

# Home Sweet Home

## 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 doo  
Don'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, true  
We live in Brooklyn, baby  
We try to make it, baby  
We gonna make it, baby  
We live in Brooklyn, baby  
Another 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 'cuz  
They was sent to represent and 'cuz a ruckus amongst us  
Now I got more pigs rushin' we, handcuffin' me  
Takin' hold of we in the custody  
For 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  
'Cuz 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  
'Cuz in the zone muthafuckas grab ya chrome  
We live in Brooklyn, baby  
We try to make it, baby  
We gonna make it, baby  
We live in Brooklyn, baby  
The 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 warfare  
Fuck 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, mista  
Or 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 tattle  
Salute to each and every hood label truth  
Doin' what you gotta do to bring in the loot  
Huh, the time has come for armageddon

Give nurture to your seeds, and load up ya guns, dunn  
Now 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 strong  
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