

# Welcome Back

Stat Quo

[8 seconds instrumental]

[Chorus:]

Living my life in this hiiiighrise  
Got my eyes in the sky can I fly  
And will I die if I - tryyyyyy.  
I'm in my penthouse con-do,  
With nowhere - else to go  
But now most people didn't love me till I moved into  
My penthouse cooon-do! (when you up, they up, then bring you down!)  
My penthouse cooon-do! (Clown, that's how it goes. that's how it goes)

[Verse 1:]

When you up niggas like: "What up? "  
The bad bitches like: "How you doing? And: "Who you srewing? "  
So I fucked 'em, cause I never knew 'em. - So fuck 'em!  
That's how I speak to 'em, they say I'm not being human! (whooo!)  
Like I lack emotion  
No I lack love for your life and devotion  
As sure as the waves and the waters in motion,  
I'm a keep toting these twins! - Heaters! - I call 'em the "Olsens"  
Ain't 'fraid to shoot but I'm 'fraid of jail!  
Momma raised me Christian I'm 'fraid to go to hell!  
My dead beat dad got me 'fraid to fail  
Look in my sons eyes I wonder can he see my fear!  
Raise him to eventually where  
His pair of shoes walking across thin air!  
Feeling like Moses,  
Standing up and lost my chair in the process escaping the projects.  
Risking my life over bitches and objects!  
Looking out my condo window like: "Ahh, yes! "  
The world's got issues complex  
Complicated just like me you just one big mess. (mess!)

[Chorus: without ab-libs]

[Verse 2:]

What a view looking out the window  
Down upon those who oppose the fact I grow.  
Been restored many blessings riches these pots of gold  
After the rain comes the rainbow!  
No homo! - Used to rock Kangols round the time  
Big and Dre did it switched to a fitted a on top.  
Living on the top floor. - Listening to 'Pac flow!  
Smoking my [?] while haters watch from the front row.  
Hope I don't lose - flop and not blow!  
Go broke and marry a tramp hoe!  
And have bad kids! - That's just how it is.  
So I don't give a shit, they can suck my dick!  
[?] drive you crazy like Anna Nicole Smith  
It's hot at the top. - And that's some cold shit. (cold shit!)  
Excuse me mr doorman, may I say this  
Could you please take them snakes off my guest list! - At my condo... the pe  
nthouse...

[Chorus: without ab-libs]

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