

Back Home

Fort Minor

Back home
Everybody's searching for somethin'
But all they can find is a whole lot of nothin'
Back home
Ain't nobody hoping and praying
'Cause they feel like nothing can save 'em
And they try to hold out but they can't fight the fact that
Life goes black when those lights go out
But I guess you gotta just watch out for your own
'Cause ain't a damn thing free
Back home

Back home
they holler "disciple" and "blackstone"
Same block they freebase yo we trapped on
Where our grandmothers marched
The guns clap on
There's liquor stores, beauty supplies, and rap songs
I travel the world just to come back to it
The crib got a lot of soul like black music
I'm attached to it
In many ways the city raised me
and gave me
The drama, honor, and bravery
The streets seem hollow
when I go to Chicago
It's cheap wine and sorrow
Times is hard to swallow
In search of God's tomorrow
I borrow words from the
Bible
and use them for survival
gangs rival
Signs painted on walls like hieroglyphics
I tell 'em that this is all tribal
Used to do dirt
shorty's goin' through the same cycle
And trials like Michael
tryin' not to stay idle

Back home it's not Compton but close
The same problems exist and the pain throbbin'
And folks are so common
It don't
really bother us much we just swallow it
uh
Crack the bottle and smoke
hope tomorrow something
Magical happens that'll put me back in the biz
But the chances of it actually happening's kinda slim
Back home
we get the good life at a glimpse
In the form of a rap star, drug dealers, and pimps
I'm back home

Back home
I try my best to keep it together it's cold

Like the Windy City streets of December
I pace back and forth
looking for the courage to shine
But can't tap the source
need something to nourish my mind
I know we all lose quite a bit in life
Only to gain some
Life of the dark winding roads we came from
But I move with the night
so I'm used to the shade
And never lose sight
bringing truth back to the game

Back home
we've got a lot of shit on our minds
We're always behind on something cause there's not enough time
And we're non-stop
bottom line
doing what we gotta do to get some food in the fridge and stay out of the ho
spital
Back home there's people calling us hopeless
People trying to tell us all we need is some focus
But focus
Focus is overrated
Cause you see every blemish and mistake and can't change it
Back home is Alvarado
K-Town and J-Town
Or Little Tokyo for those that don't know
Where figures shiver
living right inside the LA river
On the concrete
a symbol of our everyday way
Its that color and concentration over the heavy and grey
And by the time the ink dries on this page
I'll be half a day away from the place where I stay