

I'm Home

The Game

Nigga, I'm from Compton
I don't need no mothafuckin' pass, no stamp, no nothin'
I don't need a passport to come through the mothafuckin' 'hood, nigga
I got a gun and a Bentley, what

Yeah, throw on my Levi's, throw on my hoodie
Tie up my Jordan's I'm ready for whatever
Hit the block like Bush, but I ain't no Saint
I'm just a 'hood nigga who taught himself how to paint
Pictures mothafucka
I'll show you how I went from rags to riches mothafucka
Welcome to the block life, niggas on the block like
The boy Hov can't tell me shit about the Roc life
I started with powder, turned into hard rock
Call it a cafe when the fiends here all block
We was just hustlin', listenin' to Scarface
Throwin' back tall cans, lookin' out for marked vans
I used to do it for my mother
Change the diapers on my sisters, clean the Pumas for my brothers, mothafuck
a
If that's not 'hood, send a shot to my dome
Wipe the wheels on the Bentley, nigga and tell the 'hood I'm comin' home

I'm home, you know what it is
Ready for the biz and I gotta do it big
I'm home, how many times are you alive if you ran these streets
So many times the streets kept calling me

I used to hit the block like a bat out of hell
With a blunt in my mouth and a pocket full of shells
Somebody shot my older brother, give a fuck about a jail
Give a fuck who outside, I don't care who tell
It was like that when we was just boys in the 'hood
Nigger, fuck what you saw on Boyz N the Hood
This is real, feel my pain, feel my gun, grab it
And when we pull up on this corner, let 'em have it
You wanna know how it feel to kill
Then grab my steal and peel at will
Put the ski mask on, hop in the backseat
Show 'em how to turn the block into a trackmeet
Your honor I'm guilty, I'm a felon and I pack heat
Fiends know my name cause Game let the crack speak
If that's not 'hood send a shot to my dome
Wipe the Lamborghini down, nigga and tell the 'hood I'm coming home

What you think mo' fucka?
I'll let seventeen go before you blink mo' fucka
I'm a poetry racist
You know it's me instantly just off a couple of phrases
I'm seventeen years and pussy just stopped a bullet
Pull these out of the wooly mammoth hoodie
I'm headed to the house, the land of ram
Runnin' in niggas spots, drop your hands and the grams
Drop everything you got from your pockets to your hands
When I was young we hit licks out of Astro vans
When I was young the Fox Hillmar was alit

Lick with Aquafina flow, Euprovina for pits
Pup, a child to a hog, a cat to a dog
I'm a lion to these frogs, who's supplyin' raw
I'm feeling like Martin Luther King, it seems
And everything I visualized was just a dream
I'm headed home nigga