

Home Sweet Home

M.o.p.

Yo, home skillet, get back 'fore I push your shit back
Yo, we're here to put it down with the Lord
(I'm wit dat)
Blaze him, blaze him wit a 4
Cash blow loco I bring the heat to the street
'Cuz ya don't know
Brooklyn military killin' every motherfucker in sight
Get hard W W W dot I will fuck you up dot com
(Strap bombs)
Explode, watch me switch modes
Grab a clutch pop a gear, now I'm in flip mode
Niggaz gash on 99 octane fuel
You deserve a swift kick in your ass 'cuz you's a mule
We keep on duckin' from the firing squad
First you thought you was hard now you calling a guard
Like I'm, oh my Lord, have mercy
Please talk to Little Fame 'cuz he's fixing to merk me
I roll through your hood like it's my hood
And won't have a second thought about if I could nigga
(Home sweet home)
It ain't nothing sweet down here
Guns pop for niggas to eat down here
(Brooklyn)
Home sweet home
Clack, clack, salute, salute I'm never alone
Brooklyn, send 'em back home
Brooklyn, send 'em back home where you at
Home sweet home
Clack, clack, salute, salute I'm never alone
Brooklyn, send 'em back home
Brooklyn, send 'em back home where you at
(Lord have mercy)
Never bring B R double O K, bring size into it
Sneak 9's into it, thieves rise into it
Seek crime, blow through it, see shines, go to it
Street name, tweak game, rob you stupid
(Stupid)
Big trucks, dick ones ride exclusive
You don't know me, and never will

It's cold streets, don't approach me, we never build
Nigga, home of the pick pockets
Four fifth polish, lift wallets
Notorious like Chris Wallace
(Brooklyn)

We dollar cab hop from bad block to bad block
Coppers crash spots with pad locks get backed up
Handcuffed, chasing grands in tha wastelands
(Nigga)

These boys in tha hood, we poison your hood
Downtown swinging, loud bring noise in your hood
C'mon)

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Now everybody rise to the occasion, duck when I'm aiming
(First family!)

Yeah, it's so amazing, the hell I be raising
Is from the hell I was raised in
It ain't nann nigga fadin shit, I come equipped
I put my life on the line for mine every time
Bitch, come and march with these Brooklyn soldiers
You'll talk wit em, bark when you talk to these crooked ass cobras
Hollered at
(Bum, bum)
Fired at
(Gun noises)

Fire back every time with my cousin
Doin' the unthinkable, the unthinkable Danze, still comin'
Gunning, you'll see the hilltops styling me
I studied Brownsville criminology
(Yes)

If you know a nigga as well as me
You better bring a mother fuckin' calvary
Bless

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