

## **Banton Buju**

### **"Come Home With Me"**

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[Cam'Ron]

Ah yo, come on home with us man  
Harlem World USA man  
take a walk with us on our block man  
see how we live  
Dip-sect

Yo, yo  
Come on home with me, early 90's  
I wasn't pearly and shinning, I was certainly grimy  
Cause I ain't have no fresh clothe, or jewelery with the X  
O  
My house had asbestos, though I'm fixing up a 60 pack  
Where the kitty cat, mice run around the damn sticky  
trap  
Come on home with me, where my mother found my  
crack platter  
Threw it away so I snap at her, back slapped her  
She picked up the bat like Maguire  
For that matter hit me, I was back at her  
Come home where I ducked the DT  
Lying around the corner, but I'm getting the free  
cheese  
Come on home with me, where I stand on my post  
Playing my toast, dinner there was mayonase and toast  
And pepper, many nights I done slept with a hefa  
Any beef came it left on a stretcher, Killa  
Come on home with me, where they rapidly flossing  
Where I beg Kim to have the abortion  
Money brang back extortion, caution  
There ain't no track in the office  
Relax in the coffin, and the bitch know I'm serious  
Cause I'm never scared ma, unless you miss your  
period  
So come home with me, where the girls wanna come  
home with me  
And say Cam "If you leave, don't hit me", love to see  
the chrome whippy  
The car a quarter mill, on the wheels I done blown 50  
Dice game blown 50, Jones loan 60  
Head cracks thrown swiftly, took it home with me

So come home with me, where a nigga make Starbucks  
I'm about to cop a Starbucks, I reversed on my hard  
luck  
Now I'm at the dealer buying car trucks  
Awww shucks

[Juelz Santana]

Come home with me, to the streets, the slums, the  
ghetto  
That's home to me, everynight my girl crying come  
home to me  
No, come home with me where there so many cops  
The block is boiling and the food is spoiled  
But that pot with the rock is boiling  
Same pot mommy cook with, left the oil in  
Come on home with me, where these bitches is frauds  
Niggas don't listen to broads, they having you sitting in  
court  
for kids that ain't yours, come home with me  
Where everyday the glocks go pop  
Where the front doors broke and them locks don't lock  
Come home with me, dog where the beef is seeking  
Kids don't trick or treat, they get tricked for treating  
Come home with me, where the pistol squeezing  
Niggas twist they cheekin, ripped to pieces  
Our kids get even, come home with me  
Don't leave your condoms behind  
cause them bitches leave there martians behind  
Pray to god that I'm fine, come on home with me  
Come on zone with me, come on walk through this cold  
city  
Where these kids need food  
niggas need guidance and bitches need roofs  
Come on home with me, where niggas living off they  
last bucks  
Phone is off, rent is backed up  
Come on home with me, niggas strap up  
Hit the street gats up, clack up and get they money  
back up  
Come on home with me, every block got a crack in it  
Every hallway got a nigga with some crack in it  
Don't get trapped in it

[Jimmy Jones]

Come on home with me, where my parents  
Would leave me alone, so early I was free to just roam  
7 keys to the home, 11 trees to the dome  
13 I ran the streets with the chrome  
Come on home with me, where the buses don't run  
And my dogs stay busting there guns  
(Billlllllllllappppppp)

Think that getting caught by Justice is fun?  
Keep a blade up the in the gum, this is Harlem World  
Where the fuck is you from? Uh  
Come on home with me every few minutes, was a  
knock on the door  
Fiends coming copping the raw, clothes kicks socks on  
the floor  
Mommy like be quiet cause I really think them cops at  
the door  
Is the locks on the door?  
Come on home with me, where grandmothers is 30  
One gram on that butter is 30  
4 grand is my cut from the birdy, school cutting it early  
Don't stutter mothafuckers you heard me, uh  
Come on home with me these are the facts  
Steve Francis and Latifah got jacked  
Mike Tyson punch Mitch Green in the face  
Sarge snatched by the feds, we was the case  
No shit he still pleading his case, come home with me  
Hoes say thats Jones with you, but I wouldn't take him  
home with you  
Come home with me, get stoned with me, be zoned  
with me  
The chrome you see, the Jones you see  
Dip-sect, come home with me

Dip sect nigga, jim jones freaky zekey juelz santana  
blak a don dipomatic  
we comin for ya 2 double 1 Blllllllllappppppp  
for life hold that down and what  
Harelm, Harlem, Harlem

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