

Coming home, rusty colors
Different tone, undercover
Arrogant, dropping manners
Mockingbird, losing feathers
Mama gets very sick
And I pretend I don't see it
Part of me still don't wanna pardon you
For the parent you weren't back then
Ever since on my own
Every day on the road
Mama sick, mama home
And I can't stand the man I've become

And everytime I'm coming home I feel like nothing's changed but
I know inside these walls it's not the same
Nah I need to step up my game
Practicing my spells against the 3ein
Bitches tryna slither in again
Demons almost slid in me, was that the training? Try again

I'm tryna say, no to women
No offense, no temptation
I'm the one in a trillion
And I know my worth to the cent
Worldly's the range, word to my din
Baba says ain't no tree that the wind hasn't blown
So I'm still waiting for the storm
Survival

I'm never gonna back down
Even back home, even back home, even back

"Oui Rilès, c'est maman, je t'appelle pour t'annoncer une bonne nouvelle
Donc... y a du bon, la tumeur au niveau du poumon elle a... le nodule
a diminué de moitié
Donc voilà, c'est en bonne voie, allez bisous"

In my dreams (I see you) tryna end it all
Arguing life isn't that beautiful
You just need more time, less drama
Peace of mind is sweet (it's all gone)
Sweet (it's all gone)
Sweet (it's all gone)

Don't give up on me
Don't give up on me
Don't give up on me