

# Home (Instrumental)

## Freddie Gibbs & Madlib

Uh, LeBron number nine  
I guess whenever she ain't on this dick, I'm on her mind  
It's quite cliché to just say that I'm on my grind  
And phone conversations ain't substitution for time in another city  
Reminisce on days when I ain't have a fuckin' penny  
These groupie bitches in this game wasn't fuckin' with me  
Couldn't get a dollar for a rap show  
Got a gun, a ski mask, and a half an ounce of crack, though  
Slammin', in the pizza shop with Jacques  
Last dollar on a slice, this contraband in my sock, wish you knew the feelin'  
We're both so different but our situations so appealin'  
Now I can't make it without you girl, you my new religion  
And every hustler need a main thing  
Baby, once I get it Imma make your last name change  
Uh, said every hustler need a main thing  
Baby, once I get it Imma make your last name change  
Gibbs, uh  
We still sockin'  
Glock is still poppin'  
Paper still droppin'  
Lord, it ain't stoppin'  
Girl, I'm comin' home, as soon as I get this paper  
Yeah, the blocks still crackin', and girl, know what I'm packin'  
And if you pop off, you gon' know what I'm jackin'  
But I'm comin' home, as soon as I get this paper  
Ayo, summertime, 105°  
Getting mine, the smoke line  
They want the kush, the Cali kind  
I smoke wit' her, I choke wit' it, get dosed wit' her  
A go-getter, helped me come up from a broke nigga  
The home team  
And she ain't just in my pocket, she got her own cream  
Sometimes I slip at the mouth, I might say the wrong thing  
And once we fight, it's back to fuckin'  
My polos and my timbos out the window, but it's nothin', what  
Uh, said once we fight, it's back to fuckin'  
I bend that ass right over on the sofa, like it's nothin'  
So bust it open for a player, nose to your fucking toes  
I'm comin' home, don't be trippin' on them other hoes

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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