

Back Home Freestyle

LUCKI

I gotta hurry up my phone finna die

That's like me checking my call log, and the most dodged one
And hear out everything I know, I'm tryna solve em

Shorty be at me on the web, I won't get caught up

Just made a vine and been smoking, got this bitch caught up

Bitch I'm in Miami, it feel like I'm back home, aye

I'm a one way trip, bitch you can't go back home, aye

Got my whole center united, can't go back home, aye

I can't go back home, aye

Can't go back home, aye

I'm like "bitch it's over with"

I gotta block her from my mama phone

Told her all my business, she know I'm my father to the bone

Rolling off a hitta, I ate Xan, it made last summer cold

Forgot what made me me, forgot my month, my whole summer gone

Back to school she ready get from far from me as possible

Bitch I go to tour, I'm in your city, that's impossible

Masked up, black thoughts and feelings mental robbers who

Been through this like five times, I still don't know what I'ma
do

And I'm still stuck on my last high

Don't think I have the courage to do that again

Fuck the rules, look who raised me, I know how this end

Fuck the rules, look who raised me, I know how this end

Aye, Freewave part two

That's like called "Back Home" though