

Grits "Comin' Home"

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Bonafied:

was put in the mix 'bout '86 and ever since I ran from
His plan to further mans understanding through
expansion of minds, heart, body, and soul controlled
by the deity of three formed as one
The son of prodigy me Bonafied the MC straight from
the Tenna the center fo my location of operations for
missions completions
Franklin my mental releases dime piece still
Nashville, Knob Hill, where I chill on the real
hittin' home...

Coffee:

Ponder the thoughts all the money spent on useless
things I bought
Afro wigs and Courtney Cox dolls
Framed pictures of Richard Moll Robbins sons
Like Holly, so thick you could drive a trolley through
my folly
Pardon me like Dolly in two halves same as the Red Sea
I glimpse the open hands instead of reprimand that fed
me
Said we can journey to places far off, thinkin' to
myself, " first I need to drop my car off."

Chorus:

I'm comin' home Daddy
Make sure you keep the gate open

I'm loosened from all the worldly pleasure Daddy

I'm comin home Daddy
Meet me outside greet me with your

arms extended Daddy
I'm comin home.

Coffee:

Take and EPT so phat hope I ain't pregnant
To this nasty world that would be more entertaining
than Cedric
And I would be Dug-less like Fredric by all my peers

Purchase maternity gear at Sears
Succumb to all their jeers and their taunts
Shedding tears for all my wants and desires
Pray to God I'm absent when the world erupts with fire
Kevin Costner dances with flames with a dousing
Richard Pryor
Revelation called it everything is scalded...

Bonafied:

Kickin' up dust who could I trust
Rush like Paula Abdul cruel
This world served me sadness for acting the fool
My mind was a tool used for worldly occupation
Sleepless nights spent with my knees bent
Conversations with the upper case requesting strength
when opposition moved in with plans of ambush and
attack
At my weakest moments wishin' my life could be back
Under His will been left the thrill searchin' for the
path to the gate of my crib where my Daddy live...

Chorus

Coffee:

The smell of seals, a bird, and a monkey, mixed with
the stench of junkies best describes my kind of funky
Spunky spastic, your life can't be recycled so why you
livin' plastic
Your insides are all dirty, why does your outside
looks fantastic
Devil couldn't wait to get his hands on you
Conformed you, turned your gold to Ormolu, now
shame
on you
Made a dame of you
You say, "Whatever" well the same to you
Splittin' like an atom, I got things to do.

Bonafied:

Do who, you me too?
My desires expired
Dismiss my riches stay in Heavenly clenched fists
Swiss account-type interest
No man's hands can touch
Uncorrupted with the pureness of innocence and such
Mind sets not in agreance with all of my peeps
Absence of scams for yams numbered in heaps knee
deep
They cram to understand the faith of this man
Until then when comprehension of sin-free lifestyle lu
child

I'm headed home where I know it's gonna' be easier
pleasin' ya' Daddy
I'm headed home...

Chorus

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