

Bone Thugs-N-Harmony, Home

(feat. Phil Collins)

[Layzie Bone]

I been stuck in the struggle
And I been wonderin' if I'm ever gon' bubble
I'm gettin' caught up in the touch
Instead of usin' my muscle
And everytime I extend my heart to my mother
Caught up in the game now I'm back up in the hustle
Sometimes I sit and I wonder
If a nigga pull my number
If it wasn't for the Bone Thug fam'
In this world where nobody don't give a damn
But I'm still a man
Got a soul program
I'ma pump my fist
I'm stayin' ready for this
And you can put this on Wish
I never seen the abyss
And when I needed a ride
You wouldn't give me a lift
And now I'm poppin' my cris
You niggas all on my dick
I wanna change the world
You wanna change ya life
I wouldn't a put up a fight
If I knew it was trite
They say everything happin' for a reason
Can you tell me why these niggas bleedin'
Needin' general assistance
Out here needin' public housing
Out here tryna make ends meet
Tryna get on their feet
But see brain so cloudy
And I know what you don't know
You better get on your mission and get down for your dough
See the real niggas ready out here taken control
See I'm screamin' out Mo'
With my pockets on swoll
Please Mr. Postman, quit bringin' these bills to my house
Quit bringin' this stress to my spouse
Casuse I'm ready for the kill on look out, look out
If you niggas try to run up on the Bone
I'ma show you like this I'ma pull out my chrome
I don't wanna have to send a nigga home
Lord please take me home
Come and take me home

[Chorus]

[Phil Collins]

Take, take me home
Cause I dont remmeber
Take, take me home
Cause I dont remember

[Krayzie Bone]

Home,Home,Home,Home,Home,
Home,Home,Home,Home,Home
Please take me home
When I'm lookin' at my money now
Thinkin' back when I was livin' foul
I was runnin' wild, sur-vi-ving
On some nine-to-five

And even puttin' overtime if I had to grind
I was stayin' up, slangin' up, hangin' up on the block
Duckin' dozens of them cops clocked on the night shift
Didn't think I'd ever make it out, out, out of the ghetto
But we finally made it
Still dedicated to the music we made yeah
Now it's on Bone Thug
Leave alone, came back the next year
Number 1 platinum song it blew up from the go
And what do you know (Oh no)
Eazy, rest his soul
Left us in the mess, I don't regret it
But we better get up and get it, go
Everythang's gon' wrong
Since you left Bone ain't nothin' been right
I knew it woulda been on
We woulda been tight
We would of been in the zone ridin' so high
Hopin the game find us light
See we used to love makin' music
We was always in the studio, groovin'
We kept it movin', we was ready to do it (Right)
But you know I'm goin' through it
And ain't feelin this rap thing right now
They got me trippin' ready to flip
They got me trippin' ready to come get my chips
They got me trippin' loadin' the clips
They trippin', Lord I feel like I'm losin' it right
now (Right now, now)

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

I'll never give in
I'll never give up
I'll let 'em live in
They sinnin'
They pretend to be tough (Pretend to be tough)
Pretend to be blessed
They want money and women, it's never enough
They in a rush hope nobody knows just too much
You better be good, you know up in the hood it's so,
we give 'em the dough
Ride out, laughin' up
When niggas died, niggas brought around nasty junk
And to the grave, I been one of the brave
Not one of the slaves
And one in the pain
And I'll be one of the same, stay hatin' the fake
By the television runnin' 'round tellin niggas we better behave
Guard Leathafce and the grin right up under my face
I steady debate the pain that I bring with hate
Sweet as the cake, I take another puff and shake
The smell of right it's all about guarding, guard the weak
Lost mommy, poppy left home
I miss Wish' Uncle Charlie
Sit list in the back tellin' his selction
His date is probably
Probably my mommy, song
Cryin' for the life of you gone
Just me and my destiny let's roll, let's roll

[Chorus]

[Wish]

When I lost my Uncle Charle a part of me went wrong
And it happened when the Bone was comin' up so strong
We just wanted him to see what we do
You motivated us. At the shows we seent you
And I really hope u listen to what we spit on these songs
You might have been through somethin' hopin' nothin' like Bone
Like one said we'll never make it
Like two, thirty mil in they faces
??

Crossed over, back to the hood we souljahs
The music nigga make it back, scandlous
But fate kicked in and award shows and we winnin now
Gotta keep it comin' food in my baby mouth
And things have changed like relationships
Ain't headin nothin' now u wanna flip
Suin' people thangs you would've never made on your own
Now I wanna stay, watch thug niggas leave the hood
Bye, think I'm home
Stick in the hood, mess with scrubs, it'll all be gone
You can really help a busta if it ain't ment to be
Wit a little oohwee, wit a little oohwee
I'm tired of tryin' to help these thugs
Lord. Just guide 'em home, guide 'em home

[Chorus]