

Rev Run

"Home Sweet Home"

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Now, me and D, we had a jam, we used to kick it with
Jay
He was the baddest fuckin' man in the U.S. of A.
He had a rack of black jackets and some records to
play
And my sucker Nelly Dee would sound check it with Ray

Open the Garden up for Marvin and I'm speakin' on
Gaye
God bless 'em where they rest and 'ever they may lay
And now they're

Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm comin' home to You

Now, Jigga Jay had a hand and it was steady and firm
He was the type of dude to shoot it to you straight as a
perm
He was the greatest and he's sharin' everything that he
earned
And you can count on Jam Master, I was never
concerned

We all miss him but his mission is completed and done
Never worry 'bout D and Dicka DJ Run
And don't ask me 'bout Jay and never have no fear
The only question we should ask is why are we still
here?
Because we're

Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm comin' home to You

Now, under pressure, Jam Master never losin' control
He cut a record in a second, everybody was sold
Always open to the words that I had to say
Always helpin', never selfish, that was my man Jay

And we ain't lose him or choose him, it was God's idea
And since home is where the heart is homey, he's still
here
And now we're

Sweet home Alabama, where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama, Lord I'm comin' home to You

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