

# Home (feat. Talib Kweli)

## Statik Selektah

Okay (Build it up!)  
There's no place like home  
There's no place like home  
There's no place like home  
Let's go Is there a heart in the house tonight  
Stand up  
I got a question  
Is there a heart in the house tonight Good morning, so glad I got a home to record in  
These houses people grew up in disrupted, they can't afford it  
Had hope to stay in the family for the son or for the daughter  
They making you fork it over or forcing a foreclosure  
When I'm touring I got a bunk but it's more like a coffin  
So the comfort of a home is important  
Trust, a lot more would invest in a mortgage  
If they could put it on rims, drive to the club and floss it  
This is the American dream  
House, wife, kids, and a dog, fight for 'em in the bitter divorce  
Nobody win in this situation, everything considered a loss  
I grab a lemonade and sit on the porch I write rhymes to the sounds of the birds chirping  
Telling us stories in the first person  
There's no place like home  
There's no place like home I write rhymes to the sounds of the birds chirping  
Telling us stories in the first person  
There's no place like home  
There's no place like home This is dedicated to places I'm staying at  
My crib, my lab, my pad, or wherever I lay my hat  
To some, it's a box or tunnel, or underpass  
It could be a beach for as long as the summer lasts  
Home is what you make it, the place where you find your start  
Where you go when the block is hot, it's inside of your mind and heart  
The heart is a house to love and so we build it up  
It used to feel kinda empty until we filled it up  
This here the living room, it's where we chill it's the biggest room  
My cousins on the couch, let me sit wit' you  
Your kids playing in the yard, they as big as you  
Where your twin, of course catch him in the kitchen with the food  
Feeling good, this is so essential  
Watching the game with my pops, he taught me the fundamentals  
So I'm swinging for the fences, not just tryna get on base

My home runs bring me back to this home plates  
I write rhymes to the sounds of the birds chirping  
Telling us stories in the first person  
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