

Going Home

Fashawn

I wrote this song in a damn beat and I'm totally wrong,
Staring at a window, me and my mobile phone,
Puffing off some indo, feeling so far from home,
I don't know why I'm complaining; I'm finally on my own.
About fifty-six days, how long have I been gone?
But who's counting I just know, it's been a little too long.

And yeah I'm travelling,
I'm packing for my back in my Connecticut,
... this is madness, I won't be happy until I get home!
I won't be happy until I get home!
I won't be happy until I get home!

And I missed the moving so fast,
I learned to take my time,
This world can be hectic; you could be left behind,
So, we stress, and let it eat us from inside,
You got to get it off your chest and keep it off your mind.
Sometimes I wonder when I'll see 25,
Well, I'll be in three years, hopefully in my prime.

And yeah I'm travelling,
I'm packing for my back in my Connecticut,
... this is madness, I won't be happy until I get home!
I won't be happy until I get home!
I won't be happy until I get home!

Check it out!
Feels good!
Sometimes I feel like I'm writing my life away,
In the studio night and day,
Like... like I'm half my age,
And all I need is a mike and a stage,
Some would say, I say, I'm sick of these airplanes,
Automobiles in these... shit,
Maybe I'm right, then again maybe I'm wrong,
Another day, another song, f**k I'm taking too long,
And guess what happens...
I won't be happy until I get home!
Singing in the house,
Niggers know I'm around!