# Get Out Yo Feelin's (feat. RJmrLA)

## YG

Started from the bottom, made it to the top; they mad
Pull in Maybachs and Wraith drops; they mad
Well fuck it, be mad
(Mustard on the beat, ho!)
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out yo
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
Damn, Mustard back now, wipe me down
Hit a model from the back now, wipe me down
Spend it, get it right back now, wipe me down
Ooh, my homies sendin' packs now, wipe me down
All about the money, never 'bout these honeys
Knock a bitch, then hit a bitch, then bounce
I be on my bunny, oh
You look like a hater, mad faces when I walk through
[?] out in your bity plus a bag for the walkthrough
I'm better with time
Spendin' less on the argue.. wait, why even argue?
Bitch, who are you? You mad, huh?
Oh, that's why they mad
Please, somebody, tell me why they mad)
Wish I was doin' bad, huh?
Wish I was doin' bad
Prayin' on a real nigga's downfall, that's sad
I'm quick to tell a nigga the real so quick
Like, stop hatin', get on your shit
I'm quick to tell a nigga the real so quick
Like, stop hatin', get on your shit, nigga
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out yo
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
I'm quick to tell a nigga the real, real quick
I'm with all the pull ups at the field real quick
Pull up with a pair of heels and steal your bitch
Shoot a real Perez Hilton, for real, lil' bitch
Yeah, bitches hate these niggas so they emo
I just sold my heart and bought a kilo
I just put some rims on my Eagle
I should sell this verse inside a needle, yeah, yeah
Once upon a time I was broke, now I'm flexin'

Now it's beat through closet with the Goyard section
Two bi bitches sent 'em both directions
If you do not stretch it then these hoes not pressin' (you mad)
I just did another show with Mustard (you mad)
Ayy, I just signed to 400 Summers (you mad)
Now I can move my mama to the suburbs (you mad)
You make your daddy wish he wore a rubber (he mad)
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out yo
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
You mad
Oh, that's why they mad
Please, somebody, tell me why they mad
He mad
Wish I was doin' bad
Prayin' on a real nigga downfall, that's sad
You mad
Oh, that's why they mad
Please, somebody, tell me why they mad
He mad
Wish I was doin' bad
Prayin' on a real nigga downfall, that's sad
You mad
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out yo
Get out yo, get out yo, get out yo, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
Get out your feelings, get out your feelings
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