

# Hate Being Lonely

DC the Don

Tell me when you need and when you want me  
You too drunk, now you hate bein' lonely  
I got what you need and, bae, it's on me  
I pull up, I got some more drank on me

I'm goin' up tonight, I roll a blunt on my doley  
I caught a flight out of town, you know the city can't hold me  
Tryna catch me in baggage claim, I'm out of reach and I'm rollin'

But when I get situated, I hit your phone, and you only  
Send a text, where you at? I need you here right now, baby, that's my shit

She on the AUX and she playin' my song, screamin', "That's my shit"

You can turn that shit up as loud as you tryna hear it, that's my whip

I woke up in some brand-new Ricks

Throw the AC on and hotbox my whip (Ooh)

In my head, I'm out of town, I'm too gone

If you really don't fuck with me, then why you peepin' what I'm on? (Ooh)

All you ever wanted was some honesty, but honestly, I'm not home

So don't be wastin' your time, keep on knockin' at the door for me, baby

Tell me when you need and when you want me  
You too drunk, now you hate bein' lonely  
I got what you need and, shawty, it's on me  
I pull up, I got some more drank on me

Face it, no chasin'

In New York and the lights goin' crazy

Better talk to me nice 'cause I don't like when you speak too loud, you be goin' wild, too brazy

Like, baby

I can't hear you, girl, I'm way too faded

I got grown-man bills now, made at least a hundred K but I'm a nineties baby

Yeah, that's why I hit you on the flip now, 'cause I be busy makin' history, this shit too wavy

In the studio, shit goin' crazy

Roll a blunt or roll ten, I'm lazy

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I got what you need and, shawty, it's on me  
I pull up, I got some more drank on me

Face it, no chasin'  
You got me waitin' on your shit, I hate it  
Tell me when you need and when you want me  
You too drunk, now you hate bein' lonely