

George Harrison

"Home Invasion"

Visit "[Home Invasion](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

All right! When we go up in this goddamn house
all I want is the motherfuckin' kids!
As far as pops I don't give a fuck what you do...
Bust him in his motherfuckin' head!
If he got any money, take it!
If there is money there, rob the motherfuckin' joint!
As far as moms bust her in her goddamn head!
Dumb bitch, that's the reason we're going up in there!
She don't know what the fuck she's talkin' about!

Everyone get back, this is a rap jack
I'm takin' your kids' brains, you aint gettin'em back
With a move of perfection, my dissection
Some call it lethal injection
I'm gonna fill'em with hard drums
Big drums, bitches, hoes and death, come on and get
some
I'm not the nigga that you want to leave your kids alone
Cause I got my own opening-dome kit
And once again I'm gonna put them under my fuckin'
spell
They might start givin' you fuckin' hell
Start changin' the way they walk
They talk, they act, now, whose fuckin' fault is that?
The home invader...

Yo, moms you can basically just suck my dick!
This is a home invasion...
Yo, pops that shit you talkin' is noise! Word! You full of
shit!

Check this out, moms, I said time bomb
And they sit in your house and remain calm
Till you feed'em lies and the flip
Start talkin' crazy shit (Fuck you!)
Might call you and pops a fool
Tell ya that's why they hate school
Been offensive and askin' questions
Give your brain indigestion
Why? Why? Because I have indoctrinated the youth
They're mentally intoxicated with truth

So they know the noise you talk are lies
Pretty damn soon they'll be by (I'm outta here)
They listen to me and i give'em the real
And every night caps get peeled
And every night a ho gets smacked
A fool gets jacked
Now, whose fuckin' fault was that?
The home invaders...

Yo! Yo! Yo!
All that shit you taught me, mom, was full of shit!
Know what I'm sayin'?
How the fuck you gonna tell me to run my
motherfuckin' life?
Bitch! You dont even know who the fuck you are!
You talkin' about you don't like rap, you don't like how I
dress!
Yo! Fuck you and pops! I'm outta here!
Both of y'all can kiss my ass...

All cops want me, so does the F.B.I.
Because my rhymes are fly
They still tryin' to stop m,e shut me down block me
Make motherfuckas boycott me
But that will never happen, it's impossible
I move straight through all obstacles
They say I'm fuckin' up the minds of little kids
But half of my fans are in college
P.M.R.C. suck my dick, please
You can kiss my ass while you're on your knees
Word! You're listening to the verbal assassinator
E's the crossfader, your factual updater
Until your cranium grows like uranium
Hard as titanium, parents, I'm blamin'em
For teachin' you lies about life, racist viewpoints
And other trite bullshit they learned back in the day
While I learned about death from an A.K.
But they'll never quite understand
Bam, bam, bam, no gat is the Walkman
Boom, bash, yeah, yo, it's goin' down
Me and Ice Cube are in town
But the fuckin' pigs cancelled the concert
They're just scared of some niggers that do work
What they do? What did I do?
Just say truth motherfucka and it's comin' through
I tell you what we did: we stole your fuckin' kids
The home invader...

All right! we got the motherfuckin' kids!
We outta here! C'mon...

Visit [George Harrison](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.