'cause I really think them cops at the door
Is the locks on the door?
Come on home with me, where grandmothers is 30
One gram on that butter is 30
4 grand is my cut from the birdy, school cutting it early
Don't stutter mothafuckers you heard me, uh
Come on home with me these are the facts, Steve Francis and Latifah
Got jacked, Mike Tyson punch Mitch Green in the face
Sarge snatched by the feds, we was the case

No shit he still pleading his case, come home with me
Hoes say thats Jones with you, but I wouldn't take him home with you
Come home with me, get stoned with me, be zoned with me
The chrome you see, the Jones you see, dip-sect, come home with me
Dip-sect nigga, Jim Jones, [Incomprehensible], Killa
Freaky Zekey, Juelz Santana
Blak A Don Dipomatic
We comin' for ya 2 double 1
For life hold that down and what
Harlem, Harlem, Harlem

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