

# Oh Sweet America

Group Home

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Aiyo, New York tracks, keep me phat like that  
I exercise with fitness, to support my back  
It's going on black, and I'm out to get mines  
Bust in the place with a New York rhyme  
Yo some people are mindless, and don't know what the time is  
Mess around with the wrong one, and get expired  
I'm gettin fired, offa the smoke and the blunts  
Killin big bids offa a gangsta hunt  
Don't front, what do you want? I push a trick with a stunt  
We got out of town hits, and like George likes Pits  
Cuz I flex with a Polo around my wrist  
Nothing changed...

{Lil Dap}

Uh, my bad decision in the game got me flippin on cats  
Now that I'm back, puttin Brooklyn down on the map  
Cuz you know this camera's on me, and my sons right now  
Pimpin our sounds, watch how we Tear Shit Down  
I cause blow a catastrophe, I master thee  
The game of rap, so don't fuck with Dap, I dance with my track  
You bust you neen, I bust my nena back  
Rhymes sharp like thumbtacks, with enough contacts  
To blow my enemies off the map, If they try to attack...

Chorus 2X: Lil Dap

Oh Sweet America, how could it be?  
Can't see my people dying in the streets no more  
Got to hustle from the bottom just to feed the poor  
Understanding what's right, realizing what's wrong  
\*(second time, the last line gets left out)\*

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Yo I salute the mic, when I take flight  
Plus my styles real hype, and I'm feeling allright  
So go with the flow, let's see what all of you know  
I flip like G.I. Joe, with mad potential  
I'm about to get mine, you know it's about that time  
My people losing their mind, off the Group Home rhyme  
Murdering crime, people on the streets playing for keeps  
Brand new jeeps, riding thru on the creep  
Who care? I guess that everyone is scarred  
Better be prepared, cuz the worst is near  
The Group Home is here, open your ears and stand clear  
Crack your bears, we've been doing this for years

Chorus 2X

{Lil Dap}

How could it be? Cuz if you bust for me, I have to bust for you  
These old school rules, got me spittin lyrics at you  
I'm thinking hard and serious and going back to the time  
When cats were scarred to death to even say that they rhyme  
Cuz it was off the meters, niggas had to throw their dick beaters  
Block parties with heaters, no crooked to feed us  
It's 7 days in a week, 12 months in a year

But between the nonsense we'll drop a jewel this year  
Keep your eyes open, stoppin off the ends when we rock  
Poppin your clutch, and starving mc's to rock  
And walk with fear, keepin my momentum in gears  
Excess is near, my niggas can smell it in your ear  
2000 and beyond, Group Home are bombing ya, son  
My crew number one, no competition

Chorus 3X