

We all got to have, a place where we come from
This place that we come from is called home
We set out on our travels, we do the best we can
We travel this big earth as we roam
We all got to have, a place where we come from
This place that we come from is called home
And even though we may love, this place on the map
Said it ain't where ya from, it's where ya at
[verse one]

I come up in the street around some real wild brothers
With more than one name and more than one baby mother
More than one chase, been on more than one run
Got more than one enemy and more than one gun
[Speaks foreign language]
While these cats that's less privileged is just more raw
Less space cause the projects laced with more flaws
Less sleep cause the nights ain't peace, it's more war
The can is raw like thirsty, rainy season thunder claps
On the block with your old pop pleading number act
To the spot with the red top fiends is huddled at
To the crib where the little kids spend their summers trapped
With the jungle cats, lions and tigers, leopards and cheetahs
For gazelle you get chased like a zebra, they blaze cheeba-cheeba
And dominate the weaker on the street
Hungry bellies only love what they eat and it's hard to compete
When they smile with your heart in they teeth
And the odds is stacked high beyond and beneath
Son i been plenty places in my life and time
And regardless where home is, son home is mine
[chorus]

Some people live out in-New York City
Some people live out in-Atlanta
Some people got to live-Chicago
Some people do live-Miami
All my people at-California
And other people got to live-London
And everybody got to live in the whole big world
Together just you and me
[verse two]

When i think of home, my remembrance of my beginning
Laundromat helping ma dukes fold the bed linen
Chillin in front my building with my brother and them
Spending nights in Bushwick with my cousins and them
Wise town and Beat Street, federal relief
Slowly melting in the morning grits we used to eat
Sticking to your teeth and teeth is hard to keep
With every flavor Now & Later only a dime apiece
Old timers on the bench playing cards and thangs
Telling tales about they used to be involved in things
Start to drinking, talking loud, cussing up and showing out
On the phone, call the cops, pick'em up, move'em out
And it's all too common to start wildin
I'm a pirate on an island seeking treasure known as silence
And it's hard to find
Block parties in dark lobbies
Funeral homes packed but only dark bodies
I can't sleep hardly, stirred up like Bob Marley

Marley Marl played the symphony, remember we recall
Son i been to many places in my space and time
and whatever my home is, son home is mine.
[chorus]