

## Home Grown

### "Catch a Blast"

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Chorusx4

Step into this mass  
And you gon' catch a blast

(T-Rock)

We keep contact with coffin concealers  
Heavy narcotic dealers  
Who confiscated spirits  
Leaving carcasses as memorabilia  
That's when I clutch your remainders of cash  
After receiving the papers of passion  
Insanity  
Guess that's my simple out-thinking it  
Caught no remorse that I felt in the past  
Leaving concealed niggas  
Face Guard  
Entrapped a man and the case was  
Delivering eternal residences  
In lyrical graveyards  
Niggas playhard  
I'm equipped with a safe-guard  
And admit that the danger  
Not a regret  
A resistant in domining legion  
That's thought to deliver those souls  
Which tried to presented you  
Triple pain  
For your resistful blaims  
Now you a shrivled blade  
Stuck in the dungeons of the abysal plains  
Lyrical clips so aim  
Producing blood-red tonics  
Exorcising demonik  
My click is siccer-than Islamic  
With poetry  
Possess game  
I educate sicness  
I meditate victory  
And how my fame will escalate swiftly  
If correct moves  
Were made with valid timing

Every individual with traits of poverty  
Would believe that's my dollars climbing...

Chorusx4

(M-Child)

Mackin' Child is who I be  
Never be facing this rector  
Controlling the inside our minds  
Reaching my point in my destiny  
Where it is said  
If I went through my bloodlines  
So come with me I come with you  
Are you coming into my place  
Ain't no time for fucking around  
I'm bound to stomp a hole in your face  
Playa-hater  
Some dummies went into my kitchen  
And rolled up a blunt  
I catch him  
Now come take a puff of this shit  
You could really blaze it like the sun  
My nigga pizz-off  
He did not believe I could be part of the  
Six's  
When I caught the green leprehcan  
You better believe that was 1 of my wishes  
If you niggas don't know you ain't heard  
I'm more than that nigga that is ready for  
Combat  
I'd watch my step if I were you  
When I'm coming there's no time to react  
Better have your whole masterplan set  
And I bet it won't work  
Cause I already figured you  
Loading up the shit  
Slip a mask on my face  
Nine in my pocket to do what I came to do  
We ridin' the streets  
With your punk-ass in the backseat  
The system is booming so niggas  
Cannot hear your ass get put to sleep  
When you niggas be thinking  
That I am your friend  
And you think you can bite our style  
Chop goes your body half into the myst  
When you fuckin' with Murderer Child...

(Murderer Child repeats and fades)

