

**Shad****"Out of Love Pt. 2"**

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V1:

So I wrote this song once - out of love  
About a scrub  
In a crowded club or lounge  
Surrounded by these hounds and thugs  
And he goes home and he pouts because  
Well first of all, his ears hurt from shoutin stuff  
trying to flirt when the sound is up  
so he already feels down and plus  
he just got clowned and stuck out so many times  
that now hes out of touch  
well as the story goes, that boy never found his luck  
sleeps in his folks' house  
on the couch or just around the rug  
legs spread starfish-style  
mouth is up  
singing - 'look out the window' and the blah-blah  
loud as what  
you know childish stuff  
the things you do when youre lonely  
but homies gotta be all proud and such  
like 'we don't love them hos'  
that's what they all say  
still I seen many fall prey to a doll face  
they sayin I ain't all straight  
cuz dimes recognize me now in the hallway  
and flash a smile, I pass em quick with a small wave  
basically punk em so my boys get mad and punch me  
in the junk til my balls ache

chorus:

look out the window and there's rainstorms  
I let the wind blow out a brain storm (x3)

V2:

Shad's back on that emo tip  
Oh good.  
The scarf and the tight jeans complete the whole look  
Why don't you go cook  
Some vegan food and rent The Notebook  
We all need a good cry shad, you so should!

Then maybe you'll feel better  
And won't put together another lame long love song  
With no hook!  
Go sniff a rose bush and learn how to rap again  
I thought you got your flow back, what happened man  
You had that super difficult, seven syllables at the  
minimal  
a-typical schemes and you packed em in  
now you slack and when you rappin, you have to grin  
cuz you know that them rhymes is as wack as sin  
and not half as dope as you had em then  
shad dude, when was the last time you grabbed a pen  
and worked your brains out, spat flames out  
you tame now  
sort of got this half-way lame style  
and this is sort of an aside, but you've gained pounds  
spending all day layed out on that same couch!  
Whatever happened to 'I want a clair huxtable'  
And 'the only rap videos I make are instructional'  
I think you got a little bit too comfortable  
And you still out of love, so what you gonna do...

(Chorus)

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