

# 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 hospital  
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  
It's 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