

Home

Lute

Ol' back street roads, where you taking me?
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say back street roads, where you taking me
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say backstreet roads, where you taking me?

When the motha'fuckin' sun go down, street lights illuminate
Death toll accumulate
Underneath the bullets that would ricochet, my mind get to calculate
I was a hundred dollars shy of a bill that was due today
Probably gon' get fired, yesterday I was an hour late
Spent the hour trying to explain, but they can't relate
When I'm just tryna' fuckin' provide nigga, for Heaven's sake
Never asked a nigga for shit, and that's safe to say
See I got goals, and as long as I got goals to chase I could give two fucks
what they place today
Now I'm on the porch like a villain how a nigga chill
Hit the the town, catch a splinter when I grip the wheel
Porsche 911, feelin' like I'm Bobby Phills
My mama probably somewhere praying that a make a mil'
Lord willin', I be feelin' like someday I wouldn't see these yours, make 'em
feel it
That's what Cole told me, it's no limit
Like that Percy Miller Hornets jersey, it's No Limit
And baby girl I really hope you heard me

Ol' back street roads, where you taking me?
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say back street roads, where you taking me
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say backstreet roads, where you taking me?

When my motherfuckin' Chevy came down, damn, flatline
I'm preppin' to [?] on 485 at nine
Sweatin' on my leather, so I'm beaming [?] seats
And gotta handle my business fast, 12 creepin' for no reason, Please believe
it, I'm thinking about the shit that never stops
I'm boomin' but I'm fuming, like he vroomin' like a Chevy block
Brain tired off a week of work
A nigga just wanna chief some Purp', split shells and eat dessert
Crack a tall can right beside the lake

I was unemployed, had to make it shake
Like speakers bumpin' Miami bass, get up and grind, find a plate
Shit, I'm far from perfect, but I'm filthy rich
Birthed on some fish n' grits, I'm full like a can of Schlitz
The oven hot, I grabbed the oven mits
Cranked the knob to 96, bumpin' somethin' southern biatch!
The oven hot, I grabbed the oven mits

Cranked the knob to 96, bumpin' somethin' southern biatch!

Ol' back street roads, where you taking me?
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say Ol' back street roads, where you taking me
Got me feeling like home ain't the place to be
Even when the love is gone, I can't leave
But baby, who the fuck are they to say that I can't dream?
I say backstreet roads, where you taking me?

As I walk through the valley
Lord, free my mind
As I walk through the valley
Lord, free my soul
For I don't know which way to go
Lost my way down these back street roads
As I walk through the valley
Lord, free my mind