

# Home Sweet Home

Lloyd Banks

Yeah! Twenty miles an hour in my long Bentley  
Shame on you hater this what the Lord sent me  
Shit lately I've been practicin my gas face  
'Cause that's what I'm a give 'em when they land in last place  
Hand right by the hammer ain't too many niggas seein us  
So they wanna take my gifts, 'til I wrap 'em with the fifth  
My regular scent is piff, currency and Cashmere  
You done drove your bitch away I told her she can crash here  
Yeah, I'm countin paper like the cashier  
Livin like I'm limited breathin like it's my last air  
My boy in and out the box super stupid soldier  
Told me if he can do it again he'd do it over  
Poverty's King Cobra, squeeze ya life out  
'Cause it's the fatalities and casualties I should write 'bout  
Come on these rappers ain't iced out, they just foolin niggas  
Runnin 'round town fakers zirconian cubic niggas

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain  
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same  
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained  
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted  
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it  
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from  
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home

You motherfuckers can rap 'til you blue in the face  
You'll probably turn into Smurfs with the time that you waste  
Throughout history they've thrown shots at the greats  
But I shoot back, the Lord ain't design me for hate  
I've never understood Martin Luther with his speech  
With the whole world watchin me turn the other cheek?  
Never! So there's one left to die in the streets  
cause his long arms happen to connect with his reach  
Tried to kill you then, them near misses was God's kisses  
"True Hollywood Story," ghetto Todd Bridges  
(Diff'rent Strokes), that nigga broke, this nigga rich  
You only read about the cars that I paddle shift  
You only dream about the hoes that I dabble with  
Balcony views like a postcard, imagine this  
White stones, black steel, cold chrome  
The city's my doormat, bitch I'm home sweet home

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain  
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same  
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained  
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted  
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it  
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from  
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home

Uh! Nigga see me when you see me shit I'm always seen  
Off to Queens, magazines, pissy hallway scenes  
Payin crowds, hunger screams, pressure crumbles teams  
Fuck bein humble in the jungle where they fumble dreams  
Drugs for the livin Henny pavement for the body

Crosses for the power ghetto bitches for the smiley  
Pitbull, I bit my way out the cage, what's happenin?  
Competition got me on the Rampage, Jackson  
Part of my reaction to they corny ass raps  
Keep flirtin with death and get your horny ass clapped  
Back for more me, rat tat, kiss the ring, beat respect out 'em  
Bloody heads turn Timberland's to red bottoms  
Fifty bottles just a start now that's how you do it  
Carbon fiber through the spider playin rider music  
Ain't no question of my resume I gotta prove it  
Life's a bitch and I get blow jobs recliner to it

UH! Only money matters in the game fuck the fame  
I gotta eat dollar signs feed my hunger pain  
Music like Heroin, leave you numb the same  
Play me like I'm somethin sweet, be apart of summer slained  
Most hate it most doubt it, that's what they shouted  
I'm on top now, there's nothin they can do about it  
Y'all better have y'all guns, 'cause walkin where I'm from  
Ain't no way around it, home sweet home