

# My Way Home

Kanye West

Yeah

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

Rubber band 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 they corner like Mike Tyson

Hypes 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 unheld

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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