

Ashleigh Haywood

"Home Sweet Funeral Home"

Visit "[Home Sweet Funeral Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 more niggas than slave masters

[Jinx]

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 juvenile 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]

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 G Rap'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

[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 hemmorrhige 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 shoulda 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

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.