

# Group Home, Be Like That

Intro: Agallah

Yeah nigga  
I got the gat on them now  
Pay back (laughing)

Chorus: Lil Dap & Agallah

Why, it got to be like that  
Straight like that, real like that  
Where my Brooklyn niggas at?  
Why, it got to be like that  
Straight like that, real like that  
Where my Queens niggas at?  
Why, it got to be like that  
Straight like that, real like that  
Where my Harlem niggas at?  
Why, it got to be like that  
Straight like that, real like that  
Where my Bronx niggas at?

{Lil Dap}

Why it gotta be like that?  
Niggas, don't act because he flip tracks  
And broads don't know how to act  
Chillin the east, with the Group Home appeal  
Rippin with steel, and you know my niggas are real  
Like straight like that, will burn a hole right through your map  
These Brooklyn cats, I hope we eatin your food black  
We keep it real, with the niggas keep it real with me  
That understand that street knowledge was there only key  
See before rappin, niggas couldn't fuck with me  
It's like these fake brothers stoled Brooklyn streets  
On these streets I give you square, now shit is the same  
Because together we stay, and the Desert Storm is on  
Expect the unexpected, when the juice has been injected  
The many styles we have, have been well protected  
Move within a makin, observe the fakin to mistake it  
My soul is ackin, too much pain i've been takin  
Inside my heart, I've been torned apart  
But we play it smart, and get money in the streets smarts  
Of the streets, cuz my brothers keep it rowdy  
The way they front, and try to act like they bout it

Chorus

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Aiyo, I'm comin up, I'm runnin up like a soldier  
I thought I told you, punks, I controlled ya  
I'm strong like a boulder, ready to fold ya  
I treat you like a new born puppy and scold ya  
I'm older, I'm power full like a dodge  
Now you know what I'm talkin about me and my squad  
I pull your card, I'm underground like the mob  
Punk get on your job, here come the superstars  
The Nutcracker, quick to snappin your back  
I was born in the ghetto so it be like that  
I was born in the ghetto so it be like that  
I was born in the ghetto so it be like that

Chorus

{Blackadon}

I sing a song, to break your arm

The Black is pimpin Brook-lan, who am I the Don  
The pro with precon, frustated like Saddam  
I've been behind the seeds, but now I'm here to chop the bomb  
Look me in my grill, my eyes cold as steel  
I came to kill, I speak upon you like a pill  
For that from Brownsville, rusty bitches on my deal  
Shisty nigga breast filled if I start to fill  
You weakness is a mil, put your body on chill  
I ain't got a deal, going out for the mil  
Cuz skills get more friends then women in the hills  
The more dough you get, then the more head like Bill  
For real

Chorus

{Guru}

You won't be able to understand the power of Allah  
That means God's plan, the hour's facing our man  
The sour feelings, the ways and actions of this man  
Suckas was the crew with the span  
That's like Muhammed & Jesus splittin up without a plan  
That's like Martin & Malcolm praying for a separate outcome  
That's why you can't e-mail me, fuck the fiend dot com  
Supreme alphabet, seekin creaming out the get  
Mad riches to team, by my next mic check  
Plus you this artist sacred like Aztec

Chorus