

# Lonely

## Speaker Knockerz

Started out with nothing i was hungry  
Now i got a couple niggas bitches on me  
Fuck nigga i dont wanna be your homie  
I had to make a couple bands by me lonely  
I had to make a couple bands by my lonely x3  
Fuck nigga i dont wanna be your homie  
All i wanna do is count commas  
I had to make a couple bands for the come up  
Got kicked out the house i had no option  
I was going through it with my moma  
Ju-juggin and finnesin had to play it raw  
Smoking weed dodging feds cause my head hard  
When i dropped out i sad fuck all of yall  
Imagin pulling up to your school in the best car  
I was born in 94 i got the tattoo  
I just took his bitch thats what that cash do  
If you went from broke to rich quick you would brag too  
Im sorry i finessed you out your money but i had too  
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Fuck nigga i dont wanna be your homie  
I had to make a couple bands by me lonely  
I had to make a couple bands by my lonely x3  
Fuck nigga i dont wanna be your homie  
Ha ha ha ha ha  
You mad or nah  
Fuck nigga dont want war  
Them thangs go da da da  
These thots dont get no love  
My pockets is so large  
Im swimming in the guap  
I got gold all on my watch  
My belt cost more than you check  
Im throwing all this money like bread  
I know ill make a girl so wet  
I know the pussy nigga upset  
Im winning im winning you lose  
Thats your fault should have never snoozed  
You broke never make no moves  
I be making movies no tom cruise  
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Now i got a couple niggas bitches on me

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>