

# Home Sweet Home

## Studio Chorus

Yeah, 20 miles an hour in my long Bentley  
Shame on you hater, this what the Lord sent me  
Shit, lately I've been practicing my gas face  
'Cause that's what I'ma give 'em when they land in last place  
Hand right by the hammer, they ain't too many seeing us  
So they wanna take my gifts 'til I wrap 'em with the fifth  
My regular sense is piff, currency and cashmere  
You don't drove your bitch your way, I told her she can crash here  
Yeah, I'm counting people like the cashier  
Living like I'm limited, grieving like it's my last year  
My boy in and out the box, super stupid soldier  
Told me if he can do it again, he'd do it over  
Poverty's king cobra, squeeze ya life out  
'Cause it's the fatalities and casualties I should write 'bout  
These rappers ain't iced out, they just fooling  
Running round town fakers, zirconian cubic, niggas  
Only money matters in the game, fuck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs, feed my hunger pain  
Music like heroin, leave you numb the same  
Play me like I'm something sweet, be a part of summer slayin'  
Most hate it, most doubt it, that's what they shout it  
I'm on top now, there's nothing they can do about it  
They better have ya outdone  
'Cause where I'm from, there ain't no way around it  
Home sweet home  
You motherfuckers can rap 'til you blue in the face  
You'll probably turn into smurfs with the time that you waste  
Throughout history they thrown shots at the greats  
But I shoot back, the Lord ain't designed me for hate  
I've never understood Martin Luther with his speech  
With the whole world watching me, turn the other cheek  
Never, so there's one left to die in the streets  
'Cause his long arms happen to connect with his reach  
Try to kill you then, them near misses was God's kisses  
True Hollywood story, ghetto Todd Bridges  
Different strokes that nigga broke, this nigga reach  
You only read about the cars that I paddle shift  
You only dream about the ho's that I dabble with  
Balcony views, like a postcard, imagine this

White stones, black steel, cold chrome  
This city's my doormat, bitch I'm home sweet home  
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Niggas, see me where you see me, shit I'm always seen  
Off the Queens magazines, pussy hallway scenes  
Paying crowds, hunger screams, pressure crumbles teams  
Fuck being humble in the jungle where they fumble dreams  
Drugs for the living, Henny paid me for the body  
Crosses for the power, ghetto bitches for the swiley  
Pitbull, I bit my way out the cage, what's happening  
Competition got me on the rampage, Jackson  
Part of my reaction to they corny ass raps  
Keep flirting with death and get your horny ass clapped  
Back for more me, rat tat, kiss the ring, beat respect out them  
Bloody heads, turn Timbalands to red bottoms  
50 bottles just a start now that's how you do it  
Carbon fiber through the Spyder playin' rider music  
Ain't no question of my resume, I gotta prove it  
Life's a bitch and I get blow jobs while connin' to it  
Only money matters in the game, fuck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs, feed my hunger pain  
Music like heroin, leave you numb the same  
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