

Way Home

Chris Webby

Carry this weight on my soul with no peace
And it's been taking its toll on me
Traveled this way all alone, lonely
Just tryna find my way home

Tryna find where there's no place like
I don't think twice, to get this shit I won't play nice
You see, the game's rigged so I'll never roll they dice
The road to life got gatekeepers and I know they price
Gotta slip a couple dollars just to make it back home
As I roam on that paper chase to the unknown
If you chase for too long, though, end up all alone
On the quest to be the king you'll build a cage around the throne
But there ain't no rest for the wicked, so I stay lifted
Aside from my pills I'm never scripted
Write my destiny on the daily, don't get it twisted
Did the things that people told me weren't realistic, I
Just a Libra who been tryna find a balance
When chemically I've proven that that shit gon' be a challenge
Liquor by the gallons, reefer by the eighth
On this long road tryna find my way

Carry this weight on my soul with no peace
And it's been taking its toll on me
Traveled this way all alone, lonely
Just tryna find my way home

My drug problems got drug problems
And according to my ex I got some love problems
It's like I love problems, it's like I'm drawn to 'em
I've just adapted to survive and stay strong through 'em
And even though it make my soul grow cold
I've learned how to survive on this road I've chose
And the high's so high but the low's so low
In the mirror, see a person I don't know no more
Whoa, tryna reconnect with who I used to be
Even if my way of doing that is pharmaceutically
Truthfully, keep it transparent, transluscently
Musically, giving you my life just so you can see
That the grass is always greener through your phone screen
But still I'm out here repping for the home team
Same old dream, just another day
Still tryna find my way

Carry this weight on my soul with no peace
And it's been taking its toll on me
Traveled this way all alone, lonely
Just tryna find my way home