

Kanye West Feat. Common "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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