

# Coming Back (feat. MAC MILLER)

## Domo Genesis

I'm coming back  
Hey yeah, I'm comin'  
I'm coming back  
Hey yeah, I'm comin'It's a cold world baby, but I'm a cold nigga  
Frostbite tryna take a chew of how I slither  
My presence give 'em chills, like an Antarctica winter  
And I'm banging Inglewood till I'm getting caught with a splinter  
I'm having artists for dinner  
So many fall apart when I spark it's hard to remember  
It's always hard remembering pain is part of the riddle  
Somewhere between my art and the dark, I'm parked in the middle  
I knew my part since was little  
I knew my heart was official  
I knew that in my heart that boy was part of a bigger plan  
I know my momma not coming up short of rent again  
Cause I put this rap shit down and go and sin again  
Fuck all the daps and pounds I'm on my shit again  
All that bad mouthing just running up my adrenaline  
And yeah, it's safe to say we made a way  
From getting slouched on  
And Doms'll be that nigga from now on, you dig me?  
Nothing to do, sell smoke and drive  
Money in your pocket, million on your mind  
And someone had to drink, someone had to drug  
Someone had to have bitches on the line, that's what it was  
And I don't regret a single night I came home fucked up  
Feel sorry for a single time I made hoes cry  
Money was a thing I didn't make too much of  
Tell me "Hurry up", Imma take my timeI feel like I'm designed for this  
I don't know how all my timing is  
But I know I want that time again  
To give this all I got  
All my clouds got silver linings  
Amazing how I keep my peace alive through all this violence  
It's a war outside my window, it's like all I hear is sirens  
But it's something 'bout the melody, I'm drifting into science  
I was born hateful, looking at this world ugly  
Way at the bottom, got me questioning if God love me  
You know my steez dog, real niggas ride gully  
Lost a couple soldiers, got me smokey with my eyes runny  
My heart cold like I said in the first verse  
And I'm tryna eat you niggas, I am desert first

And somewhere between the hoes and money, I got hurt  
The worst, I swear to God this life a gift and a curse  
My path was chosen way before I existed, the misfit  
The voices in my head never tell me wrong so I listen  
Either make a way or collision  
I ain't here to play nigga, I'm on a mission Nothing to do, sell smoke and drive  
Money in your pocket, million on your mind  
And someone had to drink, someone had to drug  
Someone had to have bitches on the line, that's what it was  
And I don't regret a single night I came home fucked up  
Feel sorry for a single time I made hoes cry  
Money was a thing I didn't make too much of  
Tell me "Hurry up", Imma take my time  
La-la-la-la

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>