

# A\$AP Rocky, Back Home (Ft. Acyde, A\$AP Yams)

[Intro]

Gotta find my way back home  
I've been away too long  
Gotta find my way back home  
I'm moving... (Uh)

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

War Lord, we all Lords, but we your Lords  
Tryna find home, next stop is the Waldorf  
Past the racism and fake-ism  
Type of hate that make you feel worse than a rape victim  
Raw dogs, you other niggas mad soft, mad I rap my ass off  
They throwin' mad salt 'til I go bath salt  
On wax, spitting heat to melt the wax off  
I'm Mr. Miyagi in Issey Miyake  
Asshole flow, fuck name brands, past logos  
Now I'm onto grand raps, hands so low, uh  
It's like my fashion style is the life saver  
Guess she wasn't satisfied with titties that Christ gave her  
Bragging that her new ass shots is a life changer  
Head is so good on that girl that I might pay her, or nah  
Super laid back cat, opposite of fat black, Al Capone  
Tell 'em lil' niggas Flacko home

[Chorus: Acyde]

Gotta find my way back home  
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Gotta find my way back home  
I've been away too long  
Gotta find my way back home  
I've been away too long

[Verse 2: A\$AP Rocky]

Uh, Father, Lord forgive me as I load up the semi  
Roll through the city, that chose to resent me  
Hold it, don't load it, reload it on plenty  
Any foe or a [beep] that ever voted against me, dissed me  
Pissed me off then tried to hold it against me  
Or wish we off the worst of luck that ever hated  
Never hesitated, the designated, all of the wrong that they did me  
Is stored in my memory all of the thoughts that I thought of  
Means more for my enemies  
Sippin' holy water like it's bore from my kidneys  
Load the smoke like a chimney, make a toast for the memories  
Make a toast for the Henny, it's the best for the remedies  
Energy, synergy, frienemies, industries  
Finna get advantage on him and his nemesis, bitches been sniffing (Flacko Jodye Season)  
If I, if I ain't the greatest, bitch I'm one of 'em  
How in the fuck could you front on 'em?  
My old ho beefin', my ex won't be friends  
Bronson told me not to eat ham, rest in peace Yams (Rest in peace, Yams)

[Chorus: Acyde]

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[Break: A\$AP Rocky]

Rest in peace Yams, RIP A\$AP Yamborghini  
We gon' take it uptown one time  
We gon' take em back home, show 'em how we do  
They call me Pretty Flacko ladies and gentlemen  
I'd like to introduce Pretty Flacko Senior  
Yasiin Bey

[Verse 3: Yasiin Bey]

Magnum spectacular, black man megalas  
Shine amethyst, fly champion, it's like that again  
What's happenin'? Mathematics master blin'  
Flacko season, all day, erryday  
Ask me how it's going, I tell 'em on and on and on and on and  
You led me out to Arizona, steady flowin', stayin' golden  
Sand cover, ready rover, Flacko glowin' in that Owens  
That's how it's going (Gotta find my way back home)  
Huh, awareness to the areas, familiar with the routes  
Travellin' man, moving through places  
Space and time, in a country called Earth

[Outro: A\$AP Yams]

You know what I mean? These tacky-ass mo'fuckers be in the pictures  
Wearing all types of motherfuckin' red and green stripes  
Over accessorizing out this motherfucker  
We from Harlem, we gave y'all motherfuckers this wave  
Grab y'all surfboards, 'cause y'all got your boogie boards right now out this motherfucker  
Y'all just gon' keep watching us at the beach shore  
With your motherfuckin' khakis rolled up  
With your chancletas in your hand  
And we just gon' keep surfing on this motherfucker  
Straight up  
It's your boy, A\$AP Yams, Yamborghini  
Yo, Rock, man, let these motherfuckers know what it is  
Out this motherfucker, A\$AP, bitch