

Way Back Home

Cordae

You can be who you want to be
But, I'd rather be myself, for real
No pretending, no fake in me
'Cause getting out this shell is real
I don't know where I'm headed next
But, man, I can't even fake no more
Surrounded by lies and bullshit
Nigga, I can't even take no more
See, I woke up having a bad day
Now, I gotta get the dollar any fast way
'Cause a nigga growin' up, never had shit
I was actin' way too passive

I've been up and down, round and round
Tryna find my way back home
Gone too long, drownin' out
Still gonna play that song
Ok, ok, ok, ok, ok, Annie, are you right?
Never got that text back from the other night
Let me tell you something that I really know
I was down bad up on my ass, I had to go

Ok, sometimes I know I'm dead wrong
So I just put it all in these songs
Shit, I'm still just finding my self
Finding myself up out of this zone, nigga
Wish me well, jezebel, get out of my sight
I excel, then I sell shows out for the night, ugh

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Tryna find my way back home
I've been gone eight months out the year so far
Made a wrong turn down a dark road, on my way back
Crossed through a couple toll roads, had to pay tax
Back and forth, I mean forth and back
Had to get a bag, had to bring it back
Shit's so different now, had to readjust
Ain't too many people that I can trust
Keep to myself, aye
Spend this shit all on myself, ugh

Where would I be without self? Ugh
Look in the mirror like "Boy, you look good, yeah"
That's why I had to big up myself, ugh
I'm doing me, you should do you, fuck everybody else
Don't need nobody else

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