

# Get Out

## Birds Of Tokyo

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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