Home Sweet Home (Instrumental)

Smif-N-Wessun

This is the story of a place that we call home
Where the kids pack heat when it's time to roam
Everybody's on the scramble, life's a gamble
Hoppin' on the white horse, tryin' to get a handle
On the fast pace that we call the last race
Step wit' precaution when you enter this place
We got a spot on every block that makes ya dreams come true
Just come correct wit' the synapses or ya dooDon't come cryin' broke, still tryin' to cop the dope
What parts of no, do not you understand bro
We can't afford to take shorts or be playing sports
Empires need to be built, mack 10's bought
Or even caught for them deceased ass hustlers
And we still got the pound for ya living muthafuckas
What goes around comes back to the roots
See you at the revolution and Crooklyn, trueWe live in Brooklyn, baby
We try to make it, baby
We gonna make it, baby
We live in Brooklyn, babyAnother day, another dollar dead
Pigs rushin' the crib to catch a collar, now I'm fed
What the face now, me and my people's taste crown
Stayin' face down, while K-9's sniffs around
What they found was irrelevant, the weed 'cause
They was sent to represent and 'cause a ruckus amongst us
Now I got more pigs rushin' we, handcuffin' me
Takin' hold of we in the custodyFor blushin' in, rasta boy restin' in peace
After going through the bullshit, we in release
To hit the streets, where the war still off for all of y'all
'cause they kept rule locked behind the wall
No time at all, no fake, no jacks
Perhaps when the gat spins, niggas won't even know what happen
I'll be glad when my man come home
'cause in the zone muthafuckas grab ya chromeWe live in Brooklyn, baby
We try to make it, baby
We gonna make it, baby
We live in Brooklyn, babyThe eye three time, as lead transpire
Currency change, change from yours to mine
Greenbacks talk bullshit, floats on water
Pager goin' off, call comin' from headquarters
I was told if the secret code appears

It means some bwoy want dead, prepare for warfareFuck the truth, we bringin' the noose for ya loose talk
So think smart, or rest in parts if ya do start
I fucks wit' the poor, so fuck being rich
Word is bond, there's a muthafuckin' war goin' on
Stand strong, on ya own two, mistaOr come confront the grim ripper
Black hoodie on, black dusty fatigues
Bloody red afro, puffin' on the black weed
(On three)
He lurks in the shadow, so when you sleep in the battle
That'll be, and tell ya punk lib to tattleSalute to each and every hood label truth
Doin' what you gotta do to bring in the loot
Huh, the time has come for armageddion
Give nurture to your seeds, and load up ya guns, dunnNow catchin' vibes that somethin' ain't right
Gettin' little hits, stomach fillin' up tight
Damn, these little nappy head cheap trait bastards
Run around town wit' the cronz trynna blast shit
Ain't nuthin' sweat like the dark streets of Bedstuy
Creepin' population, endin' up in C.I.Take a ride through the Flat bush side
See the dread and he caught for support, hit me off wit the lye
Now slide, through the ville, death row, say hello
To the fam' that stick to K.I.M. that's planned
Toward the east, somethin's goin' on
So burn the buds, and all my people in Medina stay strongWe live in Brooklyn, baby
We try to make it, baby
We gonna make it, baby
We live in Brooklyn, babyWe live in Brooklyn, baby
We try to make it, baby
We gonna make it, baby
We live in Brooklyn, babyWe live in Brooklyn, baby
We try to make it, baby
We gonna make it, baby
We live in Brooklyn, baby

Songwriters
PAUL HENDRICKS/TACOMA WILLIAMS/DARRYL YATESPublished by
Lyrics Â© Royalty Network

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/