

## Slaughterhouse

### "Coming Home"

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[Intro:]

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

[Verse 1:]

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

[Hook:]

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

[Verse 2:]

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 pities to watch ya from Denis the lobster  
But your own actions is what could esentially 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

[Hook:]

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Got no answers for their questions  
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[Verse 3:]

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

[Hook:]

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Got no answers for their questions  
And it kills you just to listen  
That you know  
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[Verse 4:]

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 ashy 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

[Hook:]

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position  
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