

# Never Home

SiR

I told myself I wasn't finna leave you no voicemail  
Cause you really got me fucked up. Like you see me calling  
So a voicemail is pointless as fuck  
But the whole part about it is  
If you really are serious about this

Ten missed calls, I fell asleep  
Dreamin' like I ain't living one  
She ain't have nothin to say at all  
But a promise is a promise, and I told her last week  
When she hit me, I would pick up my phone  
Nothin' worse then being alone and feeling alone  
I know that I should call back  
But let's face facts, I don't really feel like arguing  
I be out partying  
Road been good to me, good to me  
I know nothing lasts forever, but this feel like life  
I used to love when she check on me, check on me  
But nowadays phone calls ain't so black and white  
See, I don't know who that bitch is in the background  
I don't know when I'll make it back to the hotel  
Most of our conversations don't end well  
She say she been fine, but I can never tell  
Cause I'm never home

There ain't no reason to be  
To be havin' to call you six, seven hundred times (I'm never home)  
In a fucking minute because you're screening my calls  
My nigga, like what are we doing (I'm never home)  
For real, we just gonna play this game  
Like let's stop fucking playing games  
Like I'm not... You know what (I'm never home)  
I am not going to get out of my positive  
Mode that I've been on, you know what I'm saying

I've been in in the bay for a few days  
The money locomotive don't stop cause she lose her top  
And top working me like my nickname kunta  
New slave, stay up in the lab on a new wave  
I don't need nobody fucking up my concentration  
Lately I've been contemplating giving her some space  
I'm trying not to lose my patience  
But if we was in a race, we'd be heading for the finish line  
She put me in a mood when I'm feeling fine  
She keeps saying I need to just say what she think I'm thinking  
She'll get out my way, see our chain ain't linking  
No, our barb' ain't weaving  
Shit, our pop ain't locking  
I'm all for boxing, but this fight ain't stopping  
She don't wanna spaz, but she running out of gas  
I'm tryna make it last, but why should we do that  
I'm never home

If you have a problem, to talk to me  
I'm your woman. If we're (I'm never home)  
I'm not gonna be calling you seven  
Hundred times a day (I'm never home)

This whole thing, honestly, like to be high key honest  
(I'm never home) is not fucking working because I can't even get  
Through twenty minutes, like I'm tired of it  
I can't do this shit no more  
So you figure out what you're going to do because I know what I'm  
Gonna do, and I'm gonna stop leaving this  
Fucking voicemail because you go me fucked up