

Nah, but
Like that
Play the beat
I'm telling you, man
Yeah

Just signed a lease, already evicted us
Considering my behavior, should have predicted this
But it's my home you living in, this ridiculous
And if you can't get with us, then pick it up
And dip back, pack up the pickup truck
Back to bumbafuck
Huh, this where I'm from, dude
Where everyone come to to run through
So I'ma do the same shit, bit more humble
Run through the whole world, refuse to get stuck, doomed in a room like Rapu
nzel
Gotta let my hair out, whereabouts undercover, it could change by the day
They say home is where the heart is, but I daily departed from every place t
hat I stayed

They tell me of a home

Where that at? I never been
Wherever that at, they won't let 'em in
Every home I had didn't fit in or they deaded him
Or I deaded myself, I dreaded getting help
I always got ahead of myself, they never vetted him
Blunts, getting drunk, stunted my development
I don't belong on Earth, maybe Heaven, hmm, anything but Hell again
Is that where I started at or where they sending him?
Is my fate sealed? Is it definite?
Or can I make an appeal, a second attempt?
Is it healing me when I feel the medicine?
What's real and what is relevant?
Then they say, "Why you always gotta question shit?"
Shit, can't be delicate, dance around the elephant
In the room, just need a room to rest my head and get a grip
Whether decadent or desolate, this ain't my residence
I don't need a home, I'm in my element
My parents, they love me, I feel the sentiment
But I'm a nomad, no pad, I ain't resting shit
I will never sit, keep peddling
The earth is mine
The earth is yours, my herd behind
Me, I walk the line till the earth is purged
My purpose served
On God, that's what I had to do
Longitude, latitude
All the foul fools with the attitudes
Had to move on from 'em, get along with 'em 'til they turn irrational
But I told you
I ain't posted, I'm just passing through, but still

They tell me of a home