

# Coming Home

Dizzy Wright

Hey mama your son is coming home  
Look like we made it on our own  
At first it was a dream  
And now it's looking set in stone  
Never satisfied so I got to ask for more

Somebody asked me how I do it  
More money more problems  
I remember the days when that shit used to sound stupid  
But now I get it  
We was painting pictures with raps but man I was worried about  
being evicted  
Made some money and celebrated and now they say we acting different  
Y'all feeling the pressure I swear I barely noticed it  
I'm smoking but I'm always focusing  
Cause living well is the best revenge  
Positive rapper somebody going to tell my mama that  
I struggled all my life look at me now  
What kind of crime is that?

My rap confessions I'm asking questions to adolescents  
They mad obsessive I'm trying to shield them from pressure  
Life in these lines I put my passion in every letter  
We doing fine but soul intentions to make it better  
Clever , I'm so focused on ending goal  
Waited around for a while now it's time to bring it home  
And you can quit with the cheer leading and just bring it on  
Kicked in the door and now my city want to sing along  
Hello I'm from the gutter like I'm Donatelo  
And speeding through the greens refusing to catch a yellow hell  
no  
Yeah we got it but I need more can't stop me with a detour  
I got to get my team more