

## House Keys

Brother Ali

Baby can I talk to you for a minute?  
I know you noticed things been tight around here lately  
We don't really need all three of these bedrooms  
If you really think about it, we could live without it  
There's a vacant spot one floor beneath for more cheap  
We could afford it easy  
Wouldn't have to really pack  
Borrow your granddad's van or no shit like that  
Save a hundred fifty each month  
Go to Red Lobster and eat what we want  
Moved down, gave keys to the landlady  
But I kept the spare set that she had gave me  
It was cheaper but I actually regret  
Couldn't even tell you were the extra money went  
Can't go back now it's too late  
New people moved into our old space  
Of course they loud as a son of a bitch  
Not just partying they wild on some other shit  
They selling something out of there  
All night you can hear people up and down the stairs  
But shit I ain't telling them they wrong  
I just learn to sleep with the television on  
And every single Wednesday they be gone  
From nine till about at least eleven in the morn  
I get a little peace from the floor boards creaking  
And sleep in cause there isn't anybody home  
Shit they getting worse lately  
They fuse and they curse and they wake up the baby  
Last Tuesday night a fight broke out  
And somebody let a gun off in the house  
And so the very next morning, I listened through the floor until I heard them all leave  
Crept upstairs with my old keys  
Walked in and helped myself to the whole thing  
Half pound of weed and a coke stash  
A new 45 and a little stack of cash  
Caught me a cab to St. Paul  
Selling them things that cheap, man it ain't hard  
Come home with close to 4 Gs  
Plus saved my man a taste of the trees  
Now I can hear them going crazy upstairs  
Probably should have just kept our ass up there