

In a world of misery, within it, three planets collide.
Brotha Lynch; Dalima; Tech N9ne; Bring you, along for the ride

Wait a minute, I'm from the West Coast Conference,
Like Kobe, or James Worthing
You could just call me the King of the Valley,
All I need is a game jersey!
Nigga nuts and guts get served up,
When I get it, I'll spit it up, game sturdy,
Cut it up, gut it up, with colds cuts,
And in a oven I'll heat it up, came dirty!
I be off'a that Crip tonight, turn 'em into liquid ice,
Paint his jersey. Leave 'em in the back o' tha' alcove,
like Helter Skelt', stick it to 'em like velcro
Nigga, I'm a bitch killa! I'm a dig a ditch, quick ta' rip ya'.
Paint a murder picture wit' cha, I'ma jack knife,
Strip ya' dat' night, split ya legs open and dick ya'!
But them quick into rippin' ya guts, Deep heat, Deplete you,
with the meat cleaver, that I didn't see ya either.
Phone call or receiver,
court order delete ya', Tech ordered the meat,
I'm bringin' the seasonage, wit' a suicide note,
do-or-die Locc, keys in the back, cut necks,
I'm sexist 'bout to get him that Brotha Lynch Hung Necklace,
Expecially Sexist

(Welcome to My World)

Where hearts are broken, and bars are open, potions pullin' me
closer.

(Welcome to My World)

Dark's my ocean, my Ark is floatin', but not livin' like I'm su
pposed ta'.