

## Cam'ron "Come Home With Me"

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**(feat. Jim Jones, Juelz Santana)**

*[Cam'ron talking]*

Aiyo, come on home wit us man Harlem World U.S.A.  
man

Take a walk wit us on our block man, See how we live,  
DIP SET!

*[Cam'ron]*

Yo, yo, Come on home wit me, early '90's it wasn't  
pearly and shiney  
I was so damn grimey  
'Cause I ain't have no fresh clothes  
Or jewelry wit the X's O's  
My house had espestoes  
I'm fixin' up a 60 pack, wit a kitty cat  
Mice run around the damn sticky trap  
Come on home wit me, where my mother found my  
crack platter  
Threw it away so I snapped at her, back slapped her  
She picked up a bat, like McGwuier for that matter  
Hit me, I was back at her  
Come home where I duck the DT's  
Line around the corner, but I'm gettin' the free cheese  
Come on home wit me, where I stand on my post  
Play wit my toast, Been here wit mayonaise and toast  
And pepper, many nights I done slept wit a heefer  
Any beef came it left on a stretcher KILLA!  
Come on home wit me, where they rapidly flossin'  
Where I begged Kim to have the abortion  
Money, brown bag, extortion  
Caution, where there's tragedy often  
Relax in a coffin  
And the bitch know I'm serious  
'Cause I'm never scared ma, unless you miss ya period  
So come home wit me  
Where the girls wanna come home wit me  
They say "Cam if you need dome hit me!"  
Love to see the chrome wit me  
The car a quarter mil, on the wheels I done blown 50  
Dice games blown 50, Jones loan 60  
Had crack stones swiftly, Took it home wit me

So come home wit me, where a nigga make star bucks  
I'm about to cop a +Starbucks+  
I'm the first one wit hard luck  
Now I'm at the dealer buying cars...trucks  
AWWWWW SHUCKS!

*[Juelz Santana]*

Yo come home wit me  
To the streets, the slums, the ghettos  
That's come to me  
Every night my girl crying "Come home to me"  
No! Come home wit me  
Where there's so many cops that the block is boiling  
The food is spoiled, but that pot wit the rock is boiling  
Same pot mommy cook wit, left the oil in  
Come home wit me, where these bitches is frauds  
Niggas don't listen to broads  
They have you sittin' in court wit kids that ain't yours  
Come home wit me, where every day the glocks go pop

Where the front door is broke, and them locks don't  
lock  
Come home wit me, dog where the beef is seekin'  
Kid's don't trick or treat, they get +tricked+ for  
+treating+  
Come home wit me, where the pistols squeezing  
Where niggas twist the cheekin, ripped to pieces are  
kids get even  
Come home wit me, don't leave ya condoms behind  
'Cause bitches leave them martians behind  
Pray to God that I'm fine  
Come on home wit me, come on zone wit me  
Come on walk through this cold city  
Where these kids need food  
Niggas need God, and some bitches need rules  
Come on home wit me, where niggas livin' off they last  
buck  
Phonies off, rentings backed up  
Come on home wit me, niggas strap up  
Hit the streets gats up  
Clap up, and get they money back up  
Come on home wit me, every block got a crack in it  
Every hallway gotta a nigga wit some crack in it  
So don't get trapped in it

*[Jim Jones]*

Come on home wit me, where my parents wit um...  
Leave me alone  
So early I was free to just rome  
Wit 7 keys to the home  
11 trees to the dome

13 I ran the streets wit the chrome  
Come on home wit me, where the buses don't run  
And my dog stay bustin his gun  
Think that gettin' caught by justices is fun  
Keep a blade up in they gums  
This is Harlem, where the fuck is you from?  
Uh, come on home wit me every few minutes was a  
knock on the door  
Fiends come coppin' the raw  
Clothes, kicks, socks on the floor  
Mommy like "Be quiet because I really think them cops  
at the door!"  
There's some locks on the door  
Come on home wit me, grandmothers is 30  
One gram on that butter is 30  
Sold grams wit my cousin birdy  
School, cutting it early  
Don't stutter motherfuckers you heard me  
Come on home wit me, these are the facts  
Steve Francis and Latifah got jacked  
Mike Tyson punched Mitch Green in the face  
Sauce snatched by the feds, weed was the case  
And shit he still pleading his case  
Come home wit me, hoes say "let's jones wit you"  
But I wouldn't take them home wit you  
Come home wit me, get stoned wit me  
Get zoned wit me, the crome you see  
Dip set come home wit me

Uh...Dip Set nigga, Jim Jones, Killa!  
Freaky Zeekey, Juelz Santana

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