

## Field Mob

# "Sick Of Being Lonely Remix"

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[Verse 1]

Little shawty, we used to be on the phone all day  
Talkin' to the sunshine shinin' on my bald head  
Now today seem strange  
No call on my celly, no name on my caller ID  
Callin' you up and ya OGs sayin' you ain't home  
What's really goin' on? I wanna know  
So gimme a call and let's play no games  
I'm playin', you want the plane  
Don't point a finger over herre  
I bought you a fur coat for your birthday  
And this the things I get shorty?  
Over there you starin' mad  
That I went out with them other chicks  
I told you they ain't shit!  
They were just some buddies from high school that I  
went to  
Where my old homies wanted me to kick it to 'em  
But I called you up but you wasn't home  
Baby girl when you get this message, gimme a call  
I'll be waitin' at home

[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  
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 2]

Hmmm, but tonight seem different

Man, it's about this fishy (I'm so confused)  
'cause 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 w/ad libs]

[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  
'cause 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  
'cause 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

[Chorus 2X]

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