Get Out

Khia

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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