

Made It Home

Deitrick Haddon

Fire low robin turn me up on the radio
I'm taking you to church since y'all don't wanna go
This is for my people that's ripped in they hoods
Up to no good, Misunderstood
Robbing and killing thinking Jesus circumstance oh
Tell me why you so willing to take a life from another man
Oh this is not a judges song
I just wanna see you make it back home

The road wasn't easy, journey was long
I found the courage to keep on pressing on
You will get weary along the way
I can see I'll make it home
I can see I'll make it home
I can see I'll make it home

You gotcha wife, you got them kids
You got a whole family and you gotta live
Just let it go, leave it alone
Learn how to forgive, be the bigger man and make it home
I was just like the prodigal son
I wanted to live life on the run
But those streets ain't made for everybody
Live by the gun you will die by the gun

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I can see I'll make it home
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