

## Back Home

ASAP Rocky

Gotta find my way back home, I've been away too long  
Gotta find my way back home, I'm moving...

War Lords, we all Lords, but we your Lords  
Tryna find home, next stop is the Waldorf  
Past the racism and fake-ism  
Type of hate that make you feel worse than a rape victim, raw dogs  
You other niggas mad soft, mad I rap my ass off  
They throwin' mad salt, 'til I go bath salt  
On wax, spitting heat to melt the wax off  
I'm Mr. Miyagi in Issey Miyake  
Asshole flow, fuck name brands, past logos  
Now I'm onto grand raps, hands so low, uh  
It's like my fashion style is the life saver  
Guess she wasn't satisfied with titties that Christ gave her  
Bragging that her new ass shots is a life changer  
Head so good on that girl that I might pay her, or nah  
Super laid back cat, opposite of fat black, Al Capone  
Tell them lil' niggas Flacko home

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Father, Lord forgive me as I load up the semi  
Roll through the city, that chose to resent me  
Hold it, don't load it, reload it  
On plenty, any foe or a -BEEP-  
That ever voted against me, dissed me  
Pissed me off then tried to hold it against me  
Or wish we off the worst of luck that ever hated  
Never hesitated, the designated, all of the wrong that they did me  
Is stored in my memory all of the thoughts that I thought of  
Means more for my enemies  
Sippin' holy water like it's bore from my kidneys  
Load the smoke like a chimney, make a toast for the memories  
Make a toast for the henny, it's the best for the remedies  
Energy, synergy, frienemies, industries  
Finna get advantage on him and his nemesis  
Bitches been sniffing  
If I, if I ain't the greatest, bitch I'm one of em  
How in the fuck could you front on em  
My old ho beefing, my ex won't be friends  
Bronson told me not to eat ham, rest in peace Yams

Rest in peace Yams, RIP A\$AP Yamborghini  
We gon' take it uptown one time  
We gon' take em back home, show em how me do  
They call me Pretty Flacko ladies and gentlemen  
I'd like to introduce Pretty Flacko Sr  
Yasiin Bey

Magnum spectacular, black man megalas  
Shine amethyst, fly champion, it's like that again  
What's happening? Mathematics master blin'  
Flacko season, all day, erryday  
Ask me how it's going, I tell em on and on and on and on and  
You led me out to Arizona  
Steady flowing, staying golden  
Sand cover, ready rover  
Flacko glowing in that Owens, that's how it's going  
Awareness to the areas, familiar with the routes  
Travellin' man, moving through places, space and time  
In a country called earth

Nah'mean, these tacky ass muh'fuckers be in the pictures. Wearing all types of mother fuckin' red and green stripes, over accessorizing out this mother fucker. We from Harlem, we gave y'all mother fucker this wave. Grab y'all surfboards, cause y'all got your boogy boards right now, fucker. Ya'll just go n' keep watching us at the beach show with your mother fuckin' khakis rolled up. With your chancletas in your hand and we just gon' keep surfing on this mother fucker. Straight up. It's ya' boy, A\$AP Yams, Yamborghini. Yo Rock man, let these mother fuckers know what it is out this mother fucker. A\$AP, bitch!