

Karaca Cem

"When You Come Home"

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Intro:

Da, Reddy Red, Homicide, Eagle, Free,
Nah' mean? (Do it like we used to)
Real, uh- huh
Red, Pabi, What up? Yeah.. Ishmael

[Verse 1]

I used to kick my new rhymes to him when I made them
up
We'd smoke a blunt, and build on shit was real growing
up
Going through the same things, we seeing eye to eye
And no matter what happens, promised to let nothing
die
So was born when he got bagged for 56 dimes
I'mma give his girl commissary money all the time
He caught this disease and couldn't stay out'ta jail
Locked up when his mom died, shit really got real
He came to the wake in handcuffs
Dear God, Life as a shorty shouldn't be so rough
His girl eight months pregnant, a nurse assistant
holding him down
Faithfully on every visit, food packages, she bring him
trees and
everything
A down ass bitch is a thug's everything
I'm day he night, we the same blood type, brothers for
life
I fly him kites on the regular

[Chorus]

When you come home, we gon' blow crazy O's son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' fuck mad hoes son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, I'mma put you on your toes on
(Don't stress)
When you come home, my nigga, when you come
home (Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' blow crazy O's son
(Don't stress)

When you come home, I'mma put you on your toes on
(Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' fuck mad hoes son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, my nigga, when you come
home (Don't stress)

[Verse 2]

I can see it now, getting off the greyhound with your
greens on,
State boots, yard style this scord a' me
I meet you at the port authority
Jump in the V2G
You finally free
Long time no see
Gotta make up for lost time
Know you got mad rhymes
Here, rock my shine
We on to the exclusive, new shit
He blowing up my celly
I'm like yo son, six minute click
Pulled up to the PJ's, the hood greet
Welcome home god peace,
He platinum on the street with respect and power
All he need is currency
Must report to parole
Monday by three
We gon' get you on the books and take you on tour with
me
No stress, nigga you can use my address
He said I love you Shy and punched me in my chest

[Chorus] x 2

When you come home, we gon' blow crazy L's son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, I'mma put you on your toes on
(Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' fuck mad hoes son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, my nigga, when you come
home (Don't stress)

[Verse 3]

Give a kidney or a lung to nigga if he needed one
Cause that's my Dunn Dunn
I give him my only gun if he needed it
Oh that bitch, we both beating it
I can tell him a secret, he ain't repeating it
Cause that's my dog, second grade to the morgue
And when I get locked up, that who the fuck I call
He the cheddy ready to pay the clerk, to get me out the

dirt
Put it in my aunt's name, because she work
We don't jerk one another, or try to blow each other's
cover
My mother's like his mother, his mother's like my
mother
No one on ones; I'm jumpin' in
Fuck that, blazing out the club with our guns back to
back
Chicago Bulls style, the manchild
Ain't nothing sweet on the street
Or if you hit the pen-AL you know my style

When you come home, we gon' blow crazy L's son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, I'mma put you on your toes on
(Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' fuck mad hoes son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, my nigga, when you come
home (Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' blow crazy O's son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, we gon' fuck mad hoes son
(Don't stress)
When you come home, I'mma put you on your toes on
(Don't stress)
When you come home, my nigga, when you come
home (Don't stress)

Yeah, Shyheim
New York's Finest

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