

# Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Home Sweet Home

[Kool G. Rap]

Brothers on the corner sellin junk  
got held up by the hotties got the shotties in the trunk  
You got the hardrocks wavin glocks at the punks  
Police only harass you when they wanna get a chunk  
They got so many corners and they got so many spots  
And I can't even bump up the block  
without the, "Yo man, what you got?"  
I'm walkin past somebody lookin strange  
He's lookin for a hit for veins  
or he'll blow out somebody's brains  
Even the shorties livin naughty lives  
Walkin around, even drive around, with big forty-fives  
I just found out the candy store's a front  
They walk in the candy store  
Man G, candy's far from what they want  
You might see a pickle or a popsicle  
But if you step to the back, you get dimes, twenties, and nickels  
Honey used to look like a winner  
Now she can't even get took to dinner  
cause so many dealers ran up in her  
Somebody's blood is on the tar  
Last night was a homicide from a fight inside the bar  
Loudmouth tryin to show her ass, but somebody  
broke a whiskey bottle and cut her butt up with the glass  
Money got robbed for his bank  
They broke in his house and took everything  
except the kitchen sink  
Little man murdered on the scene  
He tried to come off at the liquor store, he's only 17  
Granny's damn near pushin 80  
A couple of hoods grabbed her pocketbook, and stabbed up the lady  
Cover your head, cause it's a dead zone, in the red zone  
Yeah, this is my home sweet home

Three card molly, another man to fool  
Whites will stop at the red lights, to look at us like animals  
I'm gettin frisked by the cops  
They only tryin to get props, for blowin off a black man's top  
Up in apartment 3G, this sweetie named DiDi wants to see me  
but yo I heard she's givin VD  
Just when you think the skies are gettin blue  
Bang bang -- another brother's split in two  
Can't sleep, cause the streets are filled with danger  
Miss, your little daughter's a swinger, you can't change her  
She left with a stranger, inside a drug dealer's party  
Now off to the morgue, to go indentify her body  
Sonny boy is goin on the strip  
Robbin niggaz cracks, with a mac, without a clip  
Somebody gave a tip, so the next time he flipped  
and shorty got ragged, another bodybag is zipped  
A baby is born and needs lovin  
but instead, the mother smothered him and shoved him in a oven  
Cops killin our kids, but they bill us  
So what's more worse, the killer cops or the Cop Killers  
Everyday's another risk  
I'm even mad to go to my pad, the hallways always smell like piss  
No heat, just pots of hot water  
I'm walkin eight flights up, the elevator's out of order  
Man that landlord is the lowest  
Because I let my door slam and saw a damn eviction notice  
I felt like breakin all his bones, pssssh  
I'm gettin kicked out of my home sweet home

\*door shuts\*