

Lecrae

"Welcome To H-Town"

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Welcome to H- Town, yeah
Welcome to H-Town, Whoa
They say them boy's ridin' clean
But what I became, what does it really mean
Cup full of lean, got a sweet for the green
Wake up, boy this ain't a dream
Welcome to H-Town, yeah
Welcome to H-Town, Whoa
I'm praying for H-Town
Yeah, yeah
Welcome to H-Town, Whoa yeah

Roaming round the earth, thinking about my city
Yeah the place of my birth, every time I hear that name
I feel His pain in my shirt, right next to my heart
Like a flame and it hurts, ignored it at first, but
Now I think it's something I must address
The right spot to get this thing off of my chest
The caged bird won't be able to sing until it rests
If you just give me a chance to explain, I'll do my best
Explain you why I left, He orders my steps
To expound any further will be a waste of breath
The story's a little more than it seems it has some
depth
It's like I haven't waken up from a dream quiet as kept

Never the less baby I love H-Town
Pray for my city where my knees hit the ground
I pray you find the Savior like I did H-Town
Cause when you come through, then it's going down

Oh I was born in H-Town, starched down way back
When them slabs in the city beat the Screw up in the
back
Poking out, keep them spinners, eating Frenchies
chicken dinner
Family came from 3rd Ward Scott Street on up to Ennis
Hanging out on Sunnyside with my cousin Corey
They was on that purple Sprite, I was feeling sipping
40s
Can you still pimpin' stories as I'm passing by Yates

Stop and wonder if I'll ever have 'stakes
I told my cousin D at TSU "I smoke trees,
I think the Lord is calling me, both of us are agree"
And, man, I love the city of my birth, that's why I plea
That God will change the H, same way He's changing
me!

Cause all I cared about was riding clean
A pocket full of green, and find a bad yella
I can put up on my team
My bro is riding dirty, know your soul ain't clean
Aye gon' let the Lord intervene!

Welcome to H-Town, yeah, yeah
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Fresh up on the scene
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Wake up, boy this ain't a dream
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Welcome to H-Town, Whoa yeah
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I had a dream on the plane that I was sitting in the
slabs
Seat back, face up, chunkin deuce and givin dap
Talking to my patnas 'bout these plans that I have
When I told them "Oklahoma" mayne them boys just
laughed, like
"Where there at, folk? " "man, stop the joking" "yeah,
you, but you ain't get dope"
It's like they couldn't understand me having that hope
trying to serve God.
They want me serve the things with that dope, but yall
boy we flat broke
Pass the kill. And as I got higher, that's when I started
to feel "dog, we're smoking kill"
I backed away from the killa, He picked up my life and
my vision got clearer
Destiny is screamin it's fate, but I hear her, things are
bad right now
But the man in the mirror is trying to make a change,
rearrange some things
H-Town, I still love you, hold up, mayne

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Welcome to H-Town, welcome to H-Town
Oh, oh ooo yeah

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