

# Akrobatik, Back Home To You

(\*clearing throat\*)

[Verse 1 - Akrobatik]

Now, being that the fact is (uh), you was a fly New Yorker

You could of wrote me off as some kind of sick stalker

But I guess I was kind of a slick talker

Charmed you real quick, then made a mean offer

Now we livin like Mr. and Mrs. Walker

Cause even if we was stranded, we'd be hand and hand, Miss

Thing, body that bang, I can't stay away (uh)

I think 'em about to get this ring off layaway

And shine up this knee, it's been a little too long

We've Been &quot;Holdin Each Other Down&quot; just like the Alchemist song (hold you)

So to not give you no props up on this album is wrong

When you put your soul in somethin, yo the outcome is strong

And them long nights on the road is torturous (right)

But every show is just another step towards our fort-a-ress

I see you doin your thang too

We could make beautiful music together with the way you sang, woo

So while I'm starin out my tour bus window (uh)

Rollin through Los Angeles and San Francisco

I'm thinkin about you buggin out, singin some disco (right)

And all that other shit that I miss yo

Cause listen up, I ain't tryin to be Jared at Subway

I want your arroz con pollo cooked for me lovely

You knew me from a scrub to today (uh)

The clubs that I play, make me glad I didn't meet you in one (hell yeah)

And when my people from the hood see me

They tell me that our shit would really make some good TV

But we ain't goin out like Jessica and Nick Lachey

Because people always be havin bullshit to say

And I ain't worried 'bout no number one hit today

I'm just writin this to say, good lookin out

Thanks for gettin my back even when I was actin whack (what)

All depressed, and talkin 'bout quittin rap

My fans don't know it but they owe a lot to you (uh)

Cause you reminded me, that a man's got to do, what a man's got to do

Truer words were never spoken (no doubt)

Without your help, I might have been forever broken

But now I got sublime rhymes, ready for prime time

When me and my dime shine, it's brighter than the brightest constellation (woo)

It took the tightest concentration and I'm a give that ass a demonstration

When I get home (uh), yeah, I got work to do

When I get back home to you (soon as I get home)

Yeah, I got work to do, when I get back home to you, you, you

(I'm a tear that ass up)

[Outro - Cuts by DJ Jayceeoh]

&quot;I miss her&quot; (\*scratched 7 times until fade\*)