

Home Sweet Home

Lloyd Banks

Yeah! Twenty miles an hour in my long Bentley
Shame on you hater this what the Lord sent me
Shit lately I've been practicin my gas face
'Cause that's what I'm a give 'em when they land in last place
Hand right by the hammer ain't too many niggas seein us
So they wanna take my gifts, 'til I wrap 'em with the fifth
My regular scent is piff, currency and Cashmere
You done drove your bitch away I told her she can crash here
Yeah, I'm countin paper like the cashier
Livin like I'm limited breathin like it's my last air
My boy in and out the box super stupid soldier
Told me if he can do it again he'd do it over
Poverty's King Cobra, squeeze ya life out
'Cause it's the fatalities and casualties I should write 'bout
Come on these rappers ain't iced out, they just foolin niggas
Runnin 'round town fakers zirconian cubic niggas

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home

You motherfuckers can rap 'til you blue in the face
You'll probably turn into Smurfs with the time that you waste
Throughout history they've thrown shots at the greats
But I shoot back, the Lord ain't design me for hate
I've never understood Martin Luther with his speech
With the whole world watchin me turn the other cheek?
Never! So there's one left to die in the streets
cause his long arms happen to connect with his reach
Tried to kill you then, them near misses was God's kisses
"True Hollywood Story," ghetto Todd Bridges
(Diff'rent Strokes), that nigga broke, this nigga rich
You only read about the cars that I paddle shift
You only dream about the hoes that I dabble with
Balcony views like a postcard, imagine this
White stones, black steel, cold chrome
The city's my doormat, bitch I'm home sweet home

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home

Uh! Nigga see me when you see me shit I'm always seen
Off to Queens, magazines, pissy hallway scenes
Payin crowds, hunger screams, pressure crumbles teams
Fuck bein humble in the jungle where they fumble dreams
Drugs for the livin Henny pavement for the body

Crosses for the power ghetto bitches for the smiley
Pitbull, I bit my way out the cage, what's happenin?
Competition got me on the Rampage, Jackson
Part of my reaction to they corny ass raps
Keep flirtin with death and get your horny ass clapped
Back for more me, rat tat, kiss the ring, beat respect out 'em
Bloody heads turn Timberland's to red bottoms
Fifty bottles just a start now that's how you do it
Carbon fiber through the spider playin rider music
Ain't no question of my resume I gotta prove it
Life's a bitch and I get blow jobs recliner to it

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home