

When You Come Home

Wu-Tang Clan

Doc, Ready Red, Homocide
Gable, Free, knowImean?
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

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)
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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
Find More lyrics at www.sweetslyrics.com
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

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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)

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Don't stress (5x)
Yeah, Shyheim, New York's fines