

## Azad Right

### "Alone"

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It's so odd, I can't get a job, I can't get a call  
Maxed out credit cards, over draft on my debit card  
Damn, man, what to do?  
Mom keep saying that it's up to you  
She's the reason I was stuck in school  
Now I feel like a f\*ckin' fool

What I wanna do don't need a degree  
What I wanna do comes easy to me  
But it's so hard to get paid for this sh\*t  
I love knowing that I'm never safe in this b\*tch

On my toes, I'm chasing the hits  
And it makes my day when they say that I'm sick  
But don't do me no favors, hater  
Fuel my fire 'til I make it major

I know that my time gon' come  
AnR's say I gotta find that one  
Song, that'll blow me up  
But I've heard that so much, I've gone numb

You can't spit a flow if I wrote you that sh\*t  
So gimme my dough like you owe me that sh\*t

And why you keep tellin' me to lose my producers  
These two dudes make the music I move to  
Look, how you gon' say that we're not on fire?  
How you gon' say I'm not an ill songwriter?  
They write hits, I write emotions  
You don't like this, better get to rollin'

Stop tryin' to Lupe me  
I'll tell you right now that it's too late b  
And please don't bring up any other rapper  
I'll tell you once more these dudes ain't me, AZ

After everything  
That I've done  
They don't see  
I'm still alone

I'm out here tryin' to make a livin'  
Doin' something different but it doesn't even matter

A part of me  
Wants to let it go  
But can't you see  
It's all I know

I'm out here tryin' to make a livin'  
Doin' something different but it doesn't even matter

Sometimes I don't wanna kick raps  
Sometimes I wanna kick back  
With my feet up, lay back and chill  
In the way back of the maybach for real

Wishing, I'm dreaming for a reason  
I've convinced myself that if I keep believin'  
Eventually I'll be it

But who got my back? I know I do  
I keep telling myself they gon' find you  
Life's a b\*tch, I'm Nas in 92  
Street poet but I ain't a Crip or Piru

Don't think that I'm soft dog  
The sh\*t that I say from my heart dog  
I'm on one, but I'm off ya'll  
And they say every rappers a lost cause, so

Let me get straight to it  
I just make music  
It ain't got no color or genres  
So, I guess you can call it Obama

Still, when I'm rappin' I happen to see  
Even my family ain't happy for me  
I'm mad at my friends  
The ones who said that they had my back 'til the end

But they don't pick up my calls  
Convenient homies, I don't even need you phonies  
OK then, get lost  
You're b\*tchmade, I'm pissed off

I give, you take  
'Til I ain't got sh\*t left to take  
So I think, that you fake  
And I ain't got sh\*t left to say

After everything  
That I've done  
They don't see  
I'm still alone

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