

First Day Home

N.O.R.E.

I juss came home
I ain't got no loot
I ain't tryin' to sell drugs
I ain't tryin' to shoot
I'm tryin' to be a good nigga even wearin' a suit
But the only job I got is to make hot soup

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Open day, now you release
Peeps back on the streets
You don't want no peace
Need a job or sumthin'
Before you start robbin' sumthin'
Tryin' to be made
Like you in the mob or sumthin'

X-tra curricular activities swift
You can't hit the streets
'Cuz dese niggas a snitch
See yo foul nigga
And he on yo ass
He wanna violate you
You ain't got no cash

You gotta see him every Tuesday
Before twelve
But fuck dat you come late
And he send you back
Peep dis
One day you made up some shit

You told him
You was late 'cuz ya moms is sick
He said okay next time I send you away
You bettah piss in this cup
Get to urinate

You thought he a homo
So baliff analyze
He juss turn around
And juss pissed out your St. Ines
Reinact it always gotta take attractive
Ayo P.O. when I'm gon be inactive

While I'm on weekly
Switch that up
I get a job soon
You could stitch that up
I'm gon be a rapper
A-yo be real famous

Always on TV
Neva sayin' lame shit
Give me some slacc
A-yo plus the fact
A-yo I gotta job nigga
Yo I'm gon rap

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What up boo
Yeah, what you mean
I ain't callin' you, collect I'm home
You messin' wit me tonite
What you mean Trump International
Nah, I was thinkin' more like a walk or sumthin'
I ain't got no paper

If you want honey, bettah have money
If you want some ass bettah get some cash
It's like when I came home life went too fast
When I left the streets, yo
I was the man

Now I'm comin' bacc home
New face, new fam
I gotta beard
Before I ain't had no hair
On my face
Used to diss me
On the regular

So what I ain't got a haircut
No new sneakas
I got old ass Tim's
Goin' bacc to the hood
Playin' ball on the same rims
Tellin' niggas I rhyme
Let me shyne

At block parties
Yo, I left right day
A-yo I'm real serious
Sell drugs all day
I'm gon get on
1st tracc that I spit on

I'm gon lace it
Smuther you and plus taste it
I get my shit upgraded
Yours race it
Now that it's on

My girl rocc

Louie Baton, Gucci
Bently, Prada, Escada
Now that it's on
It's like my chic gotta alota
Everything she's supposed to

She the only one that I'm close to
Otha people is snakes
I got so much beef for these niggaz on Jakes
Its like some of 'em real most of 'em fake

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Yo yo, yo yo, dis a story man
'Bout a nigga comin' home man
He ain't tryin' to hustle man, nahimean
But a nigga was forced to do that, nahimean
A nigga still came out on top
'Cuz he hustled, he sold his cracc
But then he startin' sellin' rap
And he's still doin' that
Ya, rat bastardz