

## Die Original Deutschmacher

### "When You Come Home"

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[Shyheim]

Doc, Ready Red, Homocide

Gable, Free, knowlmean?

Doin' like the Bridge to 'em, uh-huh

Man, problems, whatever, yeah

Ishmail

I used to kick my new rhymes to 'im when I made 'em  
up

We smoke a blunt and build on Shit Iz Real, growin' up

Goin' through the same things, we seein' eye-to-eye

And no matter what happens, promise I'll let nuttin' die

Shit was born when he got bagged with fifty-six dimes

I would give his girl commissary money all the time

He caught this disease and couldn't stay outta jail

Locked up when his moms died, she really got railed

Came to the waitin', hiccups, Dear God

Life as a Shorty shouldn't be so rough

This girl, eight months pregnant, a nurse assistant

Holdin' 'im down faithfully on every visit

Food packages, she'd bring him trees and everything

A down ass bitch is a thug's everything

Every day and night, we the same blood type

Brothers for life, I fly him kites on the regular

[Chorus: Shyheim (Doc Doom)]

When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy oz., son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home we gon' fuck mad ho's, son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home I'ma put you on ya toes, son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come  
Home

When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy oz., son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home I'ma put you on ya toes, son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home we gon' fuck mad ho's, son

(don't stress)

When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come

Home

[Shyheim (Doc Doom)]

I could see it now, gettin' off the Greyhound  
With ya greens on, stained boots, y'all style  
Discarded me, I'll meet you at the port authority  
Jump in the V2G, you finally free  
Long time no see, gotta make up for lost time  
Know you got mad rhymes, here, rock my shine (yeah,  
yeah)  
Put on to the exclusive, new shit (new shit)  
He blowin' up my celly, I'm like, yo son, six minute click  
Pulled up to the PJ's, ya hood greet  
"Welcome home, God, Peace", he platinum on the  
streets  
With respect and power, all he need is currency  
Must report to parole, Monday, by three  
We gon' get you on the books and take you on tour with  
me  
No stress, nigga, you can use my address  
He said, "I love you, Shy" and punched me in my chest

[Chorus: Shyheim (Doc Doom)]

When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy L's, son  
(don't stress)  
When You Come Home we gon' fuck mad ho's, son  
(don't stress)  
When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come  
Home  
When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy L's, son  
(don't stress)  
When You Come Home I'ma put you on ya toes, son  
(don't stress)  
When You Come Home we gon' fuck mad ho's, son  
(don't stress)  
When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come  
Home

[Shyheim (Doc Doom)]

Give a kidney or a lung (lung) to my nigga if he needed  
one  
Cuz that's my dunn-dunn, I'd give him my only gun  
If he needed it, oh that bitch, we both beatin' it  
I could tell him a secret, he ain't repeatin' it  
Cuz that's my dog, second grade to the morgue  
And when I get locked up that's who the fuck I call  
He got the cheddy ready to pay the clerk to get me out  
the dirt  
Put it in my aunt's name, because she works  
We don't jerk one another, or try to blow each other's  
cover

My mother's like his mother, his mother's like my  
mother  
No one on ones, I'm jumpin' in, fuck that!  
Blazin' out the club with our guns, back to back  
Chicago Bulls style, the ManChild  
Ain't nuttin' sweet on the streets (sweet)  
or if you hit the Penal, you know my style  
(Don't stress)

[Chorus: Shyheim (Doc Doom)]

When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy L's, son  
(don't stress)

When You Come Home I'ma put you on ya toes, son  
(don't stress)

When You Come Home we gon' fuck mad ho's, son  
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When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come  
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When You Come Home we gon' blow crazy oz., son  
(don't stress)

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(don't stress)

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(don't stress)

When You Come Home, my nigga, When You Come  
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[Outro: Doc Doom]

Don't stress (x5)

Yeah, Shyheim, New York's finest

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