

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
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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