

## 12 Stones

### "Welcome Back"

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Welcome back, welcome back  
Welcome back..

Weclome back (Oh! Oh!)  
Yeah man, how you doin' (Come on, come on, come on)  
You good? I know you like that (Yeah you good, you doin' good)  
I know you like that (Oh!)  
How long you been back man?  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome back

*[Verse 1: Ma\$e]*

I see the girls in the club, they gettin' wild for me  
And all the pretty chicks all wanna smile at me  
These rap cats man they all got they style from me  
And if I ever seen them then they probably bow to me  
And when this beat - drop I know they gon' lean  
World debut, I know they gon' fiend  
Everything, Mississippi to the Palm Springs  
Girls from brunettes down to blonde queens  
These young boys don't know what a don mean  
I'm just a bad boy gone clean  
I'm the diamond chain choker, always remain sober  
Don't drink liquor and all the games over  
Need a plane, I explain it to my broker  
Three bots in the hood top down, it ain't nova (My homie)  
You know there's more man where that come from  
Me and Kunta Love rollin' back to back in one

*[Chorus]*

See the names have all changed since I been around  
But the game ain't the same since I left out  
Ooh you know we need ya, ooh you know we need ya  
Right here's where we need ya, right here's where we need ya  
Welcome back..  
Welcome back, welcome back, Betha's back (You know you like that)  
Welcome back, welcome back, Harlem's back (You

know you like that)  
You know you like that  
Welcome back, welcome back, Betha's back (You know  
you like that)  
You know you like that  
Welcome back, welcome back, Harlem's back (You  
know you like that)

*[Verse 2: Ma\$e]*

See I rep the most high, still I'm the most fly  
I win so much, they wanna know who I'm coached by  
Everyday approached by chicks when I was on top  
Wanna give me sosa, but I'm like don't try  
I see the hisses and the disses when I go by  
But see the misses on my wristses when I float by  
Self control, and I can't tell you no lie  
Tryin' to find a soulmate, you end up being so tired  
I make my money man without the coca  
Livin' the vida without the loca  
I'm down south so they show me country love  
And I ain't even country thug  
The people give me daps and hugs, so it must be love  
And I love the country grub  
It feel good to hear people singing welcome back  
And I ain't even sellin' the track, cause I'm that Harlem  
cat

*[Chorus x2]*

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But the game ain't the same since I left out  
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Welcome back..  
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