

## Stalley

### "Home To You"

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On this savage journey...

[Verse 1: Stalley]

I ain't seen my lady in days  
I been out on these streets so long  
Late night to the early morn, I been such a rolling stone  
And I just wanna make it home (make it home)  
To you (to you, to you, to you)  
Blinded by all these street lights  
Up late, can't sleep nights  
My stomach growling, I ain't eating right  
My mind gone, I ain't thinking right  
I ain't tryna just be getting by  
Don't want a slice, I want the pie  
American dream and days of a heathen running up in  
your building at night  
Messed up, this ain't trick or treat  
One wrong move they finna squeeze  
We ain't come for peace, you can bend your knees and  
pray all day  
They waiting on me to get an a-okay, then the can gon'  
spray  
But today's your day, I'm a let you live, I'm a let you pay  
Back everything you ever said to me  
So start with the thing that you said to me  
I was worthless, I'd never make it  
Go ahead! Spill that hatred  
You are now face to face with the Third Row  
Pharaoh who be down on Death Row  
You says to me but I'll let you, you let go  
Chevy filled up on Petrol  
Times like this I just roll  
Avenue that Avenue I'm doing more than just passing  
through  
I'm after you bringing traffic through  
Banging out n-ggas with attitude  
Yeah my n-ggas stay with a little attitude  
So like I said before don't act a fool

[Chorus: Anthony Flammia {Stalley}]

Yeah yeah yeah, uh

I just wanna make it home to you, to you, to you, to you  
I've been out on these streets so long, late night to the  
early morn

{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling  
stone}

I just wanna make it home to you, to you, to you, to you  
{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling  
stone}

I've been out on these streets so long, late night to the  
early morn

[Verse 2: Wale]

Motherf-cking Roma!

Stoned up

Feeling like I'm in a coma

Hold up

I got some money I should tend to

Gotta get to it, I don't mean to Matthew Kemp you

But shit you

Ain't heard a n-gga thorough

It ain't perfect, but I work

And that purple that I got got me on slurring all my  
words

That's my word, that's my boy too

Y'all don't really know what I was gon' do

Now me stylin', your meek

Wanna see Ross get the A-Rod loot

Big play, hot juice

Drama called and you're Carl Lewis

My opponents so obtuse

Even if they alone in our top two

I'm in Ohio watching Kyrie and Samardo hoopin'

Work loud, chokin'

On your reefer, it's all smoking

[Chorus: Anthony Flammia {Stalley}]

Yeah yeah yeah, uh

I just wanna make it home to you, to you, to you, to you  
I've been out on these streets so long, late night to the  
early morn

{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling  
stone}

I just wanna make it home to you, to you, to you, to you  
{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling  
stone}

I've been out on these streets so long, late night to the  
early morn

{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling  
stone, rolling stone, rolling stone, I've been such a  
rolling stone}

{Late night to the early morn, I've been such a rolling

stone, rolling stone, rolling stone, I've been such a  
rolling stone}

[Outro:]

Well the whole idea of the American Dream is is there  
really something out there to be looking for? Is there  
a... you know, you know, as college students here, you  
know, that's the kinda thing, you know, we're all looking  
for it, you know, to find out, you know, that's why, why  
we're all here, right guys?

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