

Atmosphere f/ El-P

"Homecoming"

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...Little boy can't seem to find your place now ...All your funny friends, the ones who have shitty jobs [El-P]
Sometime in NY, perhaps in the Decepticon era Like seven or eight grades up from fitting blocks together
Graf kids after school to get chased by rival letters and skate boards and truck cars and rails Funny shapes and grip tape I own a Mark Rogowski, I rode it goofy footed Sicker, I learned to ollie on colt four-five malt liquor And that's it, to me it got not any more acrobatic
Who would pedal around Manhattan, for lack of better action One kid is the point man at Pakistani bodega He sold those loosey camel unfiltered to under-agers
Smoke 'em on a promenade, water balloons drop Hit car, run from cops, skate quick Basically loaf on the low ? On the laugh with dangerous, nearly vacation
Under the Brooklyn Bridge, across the Brooklyn Bank, show up uninvited Some kids are drinking beer tonight they're excited Brooklyn Tech., Brooklyn friends
Stuyvesant plus rich kids, thug wannabes, and hippie chicks found some escapist shit We felt the separate fashions and cliques trading places We formed our own section comprised of Nike Uptowns Worn on mediocre skaters, it's like this: Yo, this kid Ivan made the trek from Rhode Island From plastic cup of cold duck and a relaxed social environment He jetted from his section when the meat heads started whilin' His aesthetic wasn't their style, so they used bats to re-design it [Chorus:Slug] (El-P) Homecoming, (Homecoming) Homecoming, (Homecoming)
(Sometimes it was good, sometimes it was just a moment of vis-a-avis the definitions and other stimulus that cause your growing) Homecoming, (Homecoming) Homecoming, (Homecoming) [Slug] Sometimes I was good and other times contradicted But no matter where I stood, I still managed to stand The last time I laughed this hard I was a child It was the kind of giggle that would make a young mother smile I can't remember the "Why" but the wallpaper patterns had me running in circles trying to defend my Saturn Just me and my box of Machiavelli and cheese All I really want to do is show you my disease She didn't have the

courage to kiss me goodnight But I'ma give you my
word that everything will be alright Like, what the
fuck?! This phone is disconnected Just my luck, I need
advice before my love gets misdirected Guess it's just
another symptom of, just another victim of The warfare
and those caught between Sean and the Slug Did I
mention the drugs that used to make her spew forth
Carried barely half the pleasure of a pack of Newports?
Breathe it in, breathe it out, what'd it really be about?
I'm trying to lose and allude all excuses to scream and
shout For every moment I spent wishing my parents
back together Would've been better linked to preparin'
me for the weather Rocking my t-shirt that reads
"Whatever" All in an effort to relieve the pressure That
Minnesota good sleep This wood is cheap, and now
fire's back in style If I had better teeth, I would try to
crack a smile Well, here I am, Mr. Typical Ridiculously
meticulous when painting pictures of pitiful And little
did I know and less did I care They would chew up an
swallow all that I threw out there "It's not fair," screams
the one without a voice Arm that boy, tell him to aim at
the ones that got all the toys [Chorus:El-P] (Slug)
Homecoming, (Homecoming) Homecoming,
(Homecoming) (Sometimes it was good, and other
times contradicted But no matter where I stood, I still
managed to stand) Homecoming, (Homecoming)
Homecoming, (Homecoming) Sometimes it was good,
sometimes it was just a moment of vis-a-vis the
definitions and outer stimulus that cause growing
[Slug] There it is, is that what you want? There it is, is
that what you want? Is that really what you want? I'm
coming home, is that what you want?

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