

My Way Home

Kanye West

Yeah

I'm on my way home They say home is where the hate is, my dome is where fate is

I stroll where souls get lost like Vegas

Seen through the eyes of rebel glasses

Pray to God that my arms reach the masses The young smoke grass in grassless jungles

Rubberband together in cashless bundles

We wear strugglin' chains, divided only hustle remains

Makin' sense of it we hustle for change Revolution ain't a game, it's another name for life fightin'

Someone to stay in their corner like Mike Tyson

Heights fightin' for hits to heighten they hell

Don't he know he could only get as high as he fell Show money becomes bail, relationships become jail

Children are unhailed

I wish love was for sale, behold the pale

Horse got me trapped like R. Kel', I bail and it Might not be such a bad idea if I never

Never went home again

I'm on my way home, I left three days ago

But no one seems to know I'm gone Home is where the hatred is

Home is filled with pain and it

Might not be such a bad idea if I never

Never went home again

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