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 goIs there a heart in the house tonight
Stand up
I got a question
Is there a heart in the house tonightGood 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 porchI 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 homeI 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 homeThis 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 platesI write rhymes to the sounds of the birds chirping
Telling us stories in the first person
There's no place like home
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