

## 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