

# Make It Home

Chipmunk

Don't know if I'll make it back home  
Don't know, make, make, make  
Don't know if I'll make it back home  
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Yeah, my generation know the power of my words  
Couple threats got me rapping like this here my last verse  
I'm like look at what it's come to  
Fuck the world, I need to reason with my uncle  
Shit, and my father cuh dem man, their heart clean  
Sit up talking 'bout life and what it means  
See, they in touch with the spirits I can't see  
And they tell me they got me by any means  
The angels are on my team, I've got a dream so I've got everything  
Listen, let me tell you couple tings I never been  
I've never been evil, never been bad-minded  
My nigga, I don't even wish bad on bad-minded people  
Clean-hearted kid, I say it loud, say it proud  
Got a talent, never done nothing immoral for a pound  
Gave more than I would steal, always helping people out  
Now I'm focusing on me, my good karma's coming round  
I've been waiting on it, praying on it, staying up, saving on it  
Boy into a fine young man, they know I've got it  
Every man for himself on who shall have the pen  
Judgement day will not be you and your friend  
I ghost and focus, get on my dizzy flow  
I told Jazz I'll still be rapping when Izzy grow  
I'm thinking back to Atlanta, now look how Iggy grown  
That booty had me moving nervous in the studio  
My fans want an album from me, I need hope first  
I left Hustle Gang and came home, I had to soul search  
And it's a blessing just to see who's still hollering  
I'm on a journey, boy, you hating or you following  
I'm preening life like a chess board  
A king should never sell his bishop out for no dead cause  
Hibernating, tryna calculate who loves me  
It's hard staying positive, the city's full of fuckery

If I told you my dream at 14, you'd say I'm crazy  
Lived em all out by 21, you have to rate me  
Praise be to God, the boy back on his job  
Dots, even I forgot who I was  
Forgot where I'm from, forgot that I'm loved  
Trust me, you'll be surprised what wrong company does  
In and out of deals, you wanna see my lawyer bill?  
Now I just wanna build my own company, cause  
The foundation is love, and I'm starting with me  
Sorry kids, I can't sign you, I'm still working on me  
[?] starting again, I've gotta snap with this pen  
So if you're rapping I'm your fucking competition, not your friend, it's not  
the end  
But I'm cool, still give a man a hail up  
But I ain't tryna page you, I'm just tryna fill this page up  
From 17, I had my cake up  
Hey 90s babies, you're my age, step your game up  
These rappers tryna play [?]

Blow my own trumpet, I could have your girl here too  
Switch my number every minute, I don't need these calls  
The pressure makes diamonds, I don't need no jewels  
Cuh Neo ain't getting caught up in no matrix  
I'm starting new chapters, reading old pages  
As long as my talent turns over papers  
It's gonna be a broke motherfucker hating  
Young, fly, cool shit  
Smelling like a victor, so miss me with the bullshit  
Come on, someone's gotta rap for all these cool kids  
I'm still up in my [?] with my dargs I went school with  
From growing pains, yeah, I changed loads  
But nigga, you ain't know Mrs [?]  
I'm still the same old, with your same old  
Doing the same old

You see, the universe is real  
If what you give to it, it gives back to you  
I'm looking forward to my next five years  
Amen  
Cuh you know fear kills more dreams than anything  
And that's real  
London Boy