Home Sweet Home

YUKI

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
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