

Fort Minor "Back Home"

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Yeah, y'all everybody's take you out to the tiff, to the
crib
Let's do it Mike, yeah

Back home, everybody's searching for somethin'
But all they can find is a whole lot of nothin'
Back home, ain't nobody hoping and praying
'Cause they feel like nothing 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, they holler 'Disciple' and 'Blackstone'
Same block the 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 'em 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

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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
Crack the bottle and smoke hope tomorrow something

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

I try my best to keep it together it's cold
Like the windy city streets of December
I pace back and forth looking for the courage to shine
But can't lap the source need something 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 bringing truth back to the game

Back home, we've got a lot of shit on our minds
We're always behind on something 'cause there's not
enough time
And we're non-stop bottom line doing what we gotta do
To get some food in the fridge and stay out of the
hospital

Back home, there's people calling us hopeless
People trying 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 living right in the littler
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

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

Back home, ain't nobody hoping and praying
'Cause they feel like nothing 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
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'Cause ain't a damn thing free back home

We're takin' you back home y'all
Yeah, it's Common Sense, my God Mike
SLP yeah this is how we won't change
It's good music, this all for you baby, yeah

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