

# Welcome to the Bay

## Kero One

### Verse 1

Welcome to the bay!  
where the clouds can't stay  
they're chased away by the rays  
blazed by the sun that sets in the west  
where money travels hands like our credit card debts  
like screw it, I'mma pick up those brand new kicks  
charge it to the game, worry bout it when we rich  
like silicon valley, where nerds get hitched  
to super hot wifey's, with silicon chest  
who might fund the bricks that'll build the projects  
mostly if it's a look, that'll increase margins  
and everyday we walk past those that's starving  
or trying to get a hit, the source of their problems  
hey, I'm just trying do the best that I can  
in a hi-tech world, moving faster than grams  
slanged in the Mission (district) where gunshots are numerous  
drug problems are ludicrous,  
crack babies from uterus,  
hey, I know a few know what I'm talking about  
it's the place we've grown, it's a place called home  
it's a place that we face everyday in the morn (ing)  
a place if I leave best believe i'll be torn  
it's the bay. Chorus  
No matter how long I'm away  
I'll be there..  
No matter how long I can stay  
I'll be here..  
No matter how long I'm away  
I'll be there..  
No matter how long I can stay  
I'll be here.. Verse 2

And it was only 1 score and 7 years ago  
my folks came to the bay searching for vehicles  
they had the drive to drive towards the scenic view  
flat broke where hopes and dreams were feasible  
coming from Asia, things were barely readable  
burgers and fries, things were barely eatable  
but opportune, this place was unbelievable

inconceivable when words like chink were teachable  
despite the racism, they asked what would Jesus do..  
and prayed for children, God willing received a few  
then I arrived, survived 89'  
when quakes shook us up and scuffed our state of mind..  
I grew up to an ill-fitting suit, trying to climb  
from corporate to forfeit, scoring checks to rhyme  
and I'm now in Frisco, water surrounds my grind  
and men in leather chaps or chaps with gang signs  
the home of hyphy, where living is pricey  
and blood paints the streets that police just might see  
it's the home I'm at, raised and born  
the home if I leave best believe I'll be torn its the bay...Chorus

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