

Coming Back (feat. MAC MILLER)

Domo Genesis

I'm coming back
Hey yeah, I'm comin'
I'm coming back
Hey yeah, I'm comin'It's a cold world baby, but I'm a cold nigga
Frostbite tryna take a chew of how I slither
My presence give 'em chills, like an Antarctica winter
And I'm banging Inglewood till I'm getting caught with a splinter
I'm having artists for dinner
So many fall apart when I spark it's hard to remember
It's always hard remembering pain is part of the riddle
Somewhere between my art and the dark, I'm parked in the middle
I knew my part since was little
I knew my heart was official
I knew that in my heart that boy was part of a bigger plan
I know my momma not coming up short of rent again
Cause I put this rap shit down and go and sin again
Fuck all the daps and pounds I'm on my shit again
All that bad mouthing just running up my adrenaline
And yeah, it's safe to say we made a way
From getting slouched on
And Doms'll be that nigga from now on, you dig me?
Nothing to do, sell smoke and drive
Money in your pocket, million on your mind
And someone had to drink, someone had to drug
Someone had to have bitches on the line, that's what it was
And I don't regret a single night I came home fucked up
Feel sorry for a single time I made hoes cry
Money was a thing I didn't make too much of
Tell me "Hurry up", Imma take my timeI feel like I'm designed for this
I don't know how all my timing is
But I know I want that time again
To give this all I got
All my clouds got silver linings
Amazing how I keep my peace alive through all this violence
It's a war outside my window, it's like all I hear is sirens
But it's something 'bout the melody, I'm drifting into science
I was born hateful, looking at this world ugly
Way at the bottom, got me questioning if God love me
You know my steez dog, real niggas ride gully

Lost a couple soldiers, got me smokey with my eyes runny
My heart cold like I said in the first verse
And I'm tryna eat you niggas, I am desert first
And somewhere between the hoes and money, I got hurt
The worst, I swear to God this life a gift and a curse
My path was chosen way before I existed, the misfit
The voices in my head never tell me wrong so I listen
Either make a way or collision
I ain't here to play nigga, I'm on a mission Nothing to do, sell smoke and drive
Money in your pocket, million on your mind
And someone had to drink, someone had to drug
Someone had to have bitches on the line, that's what it was
And I don't regret a single night I came home fucked up
Feel sorry for a single time I made hoes cry
Money was a thing I didn't make too much of
Tell me "Hurry up", Imma take my time
La-la-la-la

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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