

We all got to have, a place where we come from  
This place that we come from is called home  
We set out on our travels, we do the best we can  
We travel this big earth as we roam  
We all got to have, a place where we come from  
This place that we come from is called home  
And even though we may love, this place on the map  
Said it ain't where ya from, it's where ya at  
[verse one]

I come up in the street around some real wild brothers  
With more than one name and more than one baby mother  
More than one chase, been on more than one run  
Got more than one enemy and more than one gun  
[Speaks foreign language]  
While these cats that's less privileged is just more raw  
Less space cause the projects laced with more flaws  
Less sleep cause the nights ain't peace, it's more war  
The can is raw like thirsty, rainy season thunder claps  
On the block with your old pop pleading number act  
To the spot with the red top fiends is huddled at  
To the crib where the little kids spend their summers trapped  
With the jungle cats, lions and tigers, leopards and cheetahs  
For gazelle you get chased like a zebra, they blaze cheeba-cheeba  
And dominate the weaker on the street  
Hungry bellies only love what they eat and it's hard to compete  
When they smile with your heart in they teeth  
And the odds is stacked high beyond and beneath  
Son i been plenty places in my life and time  
And regardless where home is, son home is mine  
[chorus]

Some people live out in-New York City  
Some people live out in-Atlanta  
Some people got to live-Chicago  
Some people do live-Miami  
All my people at-California  
And other people got to live-London  
And everybody got to live in the whole big world  
Together just you and me  
[verse two]

When i think of home, my remembrance of my beginning  
Laundromat helping ma dukes fold the bed linen  
Chillin in front my building with my brother and them  
Spending nights in Bushwick with my cousins and them  
Wise town and Beat Street, federal relief  
Slowly melting in the morning grits we used to eat  
Sticking to your teeth and teeth is hard to keep  
With every flavor Now & Later only a dime apiece  
Old timers on the bench playing cards and thangs  
Telling tales about they used to be involved in things  
Start to drinking, talking loud, cussing up and showing out  
On the phone, call the cops, pick'em up, move'em out  
And it's all too common to start wildin  
I'm a pirate on an island seeking treasure known as silence  
And it's hard to find  
Block parties in dark lobbies  
Funeral homes packed but only dark bodies  
I can't sleep hardly, stirred up like Bob Marley

Marley Marl played the symphony, remember we recall  
Son i been to many places in my space and time  
and whatever my home is, son home is mine.  
[chorus]