

Kool G Rap, Home Sweet Funeral Home

[Chorus]

Home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown
Call in the cider box, 6 blown in your chest and dome
For tryin' ta hold the fort down, but couldn't hold it
Cuz fuckin' wit the Pap'll get your arms folded
So now it's home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown
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[Papoose]

Who bet they best against mine?
I press the west and let the vest protect mine
Led crimes that head the headlines and spoke cake times
I used ta catch shines
Rockin' when I see you next time
Neva but greater threat, I make mine
Soon as I let the infared shine
Everybody know it's hit the deck time
Don't go against mine
I make a whino bleed red wine
Sometimes my own peoples slick talk, try ta test mine
Get outta line, so I give em deadlines
Even disrespectful respect mine
Light weighted but I rep mine
I don't lift weights, but I bench press a tec 9
I'm known for holdin' big shit
The last time I showed the biscuit
I made this dude sweat enough bullets ta load a clip wit
When cops drop warrants and try ta get me bagged up
All they hear on they walkie-talkies is "I need back up!"
Papoose the braid blaster since jakes want me in the cage captured
I roll wit more niggas than slave masters

[Jinx]

Time ta retaliate, these fellas actin' like they holdin' weight
I froze the gate, walkin' across the seas like a Moses maid
Approachin' rappers, me and G Rap be the rapper clappers
Shotter wit tecs, we break y'all down like y'all common factors
Steady heat, that's when the juvy proceed
I'm makin' rappers bleed off this rapilism, my feet
I ain't playin' games, y'all rappers betta code in my name
The juvenile strait from Brooklyn, wit the slugs of the same
So play you're position, stop it, I makes you grab their attention
Like a magnet ta somethin' metal, so y'all blinkin' and flickin'
I'm takin' over for the 9 era, it's now or never
Cuz when I get in the door, bringin' drama cuz my rhymes is betta

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[Kool G Rap]

Euology preached by the minister, the sinister diminished ya
You minature, send crazy baby, fifths is ta finish ya
Bust shots ta limit ya, plush glocks ta hemmorrige ya
What cops got the image of, made em block perimeters
They ended up, back in forth beef I walk the streets, neva be prisoner

My lawyer's a close friend of the senator
You was full of shit, you shoulda took a enema
It mighta not been ten of us, murder is turnin' your street into a cinema
Swingin' gats like pendulums, shit out the nine double, I'm him and em
Max wit hundred gats and I'm the minimum
Sendin' em, but sick of all this, I take a step back
And spit the torris in yo moms and chick won't trist ta hit the floor is
Makin' em clip the forest, it's G scar fold
Turnin' yo body weight ta cargo
While I stretch ya, ya bet ya'll lay fall go
Harps played in the dark like he was harpo
Get ya hit quicker than Carlo, Gambino
Rain on cities like El Nino, live well in Reno
Scoffed for the card he is in Bossolino
Scammin' the profits in casinos
Knock wigs off like therapy wit kimo