

## 3LW F/ Lil' Wayne "Home Sweet Home"

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[Tek]

This is the story of a place, that we call home  
Where the kids pack heat when it's time to roam  
Everybody's on the scramble, life's a gamble  
Hoppin on the white horse, tryin to get a handle  
On the fast pace that we call the last race  
Step wit precaution when you enter this place  
We got a spot on every block that makes ya dreams  
come true  
Just come correct wit the snapses or ya doo  
Don't come cryin broke, still tryin to cop the dope  
What parts of no, do not you understand bro  
We can't afford to take shorts or be playing sports  
Empires need to be built, mack 10's bought  
Or even caught for them deceased ass hustlers  
And we still got the pound for ya living muthafuckas  
What goes around comes back to the roots  
See you at the revolution and Crooklyn, true

[Chorus]

We live in Brooklyn baby  
We try to make it baby  
We gonna make it baby  
We live in Brooklyn baby

[Steele]

Another day, another dollar dead  
Pigs rushin the crib to catch a collar now I'm fed  
What the face now, me and my people's taste crown  
Stayin face down, while K-9's sniffs around  
What they found was irrelevant, the weed cuz  
They was sent to represent and cause a ruckus  
amongst us  
Now I got more pigs rushin we, handcuffin me  
Takin hold of we, in the custody  
For blushin in, rasta boy restin in peace  
After going through the bullshit, we in release  
To hit the streets, where the war still off for all of y'all  
Cuz they kept rule locked behind the wall  
No time at all, no fake, no jacks  
Perhaps when the gat spins, niggas won't even know

what happen  
I'll be glad when my man come home  
Cuz in the zone muthafuckas grab ya chrome

[Chorus (with Tek shoutin out)]

[Tek]  
The eye three time, as lead transpire  
Currency change, change from yours to mine  
Greenbacks talk bullshit, floats on water  
Pager goin off, call comin from headquarters  
I was told if the secret code appears  
It means some bwoy want dead, prepare for warfare

[Steele]  
Fuck the truth, we bringin the noose for ya loose talk  
So think smart, or rest in parts if ya do start  
I fucks wit, the poor, so fuck being rich  
Word is bond, there's a muthafuckin war goin on  
Stand strong, on ya own two, mista  
Or come confront the grim ripper  
Black hoodie on, black dusty fatigues  
Bloody red afro, puffin on the black weed (on three)  
He lurks in the shadow, so when you sleep in the battle  
That'll be, and tell ya punk lib to tattle

[Tek]  
Salute, to each and every hood label truth  
Doin what you gotta do to bring in the loot  
Huh, the time has come for armageddion  
Give nurture to your seeds, and load up ya guns, dunn  
Now catchin vibes, that somethin ain't right  
Gettin little hits, stomach fillin up tight  
Damn, these little nappy head cheap trait bastards  
Run around town wit the cronz trynna blast shit  
Ain't nuthin sweat like the dark streets of Bedstuy  
Creepin population, endin up in C.I.

[Steele]  
Take a ride through the Flatbush side  
See the dred and he caught for support, hit me off wit  
the lye  
Now slide, through the ville, death row, say hello  
To the fam that stick to K.I.M. that's planned  
Toward the east, somethin's goin on  
So burn the buds, and all my people in Medina stay  
strong

[Chorus to fade]

