

Lil Wayne

"Black Trek IV - The Voyage Home"

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Intro/Chorus:

Ninety-two! The rebel comes back
I wanna go home, so won't you please go home
I wanna go home, so won't you go home
I wanna go home, so won't you please go home
I wanna go home, so nigga go home

Verse One:

Yo, it's burning in Paris, Demaris, the madness, I've
had this
The sadness, even Gladys, lost her Pips
It means it's time to make a trip to Johannesburg
I don't care -- what the word is about
Cause my history has to spout
From all over the land while I eat some trout
Cause America, my motherland ain't hearing ya
If I can catch her, Thatcher damn I'll use my Derringer
Political polls calls for death tolls, bullet holes
Wolves in the fold
The sum can't be greater than the whole
But many have died -- died while they cried
Pearl Harbord ninety-two, that's the idea
I mean Port Natal it's right there
The revolution won't be televised this time

The schematics draw from the mind
Besides physical we need mental fighters
For the destruction of the vipers
The coffee without the sugar and the cream is too
strong
And we're back where we belong

Chorus

Verse Two:

The winners, legends or beginners
Get on the scene and then they turn into sinners
Yes they say they're a born again christian

read a bible but they're really on a mission
That's hostile so sing your gospel
Check the region of the first man fossil
Plain truth embedded in hieroglyphics
The specifics of american civics get real sticky
Rap has put it back on track
With hard core conscious rap
But magazine fiends aim for the gut
What should I do? Keep my mouth shut?
Hell no! The editor scandal predator
Hip-Hop predator racist pig etcetera
Political henchmen why you never mention
Is it because you're trying to save your pension?
A lot of power and strength locked away in prison
Yeah yellow journalism cause we delete love
And push the word in our songs
And we're back where we belong

Chorus

Verse Three:

We need some kind of power, some kind of skill
Keep one FB-I/eye open cause you know they wanna kill
us
Cause we're dangerous to their plan
We rule the whole damn land
Basketball, baseball, music, TV, movies, even art
But they're smart
Somehow makes us fight among ourselves
Place pictures of our prophets upon their shelves
They kill this, kill that one, paid us to kill him
Such a bright future now looks dim
But the empire will strike back with much more than a
rap
How're you gonna react
I once said burn the blueprints on the counterattack to
redeem
Causer racial peace is our dream
But it's a dream we have that won't come true
We've been talking peace for a few
Black is not, it never left
I don't need no beads placed around my chest
To be considered a black man
A picture of Malcolm is not on my wall
He's in my heart, that's smart
And then there's Uncle Toms that's partial
And kids that don't know Thurgood Marshall
Grab gold of reality G real strong
We're going back to where we belong

Chorus

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