

## Christine

# "Sick of Being Lonely"

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[Chorus]

I'm so sick of being lonely  
Every night while my man goes out with his homies  
I wanna know how it feels to be loved, be loved

[Interlude {\* sung\*}]

Any other night, you'd be at home waitin' on me, yeah  
(What's goin' on?)  
Any other night, you'd be actin' like a bugaboo,  
ooh(What's goin' on?)  
Any other night, you'd be callin' me, stallin' me,  
ha(What's goin' on?)  
Any other night, I can guarantee a page from you,  
ooh(What's goin' on?)

[Verse 1]

Hmmm, but tonight seem different  
Man, it's about this fishy (I'm so confused)  
Cuz I ain't even get shhhh  
My wife ain't hit me on my pager or cell  
And when I CALL HER, I keep gettin' the damn voice  
mail  
What's goin' on? Yeah I know I'm wrong  
For goin' and comin' home at 'bout four in the mornin'  
'Hopin' ya "Home Alone" like Caulkin  
But I picked the wrong time, and respect will be  
expected

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Verse 2: Trina]

You can't play the Diamond mommy foolish like Ashanti  
You gotta convince me nigga if you really want me  
Tell me what happened to the Tiffany gifts  
And all the quality time and Caribbean trips  
Now you creep with them freaks every night of the  
week  
I'll see you 7:45 by the side of ya streets  
I'm sick of bein lonely, I'm ready to creep  
You out trickin with ya homies, I'm hittin the streets  
What

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm so sick of bein' lon-

AHH, don't finish yo statement

You alone call me, I'll be yo replacement

Put me in the game coach, you can let that lame go

Let me lick you on your neck and go down to yo ankles

Cuz ain't no mo' better, freakier feller

From the Field to creep wit', when ya guys are dummy

Honey you lookin' good, and mo' gooder than a late of  
neck bones

Tenderized and yummy, the Energizer bunny can't  
compete with me

Cuz I be goin' and goin', rowin'

With mo' motion than ya ocean from night to mornin'

Hit it huffin' and puffin', breath stankin' and yawnin'

Something so pretty as you at home alone

That's unbelievable, like when the cow jumped over  
the moon

Now, I never put nothin' before you

That's like eatin' cereal, pickin' a fork over a spoon

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