

# First Day Home

N.O.R.E.

I juss came home  
I ain't got no loot  
I ain't tryin' to sell drugs  
I ain't tryin' to shoot  
I'm tryin' to be a good nigga even wearin' a suit  
But the only job I got is to make hot soup

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Open day, now you release  
Peeps back on the streets  
You don't want no peace  
Need a job or sumthin'  
Before you start robbin' sumthin'  
Tryin' to be made  
Like you in the mob or sumthin'

X-tra curricular activities swift  
You can't hit the streets  
'Cuz dese niggas a snitch  
See yo foul nigga  
And he on yo ass  
He wanna violate you  
You ain't got no cash

You gotta see him every Tuesday  
Before twelve  
But fuck dat you come late  
And he send you back  
Peep dis  
One day you made up some shit

You told him  
You was late 'cuz ya moms is sick  
He said okay next time I send you away  
You bettah piss in this cup  
Get to urinate

You thought he a homo  
So baliff analyze  
He juss turn around  
And juss pissed out your St. Ines  
Reinact it always gotta take attractive  
Ayo P.O. when I'm gon be inactive

While I'm on weekly  
Switch that up  
I get a job soon  
You could stitch that up  
I'm gon be a rapper  
A-yo be real famous

Always on TV  
Neva sayin' lame shit  
Give me some slacc  
A-yo plus the fact  
A-yo I gotta job nigga  
Yo I'm gon rap

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What up boo  
Yeah, what you mean  
I ain't callin' you, collect I'm home  
You messin' wit me tonite  
What you mean Trump International  
Nah, I was thinkin' more like a walk or sumthin'  
I ain't got no paper

If you want honey, bettah have money  
If you want some ass bettah get some cash  
It's like when I came home life went too fast  
When I left the streets, yo  
I was the man

Now I'm comin' bacc home  
New face, new fam  
I gotta beard  
Before I ain't had no hair  
On my face  
Used to diss me  
On the regular

So what I ain't got a haircut  
No new sneakas  
I got old ass Tim's  
Goin' bacc to the hood  
Playin' ball on the same rims  
Tellin' niggas I rhyme  
Let me shyne

At block parties  
Yo, I left right day  
A-yo I'm real serious  
Sell drugs all day  
I'm gon get on  
1st tracc that I spit on

I'm gon lace it  
Smuther you and plus taste it  
I get my shit upgraded  
Yours race it  
Now that it's on

My girl rocc

Louie Baton, Gucci  
Bently, Prada, Escada  
Now that it's on  
It's like my chic gotta alota  
Everything she's supposed to

She the only one that I'm close to  
Otha people is snakes  
I got so much beef for these niggaz on Jakes  
Its like some of 'em real most of 'em fake

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Yo yo, yo yo, dis a story man  
'Bout a nigga comin' home man  
He ain't tryin' to hustle man, nahimean  
But a nigga was forced to do that, nahimean  
A nigga still came out on top  
'Cuz he hustled, he sold his cracc  
But then he startin' sellin' rap  
And he's still doin' that  
Ya, rat bastardz