

# Back Home

## Fort Minor

Yeah, y'all everybody's take you out to the tiff, to the crib  
Let's do it Mike, yeah 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 the 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 this 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 hiero, glyphs  
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, 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, 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  
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 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 lap the source need something to nourish my mind I know we all lose quite a bit in life only to gain  
some  
Life or 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 in the littler  
Where kids write bigger right inside the L.A. river  
On the concrete a symbol of our everyday way  
It's that color and concentration over heavy and gray  
And by the time the ink dries on this page  
I'll be half a day away from the place where I stay  
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  
We're takin' you back home y'all  
Yeah, it's Common Sense, my God Mike  
SLP yeah this is how we won't change  
It's good music, this all for you baby, yeah

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