

Good To Be Home

KOTA The Friend

I've seen a lot of people get rocked
I've seen a lot of people get robbed
I've seen a lot of kids get stopped
Frisk 'em where they stand
Silver cuffs leaning on their hands while the whole hood watch
Young G's pull up in a mad Benz
Buildings used to burn to the ground way back when
Every other weekend, I know that I'm home when I see Ben
Holla at shorty real life, fuck a DM
Grabbed a lot of ass on this platform
I grew up hella fast on this platform
I told her that I love on this platform
Like, damn, I'm tryna fuck her on this platform
Chill buzzin', I write this so I can feel something
Jaded from the past
I'm still running' its still coming
I'm unpacking the real luggage
I'm me, and they still love it
My arteries still pumping

I do it for the hell of it
For my niggas on the G train
Every nigga is a star
Every nigga is a star
For my homies in the Fort
Good view from the window
My city light up in the dark
My city light up in the dark

Myrtle Ave., eating Chinese but we ain't have much
Girls passing by, they come inside and bag us
Reggie smelling something severe, we on our last blunt
'Bout to take it up to the roof, the shorties match up
Peep the fast one, took her back to the crib
My niggas wanted the head and she was happy to give
She naked all on the bed, there's ten of us in the crib
The homies is high as fuck, shorty know what it is
"Yada-ya-ah-ah-ahh" the other shit we can skip
She lookup at my homie like nigga look what I did
Then ask him if this mean they're together, he turn quick
Like, "Shorty, you must be joking, I thought you just wanted dick"
I was like, "Oh", took a shot of Henny and slid
Conscious fucking with me cause she is somebody's kid
I went to see my girl and gave her the biggest hug
Back of my mind, "Niggas ain't doing that shit again"

For the hell of it
For my homies on the G train
Every nigga is a star
Every sister is a star
For my homies in the Fort
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Yeah
We ain't even leave the crib on a summer day

Bros mom always cook good, fuck a hunger pain
Knife, fork, then we hit the block get that white paper
Sour in the bag bright green like a light saber
Run the street, park benches and tall fences
We're all pensive but ganja is dulling our senses
And even as youngins we had a vision of independence
And stacking up riches
'Cause we were living below means
Passing the dope fiends
Soaking up the game from the dealers and OGs
I got a whole wife and she loyal as fuck
It's like I got a good home but I sleep in the slums
A young nigga doing dumb shit
Pick up a bummie, soda and Sun Chips
Lost a couple homies to drugs
And so I do it for them
And shit I do it for us
'Cause we the same, no difference
If you back home, listen

I do it for the hell of it
I do for the G train
Every nigga is a star
Every nigga is a star
For my homies out in Fort Greene
Good view from the window
My city light up in the dark
My city light up in the dark