

B.W. Stevenson

"Home Sweet Home"

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

[Kool G. Rap]

Brothers on the corner sellin junk
got held up by the hotties got the shotties in the trunk
You got the hardrocks wavin glocks at the punks
Police only harass you when they wanna get a chunk
They got so many corners and they got so many spots
And I can't even bump up the block
without the, "Yo man, what you got?"
I'm walkin past somebody lookin strange
He's lookin for a hit for veins
or he'll blow out somebody's brains
Even the shorties livin naughty lives
Walkin around, even drive around, with big forty-fives
I just found out the candy store's a front
They walk in the candy store
Man G, candy's far from what they want
You might see a pickle or a popsicle
But if you step to the back, you get dimes, twenties,
and nickels
Honey used to look like a winner
Now she can't even get took to dinner
cause so many dealers ran up in her
Somebody's blood is on the tar
Last night was a homicide from a fight inside the bar
Loudmouth tryin to show her ass, but somebody
broke a whiskey bottle and cut her butt up with the
glass
Money got robbed for his bank
They broke in his house and took everything
except the kitchen sink
Little man murdered on the scene
He tried to come off at the liquor store, he's only 17
Granny's damn near pushin 80
A couple of hoods grabbed her pocketbook, and
stabbed up the lady
Cover your head, cause it's a dead zone, in the red
zone
Yeah, this is my home sweet home

Three card molly, another man to fool
Whites will stop at the red lights, to look at us like

animals
I'm gettin frisked by the cops
They only tryin to get props, for blowin off a black
man's top
Up in apartment 3G, this sweetie named DiDi wants to
see me
but yo I heard she's givin VD
Just when you think the skies are gettin blue
Bang bang -- another brother's split in two
Can't sleep, cause the streets are filled with danger
Miss, your little daughter's a swinger, you can't change
her
She left with a stranger, inside a drug dealer's party
Now off to the morgue, to go indentify her body
Sonny boy is goin on the strip
Robbin niggaz cracks, with a mac, without a clip
Somebody gave a tip, so the next time he flipped
and shorty got ragged, another bodybag is zipped
A baby is born and needs lovin
but instead, the mother smothered him and shoved
him in a oven
Cops killin our kids, but they bill us
So what's more worse, the killer cops or the Cop Killers
Everyday's another risk
I'm even mad to go to my pad, the hallways always
smell like piss
No heat, just pots of hot water
I'm walkin eight flights up, the elevator's out of order
Man that landlord is the lowest
Because I let my door slam and saw a damn eviction
notice
I felt like breakin all his bones, pssssh
I'm gettin kicked out of my home sweet home

door shuts

Visit [B.W. Stevenson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.