

Slaughter

"Coming Home"

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A word
That's how ya feel
Though it's gone huh
Yea sir, I'm stupid
Slaughterhouse, nigga
Gangsta revealed

I heard the whispers, they thought that I was dumb
before
They thought Dre said I was something he don't want
no more
They thought I got dropped, they thought I would stop
I thought not, hopped out the square, though out the
box
Listen, I keep it real, I was hoping that the major work
But I was indian then, time for some major work
Already hungry, but the non-believers made it worse
Had me posting up in that booth like 8 date of births
Who was supposed to give up? Nah, not me
Man, post this shit up on RIP
Hello world, I'm a star, look what I invented
Rap radar identified with my spider senses
I had the hip-hop game on smash
And a title locked up, like Akon's smash
Then I link the three dudes who also say I'm trash
With another chance to show you again
So I'm holding this pen like

Bet you never thought that you'd be back in this
position
Got no answers for their questions
And it kills you just to listen
That you know
There's nowhere else left to go
And I ain't coming home
I ain't coming home

It started with assault charges, beyanies, burglaries,
some peeps
Ended up back alley blocks in Jersey city streets
Who knew that at the cross we're spittin' out cause off

Hennessey vodka

The dudes that meant to be partners will mentally block ya

And man the pitier to watch ya from Denis the lobster

But your own actions is what could essentially stop ya

I come around and the track get nervous

If you wrote them off, be able to track that purchase

Hooked up the IVs or we had be deceased in an year

Might need the grease fell on the reposition peak a year

If you're talking chain of command, I want to be clear

We're different links, packinfg that aid list of the G shit

Robber with the trash talk, the magical walk

With the black ball, way I bounce off the asphalt with catapult

Relentless through the rumors

In my mere presence, God got a funny sense of humor

Bet you never thought that you'd be back in this position

Got no answers for their questions

And it kills you just to listen

That you know

There's nowhere else left to go

And I ain't coming home

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Bet you never thought that you'd be back in that position

I'm talking to you bitches, arch your back in that position

Your ratchet ass was missing, you thought that I fell off

But Shady aftermath musicians got you packin' ammunition

I'm back to circle gang boss

Witness the resurrection my career came 'cross

Jesus, name a vixen I can't toss

She use her mouth to clean my thing off

And I call it getting brainwashed

Slaughter's hotter than ever to be hotter

You got a critical error

Proud of your leather, walkin' in executives offices and halla you better

Hit my pockets with cheddar

Feed me paper like my my pockets are a document shredder

You really thought I'd get this money and behave?

Niggas left me for dead, and get the dougie on my grave

I'll break your purse for me perseverance

Them same labels getting weighed full for some

clearance

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God's favourite, dark horse of the devil's family
I'm plan A till it's my damn day, failure's my plan B
From ash to fancy, behind bars to behind the bars
They made it so I can fit an entire jail cell inside of my
pantry
My daughter's a down, she loves to see her father
come
She loves to blow bubbles with her bubble gum
Now she lives inside of one, just accept it
Got Martin King's heart, Martin Sheen's blood cause
Missed me with your questions
I am the Martin Scorsese of these professions
While I'm outta here like Martin Lawrence in, get to
steppin'
And I did it doing the kind of music I like
You're a fool, you thought the prim would be my only
highlight
Slaughterhouse but outcasted, first we're here, then
we're there
Then we started to rhyme like you pretend to load our
pants with led
No we moving on dup like the Jeffersons
Cause things came full circle like the top of yours that
hits through here,
Yea

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