

Mobb Deep

"Nothin' like home"

Visit "[Nothin' like home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Prodigy talkin')

Yeah man..you know...2002 man...approachin' 2003
man...where we takin'
this man?...where we headed for the future man...whats
the resolution?

Verse 1: (Prodigy)

Wealth, health, and happiness nigga
keep me from runnin' 'round clappin' these niggas
sometimes you gotta just handle your business
fuck it, it's on me, rounds of shots for niggas
punk, I wake up everyday to cathedral cielings
jumpin' out my bed, wall to wall marble and pillars
livin' like the pharoah Tut, I'm blessed with life
so I breathe deep and give praise to the most high
then I, get fresh for a new day
I eat broccoli for breakfast and smoke my trees
turn on the flat screen to C-Span
see the elite strength, attorney general slowly gettin'
bills passed
prophecies comin' to pass
we gotta survive this shit dun, it's nothin' to laugh at
I hops in the V, grabs the heat and I stash that
I'm in tune with Doc, Pac, and Huey, it's a rap.

Chorus (both)

I traveled the World, and been alot of places
believe me dog, ain't nothin' like home
and if you want somethin' done, you gotta do it
yourself, you got drama?
who's gonna clap that chrome?
nobody like you, somebody like me
when death I'm ready for it in Threes
and me off point? c'mon now nigga please
I'm paranoid, you know I'm burnin' those trees

Verse 2: (Havoc)

Saw alot of niggas die, some niggas survived

and those that did did it by the skin of their hide
dodgin' that long ride, the four-fifth aimed at 'em
and knew to fall back when them slugs came at 'em
on the real, for me to be here tellin' ya'll this
is like dice, then I rolled that Four-Five-Six
and never lost ever since, though I took that big pinch
my Brother passed away, 24/7 I was bent
drunk in my pain, alot of friends went and then came
and those that stayed understood a nigga pain
and for a niggas problems had noone to point the
blame

I was my own worst enemy goin' against the grain
somewhere along the line them pieces had to get
grabbed

all this money plus family, shit wasn't that bad
all you little shorties runnin' 'round like shits sweet
just remember these words from the M-O-double-B.

Chorus -

Verse 3: (Littles)

I kiss my finger, cross my heart, I'ma make it out these
dark days
whether together or we part ways
I got a promise to that boy tatted on my arm
three strong, man, the heat's still lukewarm
who can you trust when your friends wanna pop your
safe?
you let him stash in your place, now you watch his waist
vision the days, hear the ghost whisper
dogs we left in the past, brought back now here with us
cross my heart, let the haze linger
pour out a little liquor, knowin' God took a good nigga
Thousand dollar slippers skirt from the scene he was
just a worker, dog,
you were his every dream
I kissed his face like I never knew 'em
it was me, once upon a time when life was ruined
now the mink rope chain sparklin'
jumpin' out of bed, Thousand dollar slippers slidin'
huggin' the
carpets.

Chorus

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