

Come Back Around

Boldy James

Sometimes you get up just to fall down
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round
Coming back 'round
Sometimes you get up just to fall down
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round
Coming back 'round

I'm from the ghetto where it's families with no healthcare
Fathers nowhere to be found, mamas on welfare
Cousin home from the clink, he ran it from the top bunk
Uncle love to smoke and drink, granny on the couch slumped
Needle hanging out her arm, shoot up at least twice a day
Kids damn near starving, cooking noodles in the microwave
Where people slave and don't never get a job promotion
Auntie working two jobs every day, but she be closet smoking
Where niggas sick and tired of being tired of hoping
Thought he copped some Percs, but they finessed him with some Ibuprofen
Where pregnant underage mothers, they considered MILFs
Where sisters run and get they brothers just to get 'em killed
Fiends at the store, you tell 'em, "No", I bet they still beg
Where they ain't shit but J's, custos, and pillheads
Where you gon' feel some pain you never truly heal from
Where you gotta take a paycut to be a real one

Sometimes you get up just to fall down (Ten does down)
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round (It's gon' be some up and downs)
Coming back 'round (So pick your face up off the ground)
Sometimes you get up just to fall down (Yeah, what else?)
Only thing that matters, coming back 'round (This shit ain't as easy as it sounds)
Coming back 'round (Come back around, come back around)

Whatever it is holding all of your fears, throw them
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I'm from the ghetto where the tenants in the project
Never snitch, but love to gossip, most the children was adopted
Streets like a foster home, basement, no Honda Civic
Ten pints fresh out the pharm', I've been putting on a clinic
May the whores always be hoes and the rats forever sluts
Where that backdoor never close, but the latch forever shut
Where the police short-staffed, where the facts ain't matching up
Where your math ain't mathing up, where the grass ain't never cut
Where the trap don't never close, social seven twenty-four
Is it back to charging motherfuckers eleven for an O?
Hundred tacos in a bale, I'm a block away from hell
Where the good die young or they rot away in jail
Seen the hood high-strung in my hideaway from 12
Never go on dry runs when I'm tryna make a sale
In the Murder Mitten where all the gloves coming off
Thought I seen it all 'til I saw the plug running off, let's get it

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