

## **Common Feat. Kanye West "My Way Home"**

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Yeah, I'm on my way home

They say home is where the hate is, my dome is where  
fate is

I stroll where souls get lost like Vegas  
Seen through the eyes of rebel glasses  
Pray to God that my arms reach the masses

The young smoke grass in grassless jungles  
Rubber band together in cashless bundles  
We wear struggling chains, divided only hustle  
remains  
Making sense of it we hustle for change

Revolution ain't a game it's another name  
For life fighting, someone to stay in they corner like  
Mike Tyson  
Hypes fighting for hits to heighten they hell  
Don't he know he only get as high as he fell

Show money becomes bail, relationships become jail  
Children are unheld  
I wish love was for sale, behold the pale  
Horse got me trapped like R. Kel', I bail and it

Might not be such a bad idea if I never  
Never went home again  
I'm on my way home, I left three days ago  
But no one seems to know I'm gone

Home is where the hatred is  
Home is filled with pain and it  
Might not be such a bad idea if I never  
Never went home again

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