

# Back To The City

Sylvan LaCue

Back to the city, yeah  
I gotta do more for my niggas  
Gotta do more for my niggas  
I gotta do more for my niggas, Ohh  
Back to the city, yeah  
I gotta do more for my niggas  
Gotta do more for my nggas  
I gotta do more for my niggas, Ohh  
I swear to God, I swear to God  
I swear to God Imma be the one  
I swear to God Imma be the one  
Imma be the one to get the job done, Ohh  
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Uh, one time for the fresh line  
Uh, [?]  
Ninety five, round five going ninety five  
Felt the breeze when a young nigga pass by, skirrt  
No time for letting cash fly, (No)  
Nothin' like the last guys gettin' chastized (No)  
Bunch of shoullda-wouldas frontin' on they last ride  
Could've done it for the city now they past prime (I will nigga)  
Niggas had to treat it like a pastime (Pastime)  
Swear to God it'll be the last time (Last time)  
Last time 'know I said it was the last time  
Had to get a couple bags, open up the cash line (Ha)  
Glad I hid the check now  
Like you been missin' my nigga let's bring it back 'round (Bring it back 'round)  
You went from killin' and chillin' all in the background  
I guess I had a lot time to roam, I need to come back home

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Eh, Eh, Eh, Eh Brother Leary  
Kid gave 'em a little history  
I'm from the city of gold teeth and mangoes  
Screaming fuck the other side anything goes  
And don't nobody give a fuck about the Po-Po's

Them niggas ready to kill fast and talk slow  
I was a youngin' out in Boward with my auntie  
Momma started driving ninety five still haunts me  
Then we came home momma's eyes got low  
Blowin' them bowls, black eyes on swole'  
Had to leave the crib I was five years old  
Momma tell me where we going? I don't know  
All I know is right now baby (We ride)  
All the way to Opa-locka had me all up in the bando with' it  
I was bout' like (Knee High!)  
Pullin' up the 187  
Miami Gardens  
Sugar water with the Mayonnaise Sandwich  
[?] Francis house I couldn't stand it  
Them dookie dreads used to have a nigga scared  
Momma kept me in the crib, don't want no damage  
Unemployed for months, she started scrambling  
Food stamps and love, that's how we managed  
A trick had the whole hood on swole', the hood on swole'  
The thug holidays made a trap feel like gold  
Blacked out, I had an anthem for all them souls  
Niggas ridin' on dunks, twenty large or more  
Pitt was screamin' Norie [?] when them broads was shown  
Dominicanas had it poppin' like vamonos  
I been all around the world goin' hard for show  
Imma be the one to rise when the cards are low  
But no matter where I roam when I'm all alone  
This is always home, it's where I had to go, Ohh

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Location, Miami, Florida

Time, 6: 24 PM

With travel comes experience

And with experience comes new found perception

Let us not forget what home means

The chase for what we feel will validate our worth can also become the reason we seek to remember who we are

What is a man without his home?

What is a man without the foundation that was set for him?

Remember the words that were once spoken

No matter how far you travel, from the first breath to dearly departed

Never forget where you came from, always remember where you started