

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 callin', 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 (damn)
Dreamin' like I ain't livin' 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 bein' alone and feelin' alone
I know that I should call back, but let's face facts
I don't really feel like arguin', I be out partyin'
Road been good to me, good to me
I know nothin' 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 fuckin'
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 fuckin' playin' games, like I'm not...
You know what? (I'm never home)
I am not goin' 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 workin' me like my nickname Kunta
New slave, stay up in the lab on a new wave
I don't need nobody fuckin' up my concentration
Lately I've been contemplatin' givin' her some space
I'm tryin' not to lose my patience
But if we was in a race, we'd be headin' for the finish line
She put me in a mood when I'm feelin' fine
She keeps sayin' I need to just say what she think I'm thinkin'

She'll get out my way, see our chain ain't linkin'
No, our barb' ain't weavin', shit, our pop ain't lockin'
I'm all for boxin', but this fight ain't stoppin'
She don't wanna spaz, but she running out of gas
I'm tryna make it last, but why should we do that
When I'm never home
If you have a problem, to talk to me, I'm your woman.
We're not kids (I'm never home).
Don't - mind you, we're grown.
I'm not gonna be callin' you seven hundred times a day
(I'm never home).
This shit is for the birds.
This whole-, this whole thing, honestly, to like- like to be high key honest, (I'm never home) is not fuckin'
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 goin' to do
Because I know what I'm gonna do,
And I'm gonna stop leaving this fuckin' voicemail
Because you got me fucked up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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