

Fort Minor f/ Common, Styles of Beyond "Back Home"

Visit "[Back Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Common]

Uhh, yeah, yo

We 'bout to take y'all to the tip, to the crib

Let's do it Mike (yeah)

[Chorus: Mike Shinoda]

Back home (back home) everybody's searchin for
somethin

But all they can find's a whole lot of nothin

Back home (back home) ain't nobody hopin and prayin

Cause they feel like nothin can save 'em

And they try to hold out but they can't fight the fact

that life goes black when those lights go out

But I guess you gotta just watch out for your own

Cause ain't a damn thing free back home (back home)

[Common]

Back home, they holla "disciple" and "blackstone"

Same block they freebase, yo we trapped on

Where our grandmothers marched, the guns clap on

There's liquor stores, beauty supplies and rap songs

I travel the world just to come back to it

The crib got a lot of soul like black music

I'm attached to it, in many ways this city raised me

And gave me the drama, honor and bravery

The streets seem hollow, when I go to Chicago

It's cheap wine and sorrow, times is hard to swallow

In search of God's tomorrow, I borrow

words from the Bible, and use them for survival

Gangs rival, signs painted on walls like hiero-glyphics

I tell them that this is all tribal

Used to do dirt, shorty's goin through the same cycle

And trials like Michael, tryin not to stay idle - back home

[Chorus]

[Ryu]

Back home, it's not Compton but close, the same
problems exist

And the pain throbbin and folks are so common

It don't, really bother us much, we just swallow it

Uh, crack the bottle and smoke
Hope tomorrow somethin magical happens that'll put
me back in the biz
But the chances of it actually happening's kinda slim
Back home, we get the good life at a glimpse
in the form of a rap star, drug dealers and pimps
I'm back, home

[Tak]

Back, home - I try my best to keep it together
It's cold, like the Windy City streets of December
I pace back and forth, lookin for the courage to shine
But can't tap the source, need somethin to nourish my
mind
I know we all lose quite a bit in life, only to gain some
Life or the dark winding roads we came from
But I move with the night so I'm used to the shade
And never lose sight, bringin truth back to the game

[Mike Shinoda]

Back, home - we've got a lot of shit on our minds
We're always behind on somethin cause there's not
enough time
And we're non-stop, bottom line, doin what we gotta do
to get some food in the fridge and stay out of the
hospital
Back home there's people callin us hopeless
People tryin to tell us all we need is some focus
But, focus, focus is overrated
Cause you see every blemish and mistake and can't
change it
Back home is Alvarado, K-Town and J-Town
Or Little Tokyo for those that don't know
Where figures shiver, livin right in the litter
Where kids write bigger, right inside the L.A. river
On the concrete, a symbol of our everyday way
It's that color and concentration over heavy and gray
And by the time the ink dries on this page
I'll be half a day away from the place where I stay
(yeah)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Common]

We takin it back home y'all
Yeah, it's Common Sense (yeah)
My guy Mike (what up Com'?)
S.O.B. (uh-huh) yeah
This time we rotate, it's good music (ha ha ha)
Hip-Hop (it don't stop) yeah, uhh
It's home for me baby, yeah

Visit [Fort Minor f/ Common, Styles of Beyond](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.