

Not From Here

Bakar

I hope you decide before you divide us here
I can't see through your eyes
I can barely see mine, my dear
I hope we survive
'Cause this could be just our year
I can't make up my mind
I'm still tryna trust my fears
But I need a new one
I need somethin' to choose from
I need somethin' to lose on
I need somethin' that's just mine
Been around the world, still got nothin' to my name
'Cause I'm just an immigrant
Barely a citizen, I'm still pleadin' my innocence
Boy, I ain't a victim
No, I'm just an immigrant
Been around the world, tryna find my way back, oh

(Free world, this a free world
Oh, got more change for the detail
Oh, free world, this a free world
Oh, got more change for the detail
For the detail)

How comes it you sat from me and my kin?
How comes it you said how I feel my skin?
How comes it that you said?
No, no, but you said
How comes it you said how I'm supposed to look?
How comes it you described how I'm supposed to run?
How comes it you said?
No, no, but you said you would go get right
How comes it you sat from me and my kin? (Let's go)
How comes it you said how I feel my skin? (Uh-huh)
How comes it that you said? (You said, that's what you said, yeah)
No, no, but you said
How comes it you said how I'm supposed to look? (Let's go)
How comes it you described how I'm supposed to run? (Uh-huh)
How comes it you said? (You said, that's what you said, yeah)
No, no, but you said you go get right

So far from harm, but so haram
Wanna live for the now, but we're so held down
Wanna pray to the stars, you should pray to Allah
Who might see some grace, will or not, I'm on season eight
Walkin' 'round on these free world takes
Hi-hi hater, money first, I want details later
Diamonds dancin' like Ayo, Teo
Miracle whip, but I still hate mayo
Hope they want the best of me
Are you really brave? Are you really outside?
Are you still a slave?
Are you scared to count what you really made?
Half a milli' made and I'm still a slave, like really, mate?
Am I really brave? I must be insane
Are you really brave? Are you really outside?
Are you still a slave?

Are you scared to count what you really made?
Half a milli' made and I'm still a slave, like really, mate?
Am I really brave? I must be insane