

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Love In, Love Out"

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(Verse 1)

When I came home from jail we was brothers
Your beef was my beef
Remeber that time with Butta on your video set
When he was talkin' bout shootin'
If you don't pay him, then I got into it
Son you gave me a hundred dollars when I came home
I didn't complain I wasn't in it to gain
You my nigga when you hot and when the temperature
changed
Now we enemies, 'til we enter the grave
When I got signed to Def Jam I offered you ten grand
You said you didn't want it, then you started acting
funny
It started with the cover of YSB
A picture of The Firm, everyone except me
Then my voice disappeared off La Familia
That's when it was clear to me there wasn't no real love
I was out The Firm, unless I signed a production deal
Which I didn't do cus son, that wasn't real
I was never jealous of you
In fact I was proud of you
I smiled when I heard you on "Live at the Barbeque"
I respect you as an artist thou I'm no longer fond of you
I gave you love from the heart unlike the people
surrounding you

(Chorus)

Love in, Love out
Nowadays is no honor, only drama
Your friend today can be your enemy tomorrow
Never show weakness, tell 'em no secrets
What's deep is, I had love for you
But due to situations, I can't fuck with you
Trust is a luxury I can't afford
Betrayal's something that I can't ignore

(Verse 2)

My love is real
Some earn it, some are unworthy
Some, walk in the prescence of men with thoughts to

hurt me
And wonder why I throw shade and stay to myself
Cus I'm me, plus I'm not betraying myself
I'm free from the burden of extending my hand
To my man's that don't deserve it
I only trust fam
When I was locked up, you was doing you excluded me
You should be happy now that I'm doing me
Niggas, acting like I won't give up a habit
I got a question: Who came to spank weight empty
handed?
You smile in my face yet your eyes reveal the hate
Next time you talk about me, mention I ain't fake
I'm living my dream, live yours
I gave sweat and tears
You didn't even buy my CD, you say you my man? (uh)
You so jealous your emotions make you careless
I hope when you hear this it makes you think before you
staring
At your last I hear you scheemin'
I'm reading you your last right
Get your mind off primitive thoughts and get your cats
right
I'm not limited, without rap I'd still be gettin' it
Yours truly, the dealer / lyricist

(Chorus)

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