

Diddy-Dirty Money "Coming Home"

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I'm coming home, I'm coming home
Tell the world I'm coming home
Let the rain wash away
All the pain of yesterday

I know my kingdom awaits
And they've forgiven my mistakes
I'm coming home, I'm coming home
Tell the world that I'm coming

I'm back where I belong
Yeah I never felt so strong
I'm feelin' like there's nothing that I can't try
(I'm back, baby)
And if you with me put your hands high
(Put your hands high)

If you ever lost a life before, this one's for you
(And if you with me put your hands high)
And you, and you and you and you
(Your dreams are filled, you're rapping with the best)

I hear "The Tears Of A Clown", I hate that song
I feel like they talking to me when it comes on
Another day another dawn
Another Keisha, nice to meet ya, get the math, I'm
gone

What am I 'posed to do when the club lights come on
It's easy to be Puff, but it's harder to be Sean
What if the twins ask why I ain't marry they mom?
(Why? Damn)
How do I respond?

What if my son stares with a face like my own
And says he wants to be like me when he's grown
Damn, but I ain't finished growin'
Another night the inevitable prolongs

Another day, another dawn
Just tell Keisha and Teresa I'll be better in the morn'
Another lie that I carry on

I need to get back to the place I belong

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"A house Is Not A Home", I hate this song
Is a house really a home when your loved ones is
gone?
And people got the nerve to blame you for it
And you know you woulda took the bullet if you saw it

But you felt it and still feel it
And money can't make up for it or conceal it
But you deal with it and you keep ballin'
Pour out some liquor, play boy, and we keep ballin'

Baby, we've been living in sin 'cause we've been really
in love
But we've been living as friends
So you've been a guest in your own home
It's time to make your house your own, pick up your
phone, come on

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"Ain't No Stopping Us Now", I love that song
Whenever it comes on it makes me feel strong
I thought I told y'all that we won't stop
'Til back cruising through Harlem, Viso blocks

It's what made me, saved me, drove me crazy
Drove me away than embraced me, forgave me
For all of my shortcomings, welcome to my
homecoming
Yeah it's been a long time coming

Lot of fights, lot of scars
Lot of bottles, lot of cars
Lot of ups, lot of downs
Made it back, lost my dog
(I miss you Big)

And here I stand, a better man
(A better man)
Thank you Lord
(Thank you Lord)

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