

## Home

Phora

I got two dollars in my pocket for the bus ride home, for the bus ride home, for the bus ride home. I guess I'm on my own, yeah. I hope I make it home safe. I hope I make it home safe. I hope I make it home safe.

My friends are enemies in disguise, y'all gonna switch up, it's just a matter of time. Seems like the life I used to live is just passing me by. I wanna know some answers Lord, I'm just asking you why. Why you gotta take the lives of innocent kids and watch their families suffer? There's people under the bridge asleep without eatin' supper. Plus it's gettin' crazy round where I stay. Nowadays it ain't safe cause these niggas don't play. Two kids from the east side had a high speed chase with the cops. Right off of Malverne is where they got caught. Runnin' from murder, they ain't stoppin' so they let off some shots. One of them dead at the fatal cost of reppin' the block. The other one locked away for good for taking a life. Everything has a cost and you'll be paying the price. When you put numbers on a nigga's head it ain't gon' be worth it. Karma comes back like a receipt after you makin' that purchase.

Waitin' for the bus, hope I get home without gettin' jacked. Past tense, the gangstas are rollin' round with a strap. Look, and I just pray to God that they leave me alone, cause all I got is two dollars, I'm just tryin' to get home. Cause it happened to my boy and they said empty your pockets. Took his phone, gun to his head, started checkin' his wallet, padded him down, took everything he had in his jeans. I'm glad he's alive, I just hope it doesn't happen to me. You don't know whether or not they're gonna pull on that trigger just to prove to his niggas from the hood that he's with it. Takin' another person's life just so he can earn some stripes. Jackin' old ladies now, it makes me toss and turn at night. It ain't right if you think jackin' fools is cool. I'ma let you know now, it's gonna catch up to you soon. Pullin' straps on people thinkin' everything's fine, til you get caught and you cry to the judge givin' you time. And I'm just speakin' my mind and I don't care if you disagree. I'm just sick of seein' kids get jacked and killed in my city, G.

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