

Shyne "Get Out"

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Yeah, yeah

This ones for my Brooklyn playboys

This ones for my L.A. playboys

This ones for my Chi town playboys

ATL, down south, NC, SC

Where you be?

Come on, just play it with me

When it come to hoes, we don't love not one

Fuckin' a friend, ain't no option

It's a must, her friend assists like Stockton

When we fuck, I gotta have two not one

She know a freaky nigga like me

Get her wet then I'm out like strike three

No doubt, make her girlfriend eat her out

After we fuck, then the exit be the route

Believe me, we don't love them hoes

Break out, after we dug them hoes

You wanna stay bitch, what'cha talkin' 'bout?

Put your shoes on and start walkin' out

Get out, I don't wanna hug you

Get out, bitch, I don't love you

Get out, what'cha talkin' 'bout

Put your shoes on and start walkin' out

Honey, you hittin', you got me lickin' the hole

Before I'm stickin' the hole up in my face

In the place most niggas don't see love drug, baby

I'm about to O.D. Cocaine pussy

One stroke be a whole KI

You're feminine, hood from heaven an'

I'll do anything, orals to S and M

Keep you satisfied, back? Certified?

Come and take a ride, I'll be your great adventure

Tell ya friends, I bent'cha, who sent'cha?

Must'a been God, my bedroom angel taken

Lovin' the curves as you purr while I'm stroking

Grabbin' ya hair, dont'cha dare shed a tear
You a good girl, don't cry
Shake that thang that I give
Throw ya back as I dig

Like a broke mattress you had me sprung out
But ain't nothin' changed you got to get out

Get out, I don't wanna hug you
Get out, bitch, I don't love you
Get out, what'cha talkin' 'bout
Put your shoes on and start walkin' out

To all my niggas that know what I mean
When you fuck a bitch good, she don't wanna leave
I go through this all the time
Bitch, act like she don't see the exit sign

Start cryin', how much she love Shyne
That's the same thing she told my man Brian
What the fuck, she think I'm stupid?
Don't know my pimp blood is deeply rooted

Inherited, that be my heritage
That I don't give a fuck about a bitch fetishes
So when we fuck and it's over
Throw ya pocketbook, on ya shoulder

Put your shoes on and hit the road
And if your last name Royce, bitch you Roll

Get out, I don't wanna hug you
Get out, bitch, I don't love you
Get out, what'cha talkin' 'bout
Put your shoes on and start walkin' out

Get out, I don't wanna hug you
Get out, bitch, I don't love you
Get out, what'cha talkin' 'bout
Put your shoes on and start walkin' out

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