

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

06/05/2026

Home Sweet Funeral Home [feat. Papoose & Jinx]

Par Kool G Rap

Album : Roots of Evil

Home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown

Call in the cider box, 6 blown in your chest and dome

For tryin' ta hold the fort down, but couldn't hold it

Cuz fuckin' wit the Pap'll get your arms folded

So now it's home sweet funeral home, nigga that's where you're shown

Call in the cider box, 6 blown in your chest and dome

For tryin' ta hold the fort down, but couldn't hold it

Cuz fuckin' wit this click'll get your arms folded

Who bet they best against mine?

I press the west and let the vest protect mine

Led crimes that head the headlines and spoke cake times

I used ta catch shines

Rockin' when I see you next time

Neva but greater threat, I make mine

Soon as I let the infared shine

Everybody know it's hit the deck time

Don't go against mine

I make a whino bleed red wine

Sometimes my own peoples slick talk, try ta test mine

Get outta line, so I give em deadlines

Even disrespectful respect mine

Light weighted but I rep mine

I don't lift weights, but I bench press a tec 9

I'm known for holdin' big shit

The last time I showed the biscuit

I made this dude sweat enough bullets ta load a clip wit

When cops drop warrants and try ta get me bagged up

All they hear on they walkie-talkies is "I need back up!"

Papoose the braid blaster since jakes want me in the cage captured

I roll wit more niggas than slave masters

Time ta retaliate, these fellas actin' like they holdin' weight
I froze the gate, walkin' across the seas like a Moses made
Approachin' rappers, me and G Rap be the rapper clappers
Shotter wit teecs, we break y'all down like y'all common factors
Steady heat, that's when the juvy proceed
I'm makin' rappers bleed off this rapilism, my feet
I ain't playin' games, y'all rappers betta code in my name
The juvenile strait from Brooklyn, wit the slugs of the same
So play you're position, stop it, I makes you grab their attention
Like a magnet ta somethin' metal, so y'all blinkin' and flickin'
I'm takin' over for the 9 era, it's now or never
Cuz when I get in the door, bringin' drama cuz my rhymes is betta

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Euology preached by the minister, the sinister diminished ya

You minature, send crazy baby, fifths is ta finish ya

Bust shots ta limit ya, plush Glocks ta hemmorrige ya

What cops got the image of, made em block perimeters

They ended up, back in forth beef I walk the streets, neva be prisoner

My lawyer's a close friend of the senator

You was full of shit, you shoulda took a enema

It mighta not been ten of us,

murderers turnin' your street into a cinema

Swingin' gats like pendulums, shit out the nine double, I'm him and em

Max wit hundred gats and I'm the minimum

Sendin' em, but sick of all this, I take a step back

And spit the torris in yo moms and

chick won't trist ta hit the floor is

Makin' em clip the forest, it's G scar fold

Turnin' yo body weight ta cargo

While I stretch ya, ya bet ya'll lay fall go

Harps played in the dark like he was harpo

Get ya hit quicker than Carlo, Gambino

Rain on cities like El Nino, live well in Reno

Scarf with the cartiers and Bossolino

Scammin' the profits in casinos

Knock wigs off like therapy wit chemo