

Solomon Childs, Our House

(Chorus: sample)

Our House is a very very very fine house
With two cats in the yard, life used to be so hard
Now that everything is easy cuz of you

(Solomon Childs)

From the crack sales and the cocaine scales
From Mickey D to sales, the block done shifted
Let's realize, we was all born young and gifted
Sippin' wine in the Christerings, after church Sunday dinners (uh-huh)
Lies in the magazines, on how rap music gon' let us live good
Please believe, I'ma always live in the hood (yeah)
How could you point in fault when some of us know nothin' but the hood?
Adapted from the past, Kani they got your pictures on the benefit cars
No more givin' you foodstamps from Nana's cornbeef hash (uh-huh)
To the backyard boogie grass (come on, come on)

(Chorus)

(Lounge Mode)

Eh yo yo we gon' bounce wit it, wit it and come around wit it
Park Hill, Body Brighton, yeah we come in town wit it
Staten Island, Lounge get it, watch how the pound, grip it
Smoke Jones, come with the toast and plus an ounce wit it
Y'all niggas stupid dog, what you not feelin' kid?
Heard you got a grudge with the bee as if I killed ya kid
Goon Squad enter the garden, ya best protect ya wig
And it's Beezy, Beezy, stay easy
My Far Rock cats in the back they stay greezy
And O.T.F. niggas, yeah they still B.B.
Crunch Lo, Molly and Wigz, and Mr. C./me
Ain't nothin' changed, y'all been here for a minute
Win in it, bitch

(Chorus w/ Cappadonna singing along except "me" instead of "you" at the e

(Cappadonna)

Eh yo Our House used to be infested with roaches
See 'em in our cereal, poppin' up out of our toasters
We shared the same clothes, pickin' our dirty nose
Socks smellin' like shit, dirt between our toes
We had it fucked up but that's how we was rose
Stealin' cakes and candy from outta C-Town
Takin' a stankin' ass yellow piss with our seat down
Mamma smoked coke, should could pop a dope
My sister fuckin' bitches, come on Teresa cope
My hood is filled with butchers, crack and dope pushers
S-stash it in they ass or in the front bushes
Life is still hard, fuck a used to be
Suck my fuckin' dick, cuz you ain't used to me
Get in a Benz van like everything is easy
I keep it gully though because my hood need me
And I don't give a shit if y'all don't wanna feed me
I put the nine on you, Goon Squad motherfuckers might grind on you
Fuck a pitbull, I sic a lion on you
Two cats in my yard, that's my Goon Squad
I'm from special ed., call me a retard
Dirt bomb niggas, you know my street card
Straight garbage picker and dog food eater
Dingy dungerees, holes in my new sneakers
Shit in my elevator, shit in my drawers too
If you was hangin' wit me you'd shit in your's too
You'd shit in your's too..

(Chorus w/ Cappadonna singing along except "me" instead of "you" at the e