

Cam'Ron ft. Jim Jones & Juelz Santana, Come Home

[Cam'ron talking]

Aiyo, come on home wit us man Harlem World U.S.A. man

Take a walk wit us on our block man, See how we live, DIP SET!

[Cam'ron]

Yo, yo, Come on home wit me, early '90's it wasn't pearly and shiney

I was so damn grimey

'Cause I ain't have no fresh clothes

Or jewelry wit the X's O's

My house had espestoes

I'm fixin' up a 60 pack, wit a kitty cat

Mice run around the damn sticky trap

Come on home wit me, where my mother found my crack platter

Threw it away so I snapped at her, back slapped her

She picked up a bat, like McGwuier for that matter

Hit me, I was back at her

Come home where I duck the DT's

Line around the corner, but I'm gettin' the free cheese

Come on home wit me, where I stand on my post

Play wit my toast, Been here wit mayonaise and toast

And pepper, many nights I done slept wit a heefer

Any beef came it left on a stretcher KILLA!

Come on home wit me, where they rapidly flossin'

Where I begged Kim to have the abortion

Money, brown bag, extortion

Caution, where there's tragedy often

Relax in a coffin

And the bitch know I'm serious

'Cause I'm never scared ma, unless you miss ya period

So come home wit me

Where the girls wanna come home wit me

They say "Cam if you need dome hit me!"

Love to see the chrome wit me

The car a quarter mil, on the wheels I done blown 50

Dice games blown 50, Jones loan 60

Had crack stones swiftly, Took it home wit me

So come home wit me, where a nigga make star bucks

I'm about to cop a +Starbucks+

I'm the first one wit hard luck

Now I'm at the dealer buying cars...trucks

AWWWWWW SHUCKS!

[Juelz Santana]

Yo come home wit me

To the streets, the slums, the ghettoes

That's come to me

Every night my girl crying "Come home to me"

No! Come home wit me

Where there's so many cops that the block is boiling

The food is spoiled, but that pot wit the rock is boiling

Same pot mommy cook wit, left the oil in

Come home wit me, where these bitches is frauds

Niggas don't listen to broads

They have you sittin' in court wit kids that ain't yours

Come home wit me, where every day the glocks go pop

Where the front door is broke, and them locks don't lock

Come home wit me, dog where the beef is seekin'

Kid's don't trick or treat, they get +tricked+ for +treating+

Come home wit me, where the pistols squeezing

Where niggas twist the cheekin, ripped to pieces are kids get even

Come home wit me, don't leave ya condoms behind

'Cause bitches leave them martians behind

Pray to God that I'm fine

Come on home wit me, come on zone wit me

Come on walk through this cold city

Where these kids need food

Niggas need God, and some bitches need rules
Come on home wit me, where niggas livin' off they last buck
Phonies off, rentings backed up
Come on home wit me, niggas strap up
Hit the streets gats up
Clap up, and get they money back up
Come on home wit me, every block got a crack in it
Every hallway gotta a nigga wit some crack in it
So don't get trapped in it
[Jim Jones]
Come on home wit me, where my parents wit um...
Leave me alone
So early I was free to just rome
Wit 7 keys to the home
11 trees to the dome
13 I ran the streets wit the chrome
Come on home wit me, where the buses don't run
And my dog stay bustin his gun
Think that gettin' caught by justices is fun
Keep a blade up in they gums
This is Harlem, where the fuck is you from?
Uh, come on home wit me every few minutes was a knock on the door
Fiends come coppin' the raw
Clothes, kicks, socks on the floor
Mommy like "Be quiet because I really think them cops at the door!"
There's some locks on the door
Come on home wit me, grandmothers is 30
One gram on that butter is 30
Sold grams wit my cousin birdy
School, cutting it early
Don't stutter motherfuckers you heard me
Come on home wit me, these are the facts
Steve Francis and Latifah got jacked
Mike Tyson punched Mitch Green in the face
Sauce snatched by the feds, weed was the case
And shit he still pleading his case
Come home wit me, hoes say "let's jones wit you"
But I wouldn't take them home wit you
Come home wit me, get stoned wit me
Get zoned wit me, the crome you see
Dip set come home wit me
Uh...Dip Set nigga, Jim Jones, Killa!
Freaky Zeekey, Juelz Santana