

Field Mob

"Sick Of Being Lonely (feat. Trina)"

Visit "[Sick Of Being Lonely \(feat. Trina\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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

Visit [Field Mob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.