from you

I don't wanna be alone, I don't wanna be alone, I don't wanna be alone oh, oh, oh
I don't wanna be alone, I don't wanna be alone, I don't wanna be alone oh, oh, oh
Cause ya know somewhere inside I cannot find the feeling I got from you
No, somewhere inside I cannot find the feeling I got

Hard for a pitchfork, soft for a Rockefeller Music was my side chick but now we're moving in together

Always felt misunderstood I guess I have to tolerate My swag Jehovah Witness, dude, it never take a holiday APC jeans, brown leather jacket on Kitsuné cable knit, cardigan from Rag & Bone Thick Filipino chick, homemade bracelet Her booty make her just a rapper she ain't gotta say shit

I'm someone they admire set the game ablaze, I'm an arcade fire

Laughed at my rides like my motion was funny Yes, ashy to classy, my lotion is money The ride is easy when the dollar's there to grease the

Now everybody tell me what to do and how to feel It seems the more I try to connect with the world I am feeling more alone than I ever have felt before I wanna pick up the phone ask my dad how to handle it But what will happen when my dad's not there to answer it?

I try to clear my mind of thoughts that only slow me down

Like when these niggas call me faggot and we homies now But we are not homies, I just keep you around Cause all your talking is the noise I need to kill this sound

Have all these voices telling me no one can help me out We are alone I'm just the only one to figure out

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No, somewhere inside I cannot find the feeling I got from you

"You are the bestest, I will obey you"

These words I wrote for you when you were fucking other dudes

The only thing I need from you now is some solitude Actions over words, "girls will be girls", that's all it proves

I used to be this guy sitting with an open heart

Now my computer screen's the only place I feel a spark I don't fuck with fake bitches except for when I fuck with fake bitches

Canon 5D to take pictures of these girls who wouldn't talk to me a year ago

49er chick asking for money, she get zero though Here I go again talking money, women, and clothes, and cars, right?

You could switch all of my words out with Plies', right?

People saying we're the same, please, come from under $_{\mbox{\scriptsize me}}$

We are just some rappers got no luxury of subtlety No subjects when we're rapping, we say it like we hear it

I put it on a track but I hope you get the spirit cause

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