

# Homecoming

Tom MacDonald

Ya dig?

Seems like every time I come home I have to ask myself where home is

Coming out the opposite of West side, still bang 2Pac  
Three dollar breakfast, Bond's is the food spot  
East Van where it rains through the rooftop, puttin' out your cigarette and  
messin' up your boombox  
Sippin' out a paper bag, old wooden front porch  
Kickin' freestyles while the blunt pass back and forth  
Old man with a shoppin' lot closet  
Give em all my empties and a dollar from my pocket

He said the Lord comin' and he can't wait, so I tell him if he does it it'll  
be OK

Comin' out of Joe's Cafe with a cup of that mafia coffee  
Where are my Italians at?  
Drug dealers think I'm moving on they territory  
I guess they dug up the past that I had buried for me  
And I have temptations but I'm not very Gordie  
I am Vancouver, Edmonton, I am very sorry

From the city where I come from  
The town that I put on for  
I'll be your umbrella for whatever's comin' down  
Or I will be a cover from whatever's blowin' up  
And if you scared of heights then I will be your stuntman  
Is this a bad time to say that I got you?  
Is this a bad time to be your friend?  
Is it the wrong time for me to ask you if you remember how we met?

Bring it back to North side Edmonton  
Hollow Crown Liquor  
A little whiskey kept me warm through the winter  
I used to be a prairie dog, now I'm getting with it man  
All grewed up in this bitch, city man  
Used to have a shoe box, now I got a briefcase  
Link up with my manager and talk about how these days  
East Van on the cross, call it bad religion and it's hot as hell  
'Cause we always sinnin'

Comin' out the number 5 orange  
Strugglin' with demons, hidin' my horns  
Standin' on a gritty block, starin' at a city cop  
He think I'm a gangster but I know I'm really not  
Cool kid but when I graduated class I bought a car and started hangin' with  
the bad guys  
One love for all the people I put on for  
I throw it up for y'all until both my fucking arms sore

From the city where I come from  
The town that I put on for  
I'll be your umbrella for whatever's comin' down  
Or I will be a cover from whatever's blowin' up  
And if you scared of heights then I will be your stuntman  
Is this a bad time to say that I got you?  
Is this a bad time to be your friend?  
Is it the wrong time for me to ask you if you remember how we met?

Comin' out the backdoor of greenhouse  
Sippin' on my JJ, cuttin' out a pom pom  
Profit with a razor blade  
Two halves crooked so you can see in one eye  
Homie stopped in front of me, I am like "what up guy"?  
He said he smelt a blunt, that ain't a good look  
And if I ever wanna read he got a good book  
Peace, shotgun in the whip  
Message some bitches while the blunt still lit

Y'all on the side but the windows all tint, so I can see you but you can't see in here  
The block hot but it cool in the coupe dude  
I don't feel the flame like a fireman suit  
Who, what, where, when, why, how he stay so cool?  
Y'all need a plan B, hometown hate and they say we got beef Vancouver bitch,  
I save on me

From the city where I come from  
The town that I put on for  
I'll be your umbrella for whatever's comin' down  
Or I will be a cover from whatever's blowin' up  
And if you scared of heights then I will be your stuntman  
Is this a bad time to say that I got you?  
Is this a bad time to be your friend?  
Is it the wrong time for me to ask you if you remember how we met?