

Wisemen f/ Altaire, Gooch

"Welcome Home"

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[Intro: Bronze Nazareth]

This is Nazareth Production, kid
Pussy ass niggas, man, respect it, man
Faggot ass groups and shit
All in the fucking Source and shit..
Yeah... niggas in third degree, first degree
Second and fifth.. fourth.. whatever
Yeah... I need like 50 grand atleast, give me that
Poking these muthafuckas in the heart, man
Yeah... it's like that, open up the door and come on in
and listen
Alright, welcome home, it's where it's supposed to be
at right here
What you seeing man?

[Bronze Nazareth]

My mathematical science is, see alliance
Off the highest bridge, iodine, triple beam balances
To spin my mind in Riker's mode, I might just strike a
note
If you listen to my third degree cutthroat
Murder spree, fourth degree, robbery
Homicide, whoever bother, try, the odd piercing
Ear spearing diabolical, out of control
Franchise tag particle....
And fuck your article, you wack ass niggas
The shift is overflowing like Mecca's holy rivers
And they, spoon in sewers, Stanley in to it
But I'm here to clean it up, like Christopher Hewitt
Flow harder than, brewing in Detroit jail
But that won't break a spirit like a weak windshield
Illa Dayz seen iller days, wheels peeling in a maze
Sometimes it rains from my brains, hard to maintain
And my city murder rate, top three
So what the fuck you think I'mma do to an MC?
Wherever I go, I got what I need
Criminal Minded, BDP style, plotting the scheme
But able to look clean like chops from a guillotine
Listenine piss stream, when Oprah make me lean...

"I said welcome on home..."

[Kevlaar 7]

Speech is silver, you know silence is golden
And speaks until I know exactly what a nigga's holding
Smoldering ghetto's, to the burning bush, kush is our
home
Burning metals of L, we run from our cells
Phillie wild out, rebels welcome to hell
Inhale gunsmoke, choke on the smell of death potential
Check my credentials, Salute quadruple
Freedom lyrics blow your roof off, knock the booth off
The foundation, a mind marathon, thoughts pacing
My paradox crawl without Kurt Cobain'ing
Educated in a tan, Illa Dayz been through the rain
It might take a cane, but we a totem pole

[Phillie]

Gang went crazy, from 300 bars
Going off on these so called rap stars, it's smart
Cuz most of them ain't gangsta, live from the start
No heart, just nerves, no burners, just words
So kick 'em to the curb, cuz them snitches for the birds
They never seen shit, only what a nigga heard
If you fit the description, killas under false pretense
Judgement day cometh, only problem is sequence
Hood politics kept me from coming up
Knew I'd be next in line, yeah, something's up
Tricks signed, fuck is up, couldn't be more proud of
'em
But now I'm trynna win, and won't just settle for runner-
up
We was together in the rain, with our burners tucked
Drop dimes in the studio, with me, Champ and Bubz
That's that, but the list goes on
Wonder if Reedy still be there, if we did more songs
Juice was irreplaceable, he hit so strong
Can't wait to see you on that other side, it's been so
long
I lost a piece of me, when they closed the casket
Had he been, cremated, I'd still be smoking his ashes

[Altaire]

You ain't never seen another muthafucka like me
A military MC, full frontal assault
Trained to pop pennies off of a flee's bag, so ease
back
And breeze, 'fore I squeeze where your teeth is at
I'm a militant illegitimate devil from the settlement
Grissle in my teeth, you see the flesh in my nails
All I do is eat niggas, I'm an organic war planet
Kind of like, omicron pours, leave ya jaws slanted

The anarchist, atlantian terrorist
Bringing down the system with biological elements
Detroit trained with a b-boy's brain
With a 3/4 cane that'll, beat your frame
Spit death, my flesh rot, it fall from my skin
I gotta eat another soul, before it's back to the coffin

[Gooch]

This here's dope like a pound or a key
So incredible, even my shadow couldn't beat me
Got you trapped like penitentiaries, no escape from inmates
Shackled from head to toe, Alcatraz, the laser gates
In this mind state, I create, fact, not fiction
Bleek on my dog's vision, scope out my competition
For this Cash like Johnny, mind troopers might but have me
Record shit to the two g's, just hid this where you found me
Smoking these green leaves, writing these rhymes for platinum LP
Wishing to fade these, I'm outcasting wannabees
Five hundred degrees, I'm hot as fuck, you getting stuck
Approaching the scene, burn that ass like gasoline
Come to like that, it's verbal comeback, I lay you flat on your back
Fuck your dirty rap, watch my papers stack

[Outro: Salute]

Like Saddam straight war expect I'm harder to kill
Yes sir... told ya'll niggas
Salute the Kid... heh...

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