

# N.O.R.E., First Day Home

Hook (2x):

I juss came home  
I aint got no loot  
I aint trin' 2 sell drugs  
I aint tryin 2 shoot  
I'm tryin' 2 be a good nigga even wearin a suit  
But the only job I got is 2 make hot soup

Verse 1:

Open day  
Now you release  
Peeps  
Bacc on the streets  
You don't want no peace  
Need a job or sumthin'  
B-4 you start robbin sumthin'  
Tryin 2-b made  
Like you in the mob or sumthin'  
X-tra curricular  
Activities swift  
You can't  
Hit the streets cuz dese niggas a snitch  
See yo foul nigga  
And he on yo ass  
He wanna violate you  
You aint got no cash  
You gotta see him every Tuesday  
B-4 twelve  
But fucc dat you come late and he send you bacc  
Peep dis  
One day you made up some shit  
You told him  
You was late cuz ya moms is sicc  
He said ok next time i send you away  
You bettah piss in this cup  
Get to urinate  
You thought he a homo  
So baliff analyze  
He juss turn around  
And juss pissed out your St. Ines  
Reinact it always gotta take attractive  
Ayo P.O. when I'm gon be inactive  
While I'm on weekly  
Switch that up  
I get a job soon  
You could stitch that up  
I'm gon be a rapper  
A-yo be real famous  
Always on TV  
Neva sayin' lame shit  
Give me some slacc  
A-yo plus the fact  
A-yo I gotta job nigga  
Yo I'm gon rap

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Talk:

What up boo  
Yeah what you mean I ain't callin you collect  
I'm home  
You messin' wit me tonite  
What you mean Trump International  
Nah I was thinkin' more like a walk or sumthin'  
I aint got no paper

Verse 2:  
If you  
Want honey bettah have money  
If you  
Want some ass bettah get some cash  
Its like  
When I came home life went 2 fast  
When I  
Left the streets yo  
I was the man  
Now I'm comin bacc home  
New face new fam  
I gotta beard  
B-4 I aint had no hair  
On my face  
Used 2 diss me  
On the regular  
So what I aint got a haircut  
No new sneakas  
I got old ass Tim's  
goin' bacc to the hood  
Playin ball on the same rims  
Tellin' niggas I rhyme  
Let me shyne  
At block parties  
Yo I left right day  
A-Yo I'm real serious  
Sell drugs all day  
Im gon get on  
1st tracc that I spit on  
I'm gon lace it  
Smuther you and plus taste it  
I get my shit upgraded  
Yours race it  
Now that its on  
My girl rocc  
Louie Baton/ Gucci/ Bently/ Prada/ Escada  
Now that its on  
It's like my chic gotta alota  
Everything she's supposed 2  
She the only one that I'm close 2  
Otha people is snakes  
I got so much beef for these niggaz on Jakes  
Its like some of 'em real most of 'em fake

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Talk:  
Yo yo yo yo, dis a story man  
bout a nigga comin' home man  
he aint tryin to hustle man nahimean

but a nigga was forced 2 do that nahimean  
a nigga still came out on top  
cuz he hustled, he sold his cracc  
but then he startin' sellin rap  
and he's still doin that  
Ya RAT BASTARDZ