

## Notorious B.I.G. F/ Joe Hooker, Mobb Deep, Puff Da "Home Sweet Home"

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[Lil' Fame]

Yo, home skillet  
Get back 'fore I push your shit back  
Yo, we're here to put it down with the Lord (I'm wit  
dat!!)  
Blaze him (yo, yo)  
Blaze him wit a 4 (4)  
Cash blow loco I bring the heat to the street  
Cuz ya don't know  
BROOKLYN Military Killin every motherfucker in sight  
get hard  
w-w-w DOT I-Will-Fuck-You-Up DOT com (strap bombs)  
Explode, watch me switch modes  
Grab a clutch pop a gear, now I'm in Flipmode  
Niggaz gash on 99 octane fuel  
You deserve a swift kick in your ass cuz you's a mule  
We keep on duckin from the Firing Squad  
First you thought you was hard now you calling a guard  
Like I'm, oh my Lord...Have Mercy  
Please talk to Little Fame cuz he's fixing to merk me  
I roll through your hood like it's my hood  
And won't have a second thought about if I could  
Nigga (HOME SWEET HOME)  
It ain't nothing sweet down here  
Guns pop for niggas to eat down here  
(BROOKLYN)

[Chorus]2x

Home Sweet Home  
Clack Clack Salute Salute I'm never alone!!  
Brooklyn - Send em back home!  
Brooklyn - Send em back home where you at?

[Lord Have Mercy]

Never bring B (B)  
R (R)  
Double O K (K)  
L Y into it  
Bring size into it  
Sneak 9's into it  
Theives rise into it

Seek crime, blow through it  
See shines, go to it  
Street name  
Tweak game, rob you stupid(stupid)  
Big trucks, dick ones ride exclusive  
You don't know me, and never will  
It's cold streets, don't approach me, we never build  
Nigga, home of the pick pockets  
Four fifth polish, lift wallets  
Notorious like Chris Wallace  
(BROOKLYN!!)  
We dollar cab hop from bad block to bad block  
Coppers crash spots with pad locks get backed up  
Handcuffed, chasing grands in tha Wastelands  
(Niggaaaaa)  
These boys in tha hood, we poison your hood  
Downtown swinging, loud bring noise in your hood  
(C'mon)

[Chorus]2x

[Billy Danze]

Now everybody rise to the occasion  
Duck when I'm aiming (First family!)  
Yeah, it's so amazing  
The hell I be raising, is from the hell I was raised in  
It ain't nann nigga fadin shit  
I come equipped  
I put my life on the line for mine everytime  
Bitch, come and march with these Brooklyn soldiers  
You'll talk wit em, bark when you talk to these crooked  
ass cobras  
Hollered at (Bum Bum)  
Fired at (gun noises)  
Fire back every time with my cousin  
Doin the unthinkable, the unthinkable Danze, still comin  
Gunning, you'll see the hilltops styling me  
I studied Brownsville criminology (Yes!)  
If you know a nigga as well as me  
you better bring a motherfuckin calvary  
Blesssss

[Chorus]2x

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