

Smif-n-wessun, Home Sweet Home

[Tek]

This is the story of a place, that we call home
Where the kids pack heat when it's time to roam
Everybody's on the scramble, life's a gamble
Hoppin on the white horse, tryin to get a handle
On the fast pace that we call the last race
Step wit precaution when you enter this place
We got a spot on every block that makes ya dreams come true
Just come correct wit the snapses or ya doo
Don't come cryin broke, still tryin to cop the dope
What parts of no, do not you understand bro
We can't afford to take shorts or be playing sports
Empires need to be built, mack 10's bought
Or even caught for them deceased ass hustlers
And we still got the pound for ya living muthafuckas
What goes around comes back to the roots
See you at the revolution and Crooklyn, true

[Chorus]

We live in Brooklyn baby
We try to make it baby
We gonna make it baby
We live in Brooklyn baby

[Steele]

Another day, another dollar dead
Pigs rushin the crib to catch a collar now I'm fed
What the face now, me and my people's taste crown
Stayin face down, while K-9's sniffs around
What they found was irrelevant, the weed cuz
They was sent to represent and cause a ruckus amongst us
Now I got more pigs rushin we, handcuffin me
Takin hold of we, in the custody
For blushin in, rasta boy restin in peace
After going through the bullshit, we in release
To hit the streets, where the war still off for all of y'all
Cuz they kept rule locked behind the wall
No time at all, no fake, no jacks
Perhaps when the gat spins, niggas won't even know what happen
I'll be glad when my man come home
Cuz in the zone muthafuckas grab ya chrome

[Chorus: with Tek shoutin out]

[Tek]

The eye three time, as lead transpire
Currency change, change from yours to mine
Greenbacks talk bullshit, floats on water
Pager goin off, call comin from headquarters
I was told if the secret code appears
It means some bwoy want dead, prepare for warfare

[Steele]

Fuck the truth, we bringin the noose for ya loose talk
So think smart, or rest in parts if ya do start
I fucks wit, the poor, so fuck being rich
Word is bond, there's a muthafuckin war goin on
Stand strong, on ya own two, mista
Or come confront the grim ripper
Black hoodie on, black dusty fatigues
Bloody red afro, puffin on the black weed (on three)
He lurks in the shadow, so when you sleep in the battle
That'll be, and tell ya punk lib to tattle

[Tek]

Salute, to each and every hood label truth
Doin what you gotta do to bring in the loot
Huh, the time has come for armageddion
Give nurture to your seeds, and load up ya guns, dunn
Now catchin vibes, that somethin ain't right
Gettin little hits, stomach fillin up tight
Damn, these little nappy head cheap trait bastards
Run around town wit the cronz trynna blast shit
Ain't nuthin sweat like the dark streets of Bedstuy
Creepin population, endin up in C.I.

[Steele]

Take a ride through the Flatbush side
See the dred and he caught for support, hit me off wit the lye
Now slide, through the ville, death row, say hello
To the fam that stick to K.I.M. that's planned
Toward the east, somethin's goin on
So burn the buds, and all my people in Medina stay strong

[Chorus to fade]