Always Coming Back Home to You

Atmosphere

To all my killers and my hundred dollar billers
To emo kids that got too many feelings
He held the register open while he counted her change
I was next in line which meant I was invisible
From where I stood I could see that the till was full
He didn't look the type to play superhero
So I stepped forth and paid for my cigarettes
Crept out the stores front door to chase a little breath
Bangles in my head, shake the song off
Another manic Monday night, its gonna be a long walk
A car pulled up, a fixed up Cutlass
A woman and a child climbed out and left it running
They went inside of the deli, placed an order
With the extra dollar fifty bottled water 'cuz the daughter's picky
When they came out mommy gave me a glance
That said, man can love an angel but he's got to take the chance
Already knew the deal, I lit one up and walk,
So they got back in the Oldsmobile, belted up, and took off.
Thug love on the corner by the Walgreen's
Looking at me like I'm just another square saltine
As I get closer I notice that they showing each other sketches
Out of their notebooks, reminded me of my old roots
I walk pass with a nod and a reminisce
Swear to God hip-hop and comic books was my genesis!
Respect the life and the fashions of the children
It's the only culture I've got, exactly what we've been building
All of a sudden I'm in front of some man
No he's a young'in but he's got a gun in his hand
He looks fifteen, he looks frantic, no he looks afraid
Immediately apprehensive 'til I heard him say
"Do you want this? It's not mine, I promise!
I found it on my block in between a couple garages!
Didn't wanna leave it for a child to stumble over!
I don't even know how to hold it!"
It was a thirty-eight, the poor man's machete
Held it in my hand, thinking damn man it's heavier then expected,
wedged it behind my belt buckle

knowing that it's evil, even thought that I could smell trouble
the extra strength felt weak,
but over there on the corner saw what I needed and proceeded to
cross the
street
put the heat in the mail box to loose it
figured that the post office knows what's best to do with it
Mosey down the road thinkin' 'bout the old,
I used to roam this zone with two feet of snow
Right here, this used to be a record shop
I've gotten love, I've gotten drunk, I've gotten beat up in that
parking lot.
I've had my Lake Street pride for three decades
These alleyways, and these streetlights have seen my best days
Before I was a germ learning how to misbehave,
All the way to the grave, South Side is my resting place
Took a right on Lyndale, I'm getting near
But then the road became empty and the people disappeared.
The clouds ran away, opened up the sky
And one by one I watched every constellation die
And there I was frozen, standing in my backyard
Face to face, eye to eye, staring at the last star
I should've known, walked all the way home
To find that she wasn't here, I'm still all alone
No matter where I am, no matter what I do,
I'm always coming back home to you.
They can leave me for dead, they can take away my true,
I'm always coming back home to you.
Through the lies and the sins that ride the wind that blew,
I'm always coming back home to you.
As sure as the life in the garden that you grew,
I'm always coming back home to you.
No matter where I am, no matter what I do,
I'm always coming back home to you.
If only I had known what you already knew,
I'm always coming back home to you.
From the heaven I've had to the hell I been through,
I'm always coming back home to you
I wanted to make a song about where I'm from
You know
Big ups my hometown
My territory,
My state, but,
I couldn't figure out much to brag about,
Well, Prince lives here!

We got ten thousand lakes!
But wait,
The women are beautiful!
To me they are...
And we're not infested
With pretentious movie stars...
And it hit me, man,
Minnesota is dope
If only simply for not what we have
But what we don't
Its all fair
It ain't out there!
It's in there!
It's in the mirror,
Behind the breast,
Under the hair!
"Follow the dream,"
Doesn't mean leave the love
Roam if you must, but come home when you've seen enough
I love New York and "Cali"
But I ain't movin',
Too over-populated
Saturated with humans
And I'm not big on rappers, actors, or models,
If I had to dip,
I'd probably skip to Chicago.
None of this
is a diss,
No one,
No where,
Like damn I'm from Minnesota
Land of the cold air
Too many mosquitoes and a fair share of egos
But like my man Sabe says
"That's where my mommy stays!"
So if the people laugh and giggle when you tell 'em where you live
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
And if you know this is where you wanna raise your kids
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If you're from the Midwest and it doesn't matter where
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If you can drink tap water and breathe the air
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
Got trees and vegetation in the City I stay
The rent's in the mail

And I can always find a parking space
The women out number the men two to one
Got parks and zoos and things to do with my son
The night life ain't all that,
But that's okay,
I don't need to be distracted by the devil everyday!
And the jobs ain't really hard to find,
In fact, you could have mine if you knew how to rhyme!
This is for everyone around the planet
That wishes they were from somewhere other than where
They're standing,
Don't take it for granted.
Instead, take a look around,
Quit complaining and build something on that ground!
Plant something on that ground!
Dance and sleep on that ground!
Get on your hands and knees and watch the ants walk
Around the ground!
Make a family!
Make magic!
Make a mess!
Take the stress,
Fill your motivation,
And build your nest!
It sucks that you think where I'm from is whack,
But as long as that's enough to keep your ass from coming back.
And with a smile and a hint of sarcasm he says
"I beg your pardon, but this is my secret garden!"
So if the people laugh and giggle when you tell 'em where you live
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
And if you know this is where you wanna raise your kids
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If you're from the Midwest and it doesn't matter where
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If you can drink tap water and breathe the air
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If the playground is clear of stems and syringes
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
And if there's only one store in your town that sells twelve-inches
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
If no one in your crew walks around with a gun
Say "shh...", say "shh.."
And if you ain't gonna leave 'cause this is where you're from
Say "shh...", say "shh.."

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