Kool G Rap "Home Sweet Funeral Home"

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(feat. Papoose the Lyrical One, Jinx)

[Chorus]

Home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown

Call in the cider box, 6 blown in your chest and dome For tryin' ta hold the fort down, but couldn't hold it Cuz fuckin' wit the Pap'll get your arms folded So now it's home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown

Call in the cider box, 6 blown in your chest and dome For tryin' ta hold the fort down, but couldn't hold it Cuz fuckin' wit this click'll get your arms folded

[Papoose]

Who bet they best against mine?

I press the west and let the vest protect mine Led crimes that head the headlines and spoke cake times

I used ta catch shines

Rockin' when I see you next time

Neva but greater threat, I make mine

Soon as I let the infared shine

Everybody know it's hit the deck time

Don't go against mine

I make a whino bleed red wine

Sometimes my own peoples slick talk, try ta test mine

Get outta line, so I give em deadlines

Even disrespectful respect mine

Light weighted but I rep mine

I don't lift weights, but I bench press a tec 9

I'm known for holdin' big shit

The last time I showed the biscuit

I made this dude sweat enough bullets ta load a clip wit When cops drop warrants and try ta get me bagged up All they hear on they walkie-talkies is "I need back up!"

Papoose the braid blaster since jakes want me in the cage captured

I roll wit moore nigged them

I roll wit more niggas than slave masters

Time ta retaliate, these fellas actin' like they holdin' weight

I froze the gate, walkin' across the seas like a Moses maid

Approachin' rappers, me and G Rap be the rapper clappers

Shotter wit tecs, we break y'all down like y'all common factors

Steady heat, that's when the juvy proceed I'm makin' rappers bleed off this rapilism, my feet I ain't playin' games, y'all rappers betta code in my name

The juvenille strait from Brooklyn, wit the slugs of the same

So play you're position, stop it, I makes you grab their attention

Like a magnet ta somethin' metal, so y'all blinkin' and flickin'

I'm takin' over for the 9 era, it's now or never Cuz when I get in the door, bringin' drama cuz my rhymes is betta

[Chorus]

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[Kool G Rap]

Euology preached by the minister, the sinister diminished ya

You minature, send crazy baby, fifths is ta finish ya Bust shots ta limit ya, plush glocks ta hemmorrige ya What cops got the image of, made em block perimeters

They ended up, back in forth beef I walk the streets, neva be prisoner

My lawyer's a close friend of the senator You was full of shit, you should a took a enema It mighta not been ten of us, murder is turnin' your street into a cinema

Swingin' gats like pendulums, shit out the nine double, I'm him and em

Max wit hundred gats and I'm the minimum Sendin' em, but sick of all this, I take a step back And spit the torris in yo moms and chick won't trist ta hit the floor is

Makin' em clip the forest, it's G scar fold

Turnin' yo body weight ta cargo

While I stretch ya, ya bet ya'll lay fall go

Harps played in the dark like he was harpo

Get ya hit quicker than Carlo, Gambino

Rain on cities like El Nino, live well in Reno

Scoffed for the card he is in Bossolino

Scammin' the profits in casinos

Knock wigs off like therapy wit kimo

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