Way Back Home

Lex Zaleta

Hate is rapping at our door;
We can't live here anymore.
Drugs have taken down our schools;
Thugs are breaking down our rules.We'd better hip hop to it;
Can't let someone else do it.
We lived on the tracks' right side;
We've been taken for a ride.Put on some mighty fine Dylan;
With a little help, God willin',
We'll start to find our way,
Find our way back home.Livin', dyin' by the gun
Must be a mad lot of fun.
Kickin', stabbin' in the grill
Sounds like some psycho's mad thrill.We'd better hip hop to it;
Can't let someone else do it.
We lived on the tracks' right side;
We've been taken for a ride.Put on some mighty fine Dylan;
With a little help, God willin',
We just might find our way,
Find our way back home.Get shot and watch your CD
Shoot right up on MTV.
Don't choose your words well - just curse;
Don't use a nurse - call a hearse.We'd better hip hop to it;
Can't let someone else do it.
We lived on the tracks' right side;
We've been taken for a ride.Time for a change of plans,
Time for us to clear the air.
Home is our Promised Land;
Maybe our new President
Can take us there.All this wouldn't be so bad
If this were some passing fad.
All this wouldn't hurt so much
If our children were untouched.We'd better hip hop to it;
Can't let someone else do it.
We lived on the tracks' right side;
We've been taken for a ride.Put on some mighty fine Dylan;
With a little help, God willin',
We'll start to find our way back home;
Maybe we'll find our way back home;
We just might find our way back home.

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