Homesick

Jay Critch

No coincidence, they show you love
Soon as you go get the digits
The money, the power respect, war, or the above
Boy, if you earn it, you get it
Ride in the foreign and I put the gloves in the glove
A-T-S, I gotta get busy, fourteen lines out the bank
It was all red, hold up, this shit gettin' trippy
Hold up, shit gettin' sticky, might shoulda spent
And spend it, get til you dizzy
Hold up, shit gettin' trippy
She took a shroom, she said she havin' a vision
A bad bitch, she high class, she has a ditty
I tell her, take out her titties
Nobody know I smash we kept it low
Gotta be smooth with the business

The first night, she ain't wanna fuck
She spent the night then let me play with the kitty, the next time it was on sight
Now every time that she get with me, it's litty
I been in L.A. for a month, I get home sick I gotta get back to the city
I gotta get back to the towns I put up a lizzy
Wake up when I touch down I'm stayin' around it
You know I'm keepin' it with me
Shit go pfft like skilly, them people around you both gonna say that they with you but tell me who would you really
I seen them start movin' iffy, when it got real can't even show no pity
I had to go put on my cleats in the field, go out and pick a position
I put the hood on my bag, ran up a bag, I coulda told my Achilles
Got the game forever, her ghillie, I done trapped in the rain for some pennies
Got a bad little thang out of philly
Got a bad little thing in the h-town
I been ballin' so long, it's the eighth down
Double cup, I done pulled me an eight down
I told them to speak up, tell me what they gon' say now
I swear they all talk like what's happenin' now
And I get geeked up, need a cap and a gown
She a freak, told me smack it around
He a threat, then we smackin' him down
Double cup, got me smacked in the cloud
I thought they was real, they actin' like clown
Girl, I'm off a pill, don't talk to me now
I got out my groove like I'm on stempow

No coincidence, they show you love
Soon as you go, get the digits
The money, the power, respect, world order above
Boy, if you earn it, you get it
Ride in the foreign and I put the gloves in the glove
In case I gotta get busy, 14 lines out the paint
It was all red, hold up, this shit gettin' trippy
Hold up, shit gettin' sticky
Mind you to spin and spin it, get till you dizzy
Hold up, shit gettin' trippy
She took a shroom, she said she havin' a vision
A bad bitch, she high class, she has a ditty

I tell her, take out her titties
Nobody know I smash we kept it low, gotta be smooth with the business
We kept it low, gotta be smooth with the business

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