

Sug

"I Wanna Go Home"

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I just wanna put that shit down
To where that shit was (OK)
Y'know what I'm sayin?
Nigga we used to be up in that motherfucker
You know what I'm sayin?
Nigga... used to call Black Tone collect and shit (um
hum)
Y'know what I'm sayin?
I call a house collect, even a shop, you know? (yeah)
Y'know what I'm sayin? It's the one
Ni... OK, yes
Y'know what I'm sayin? (right)
Everytime, it never fail, dog (yeah)
Like, like, homie, I'm hurtin' man
Nigga, I'm, nigga, I, tsh
Don't worry about nothin' Ril-Rock
Don't worry about nothin' nigga
And man, I used to beat on walls, man
Bounce, just check this, man, just check this shit out
It's about the County Jail and shit homie
Just check this shit out

You know, shit like that
Y'know, nigga just beat on the table and shit (mm-
hmm)
Man, man

I wanna go home
I said a who, who's that baller, baby, I wanna come
home
I'm gettin' tired, of this dialin'
And I, 'em go
And then I, got my ski and seed number, 8s-9-6-5-I fo'
sho'
Yeah, yes a baller, singin, I wanna go home
Because I got accessed to DJ Quik, and?
Pomona, town where the sea bird lake, come from and
that's fo' sho'
Let me tell you this rap 'bout the county jail
When I, lost my hope, c'mon
Check it out...

Let me flow, like a butterfly on cruise control
From the L.A. county jail, get the penn, to parol
You know flow, that's so?
So give a big bow wow, to Suga Free
One more dog and French bread
Return to the lab to reclaim my fame
And see my bitches take the corner
Nigga, I ain't nothin' changed
But I'ma handcuff yo' ass to the sound
And test drive niggas, that's how to touch
And bitches that's how to bat
I'm steppin' out the penn
Bailin' in a cloud of smoke
Nizi tizi, ?I had to dive on 'em? loc
Now we gon' make or make 'em clap to this
Now grab yo' gat, smoke a sac
And drink some Cognac and jack to this
Both be on the lookout for PPD
Them black, them whites
Them disco lights and that 3rd strike
Cause I'll be damned if I go back to the penn
If I unlock my payroll, with a hoe, and do some time
again
Back in the County with my hair gettin' thinner
Because I'm stressin' about my bitch and I wonder
who's goin' in her
And I'm knowin' that the tramp ain't shit
But in the LA County Jail I'ma need that bitch
I'm on a roof, up in 95, huh, and I'm broke at that
I'm creepin' on niggas, sweepin'
That's for goin' with that money sac
And G's hittin' niggas up on from where they from
Ready to roll, bustas and marks up out of 95 huh
But then she in her nails gettin' smart and quiet
So put yo' hand on yo' shit
And get ready to scrap cause it's another riot
Now I'm scrappin' with my hair half braid
Because a nigga stole some candy from a?
So me Ray Dogg, and Trey Parcept
That nigga TC from EC and 8-Ball from HT
The red rags resent from tree tops, Tony Lang
With Nookie Baby John from Foo Town and Pat
Together we love some motherfucker stood all at one
time
They comin' together, some niggas yap
Crips and bloods on they way to the home
Because we took our phone
And motherfuckers and left they face swoll
Damn, now they feed a nigga juke balls
No action on the phones, no visitors

Man I can't wait to go home

Who's that baller, should I, I wanna go home
I said a who, who's that baller, baby, I wanna go home
Mama I ain't really happy here, I really really wanna
come home
If it wasn't for, you and my sister, I'd be straight all
alone
Yes a baller, said I, I wanna go home
I said a who, who's that baller, baby, I wanna go home
Clue Dogg, I know you want to, baby, I wanna come
home
I really, miss doggs, baby, now she gonna be all alone
Love to move, nigga won't you come on home
Love to move...

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