

Kany García

"My Way Home Featuring Common"

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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
Rubberband 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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