

Homesick

Freddie Gibbs

Let me tell you something man
I ain't gotta leave no motherfucking message
This Big Time motherfucking Watts man
When I call you answer the God damn phone motherfucker
Freddie motherfucking Gibbs
I ain't no groupie I'm your motherfucking uncle
Now answer the God damn phone next time I call you boy
Or I'm a come down there and beat your ass
(Since I came home, police across the street taking pictures right when I came home)

Nigga get a watch, and a couple chains think he harder than you
Drop the jewelry, grow some dreads, think he smarter than you
Please yourself or please your homies, man what's harder to do?
Did some things in life I know I don't want my daughter to do
Shit, got a list of things don't want my daughter to do
On the blade, tryna get paid, choppin hard with the crew
Type of shit I did to make me feel a part of the crew
Til I cut my niggas off now I'm apart from the crew
I'm playing my own so I cannot play ya'll positions for my niggas
They hate me pocket watching they got me distant from my niggas
Shit's so fake this days I got's to keep a pistol around my niggas
Got me on some Grayson Allen shit, I'm tripping on my niggas, Lord
Chevy dookie blue on them 22's
Cali pack will send them bitches through, let them bitches move
Everyday I toke a couple Qs, serve that after school
Momma take my money yeah that's cool but she don't approve
Birds take a bath, dip them in the pool
'Bout to hit them bitches with the soda, watch them do the fool
Everyday I toke a couple Qs, serve that after school
Momma take my money yeah that's cool but she don't approve

Since I came home, right when I came home
Since I came home, police across the street taking pictures right when I came home
Since I came home, right when I came home
Since I came home, police across the street taking pictures right when I came home

I ain't seen my nigga since I came home
Thought it'd be bottles and bitches right when I came home
Found out my problems was bigger right when I came home
Police across the street taking pictures right when I came home
I can't keep a bitch 'cause I can't feel the love
They always say there was something there when there never was
I donate money to children but I'm still selling drugs
Yeah I get that yol' for the low-low but was I really plug?
Life was off my mental wasn't plugged in
Every day I pray the Lord the lotto scratch my plug out
Stay off the phone ain't no service up in this drug house
Smell too strong to hit Sunday service I'm shipping drugs out
I ain't seen my nigga since I came home
Guess he somewhere getting that paper he can't pick up the phone
Wish him the best, leave him alone and let him stay in his zone
And once he fall the fuck off then fuck him he on his own

Since I came home, right when I came home

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I just almost lost it all, for my niggas
Just sat in the cell, ten thousand miles away from my child, for my niggas
It's when I realized I gotta start living for my child, and not my niggas
I remember not having nothing to read in the cell for a whole month you know what I mean?
The fucking guards took me to the library and all the books was in German and shit, you know what I'm saying nigga?
That almost broke me down you know
Erica flew all the way over there
Brought a nigga some books, know what I'm saying?
She held me down, know what I mean?
Through all the bullshit, all my bullshit she held me down
I love her for that
I'm back
And I ain't going nowhere this time