

# Lonely (feat. Chris Brown)

Tank

Yeah  
Its the general  
C. Breezy in the building  
Its that RnB money right here  
Lets get it  
[Tank]  
I brought hers  
I did that walked up in this motherf\*cker like the kid back  
You see the ice, you see the ring  
Truth is, I'm just doing this to cover up the pain  
She left me, for good reason  
I disrespected home you can call it treason  
Im in the bleeding ones with my heart ain't leaking  
Dont smoke, but tonight I think I'll be cheefin' yea  
[Chorus]  
I told my waitress to keep them bottles coming women all around me  
Ive been single for two or three weeks now, but whose counting  
Already replaced you with a new girl, new girl  
She dont do for me the things you do girl  
Im still lonely, Im still lonely  
Im steady tryin to replace you with a new girl  
In the end the only one I need is you girl  
Im still  
Thinking bout you,  
Girl Im thinking bout you,  
Thinking bout you, damn Im thinking bout you,  
All these new girls, they aint you girl  
Thinking bout you Ill be damned Im thinking bout you yeah  
So many shots just kill me now  
Behind these shades are tears of a f\*\*king clown  
My heart is racing could be the molly  
Or the fact that she up in here looking good without me  
Look at them bottles them red bottoms, whose her sponser now  
I was go speak and try to make peace but look at this damn crowd  
Look at this damn crowd, look at this damn crowd!  
Yeah its poppin but if you with it you we can leave now!  
[Chorus]  
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[Chris Brown]  
Thinking bout you,  
Damn Im thinking bout you,  
Thinking bout you, got a n\*gga thinking bout you, yeah  
All these new girls they not you girl  
Thinking bout you Ill be damn Im thinking bout you yeah.  
N\*gga off in this club, got a hundred girls in my VIP  
I bet all of them wanna f\*ck  
But only your ass can get to me  
Im throwing up this money, hella money spend  
This fake ass n\*ggas on that funny shit  
ima get this on your level since you wanna trip  
Ima give the new girl the d\*ck as your punishment  
Now Im back up in this club  
With my shirt off and my chain on  
And Im l-l-l-look at her booty  
Got that bomb sh\*t on this Tank song  
No matter how many girls wanna do me  
I just want you back in my ranges rove  
On the road no clothes, on the pole, game over  
i told the waitress Just Keep them bottles coming  
Women all around me,  
Its so many pretty ladies a n\*gga stop counting  
I said already replaced you with a new girl  
Yeah she dont do for me the things she do girl.  
Im still lonely, Im still lonely  
Ive steady tryin to replace you with a new girl  
In the end the only one I need is you girl  
I said, thinking bout you,  
Damn Im thinking bout you,  
Thinking bout you, gotta nigga thinking bout you, yeah  
All this new girls, they not you girl  
Thinking bout you Ill be there Im thinking bout you yeah  
Still lonely, Im still lonely  
New girl, bottles poppin, fast life  
Im still alone, alone

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