

# One Lonely Night

Joyner Lucas

Yo, what's up, this is Joyner  
I'm not able to take your call right, leave me a brief message and I'll get back to you  
Peace You told me not to take there  
I swear god, man I was supposed to make it here  
Ahhhh, I was supposed to make it here  
Ahhhh Close your eyes when you pray at night  
But all the money in the world couldn't save your life  
Ahhhh, money couldn't save your life  
Ahhhh What you gon do when the club close down  
And the liquor runs out, and your all by yourself  
What a lonely night  
One lonely night  
What you gon do when the weed don't ease your brain  
And numb your pain like it used to  
That's one lonely night  
One lonely night Hennessy by the bottles, double D's on the models  
Plenty trees, we can have as many dreams as we want to  
That's my life, Ay-ya-ya-ya  
I'ma be alright, Ay-ya-ya-ya Gold teeth and some Benzs, Twenty-twos and some bitches  
Strip clubs every night, that's the life that I'm livin'  
And it mine Ay-ya-ya-ya  
I'ma be just fine Ay-ya-ya-ya What you gon do when the party close down  
And the drugs run out and your all by yourself  
What a lonely night  
One lonely night  
What you gon do when the pills don't ease your brain  
And numb your pain like it used to  
That's one lonely night  
One lonely night I just want some weed now  
I let you in and all you did was let me down  
Ahaaa, let me down  
Ahaaa Close your eyes when you pray at night  
But all the money in the world couldn't save your life  
Ahhhh, money couldn't save your life  
Ahhhh Hey what's up, It's me  
Um, I know you're probably not expecting to hear from me right now but  
I just (stutters) I'm a little drunk  
I really don't want to be alone tonight  
So would you come over?  
(Sighs) I shouldn't have even went out tonight, like  
I've just been so lost lately, there's been so much on my mind  
But I miss you

Please call me back, you're like the only one I can talk to, for real  
 I love you, I'm so lonely please baby Hennessy by the bottles, double D's on the models  
 Plenty trees, we can have as many dreams as we want to  
 That's my life, Ay-ya-ya-ya  
 I'ma be alright, Ay-ya-ya-ya Gold teeth and some Benzs, Twenty-twos and some bitches  
 Strip clubs every night, that's the life that I'm livin'  
 And it mine Ay-ya-ya-ya  
 I'ma be just fine Ay-ya-ya-ya What a lonely night  
 One lonely night Oh shit, oh shit  
 Here we go again, make sure you take them clothes off, bitch I'm going in  
 You gon' take this dick while I press record, and tonight you my slave don't you ever tell me no  
 again  
 So don't you ever tell me no again, bitch I'm possessive and I never let you go again  
 Who hittin' you phone at two in the morning and had to tell that nigga don't you ever text my  
 hoe again  
 Said don't you ever text my hoe again, look nigga I don't care how long you been friends  
 I don't care if you knew each other since you was kids  
 Bitch, I don't care if your little brother is cool with his  
 I'm the shit, oh shit, where the noise at  
 Everybody got a squad, can't avoid that  
 Niggas screaming "Gang, Gang, Gang," oh yeah  
 But when the shit hit the fan, where your boys at?  
 Oh shit, oh shit, I don't have a visa  
 I think I'mma fall in love with a ballerina  
 Just let me hit it and I ain't waitin' for marriage neither  
 Cause she gon' fall and I'm gon' ball like alopecia  
 I said I gone bald like alopecia, I turn the god, then read the Bible the grabbed the heater  
 I want a mansion in Hollywood and Pasadena, but I still ain't got shit and I ain't too happy  
 neither  
 And everything was all good just a week ago. I heard some shit about you I ain't believe it tho  
 'Cause I don't listen to the gossip or tea and go and treat your differently cause niggas wanted  
 me to know  
 That's for you to guess and me to know  
 Shorty said I'm cold hearted my shit 3 below  
 I just ran into the bank, give me all the bread, I didn't want to do it but I need the dough  
 Oh shit  
 Here we go again, make sure you take them clothes off, bitch I'm going in  
 You gon' take this dick while I press record, and tonight you my slave don't you ever tell me no  
 again (Crying)  
 Shut the fuck up hoe Look don't you ever tell me no again, bitch I'm possessive and I never let  
 you go again  
 Who hittin' you phone at two in the morning and had to tell that nigga don't you ever text my  
 hoe again  
 Cause I'm possessive and I never let you go again Hah  
 Don't you ever call my phone again Yo, yo, Hello, you  
 The fuck?  
 Waoorreeooree

