

## Solomon Childs f/ Cappadonna, Lounge Mode

### "Our House"

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[Chorus: sample]

Our House is a very very very fine house  
With two cats in the yard, life used to be so hard  
Now that everything is easy cuz of you

[Solomon Childs]

From the crack sales and the cocaine scales  
From Mickey D to sales, the block done shifted  
Let's realize, we was all born young and gifted  
Sippin' wine in the Christenings, after church Sunday  
dinners (uh-huh)  
Lies in the magazines, on how rap music gon' let us live  
good  
Please believe, I'ma always live in the hood (yeah)  
How could you point in fault when some of us know  
nothin' but the hood?  
Adapted from the past, Kani they got your pictures on  
the benefit cars  
No more givin' you foodstamps from Nana's cornbeef  
hash (uh-huh)  
To the backyard boogie grass (come on, come on)

[Chorus]

[Lounge Mode]

Eh yo yo we gon' bounce wit it, wit it and come around  
wit it  
Park Hill, Body Brighton, yeah we come in town wit it  
Staten Island, Lounge get it, watch how the pound, grip  
it  
Smoke Jones, come with the toast and plus an ounce  
wit it  
Y'all niggas stupid dog, what you not feelin' kid?  
Heard you got a grudge with the bee as if I killed ya kid  
Goon Squad enter the garden, ya best protect ya wig  
And it's Beezy, Beezy, stay easy  
My Far Rock cats in the back they stay greezy  
And O.T.F. niggas, yeah they still B.B.  
Crunch Lo, Molly and Wigz, and Mr. C./me  
Ain't nothin' changed, y'all been here for a minute  
Win in it, bitch

[Chorus w/ Cappadonna singing along except "me"  
instead of "you" at the end]

[Cappadonna]

Eh yo Our House used to be infested with roaches  
See 'em in our cereal, poppin' up out of our toasters  
We shared the same clothes, pickin' our dirty nose  
Socks smellin' like shit, dirt between our toes  
We had it fucked up but that's how we was rose  
Stealin' cakes and candy from outta C-Town  
Takin' a stankin' ass yellow piss with our seat down  
Mamma smoked coke, should could pop a dope  
My sister fuckin' bitches, come on Teresa cope  
My hood is filled with butchers, crack and dope  
pushers  
S-stash it in they ass or in the front bushes  
Life is still hard, fuck a used to be  
Suck my fuckin' dick, cuz you ain't used to me  
Get in a Benz van like everything is easy  
I keep it gully though because my hood need me  
And I don't give a shit if y'all don't wanna feed me  
I put the nine on you, Goon Squad motherfuckers might  
grind on you  
Fuck a pitbull, I sic a lion on you  
Two cats in my yard, that's my Goon Squad  
I'm from special ed., call me a retard  
Dirt bomb niggas, you know my street card  
Straight garbage picker and dog food eater  
Dingy dungerees, holes in my new sneakers  
Shit in my elevator, shit in my drawers too  
If you was hangin' wit me you'd shit in your's too  
You'd shit in your's too..

[Chorus w/ Cappadonna singing along except "me"  
instead of "you" at the end]

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