

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 diffe
rent
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