

That's How You Feel

Drake

Yeah, woo

I'm just in the cut sittin' sideways
Way that you lookin' all the time
Time gets to tickin' and it takes a toll
Told you I couldn't really draw the line
Line ringin', sayin' that you told him things
Things that you could've kept inside
Sidetrackin' me when I was good to you
You were somebody I would stand behind

I know you like to drink 'til the sun up
Grind 'til you come up
Work all winter
Shine all summer
Ride for your brother
You die for your mother
Keep that shit a hunna
I know you wanna
Vacay to a place where you could
Take pictures, post on Insta'
Your friends say they miss ya'
But they don't really miss ya'

Rule number one, to be a boss ass bitch: (uh-huh)
Never let a clown nigga try to play you (okay)
If he play you, then rule number two (okay)
Is fuck his best friends and make 'em yes men (okay)
(Wow, that's how you feel?)

I'm just in the cut sittin' sideways
Way that you lookin' all the time
Time and it left you with a broken heart
Hardly excuses how you play with mine
Mindin' my business and you show up
Up to no good, I should've seen the signs
Signin' me up to do your dirty work
Workin' to try to get you off my mind

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What the fuck, this ain't Chanel, nigga!? Custom down!?
What the fuck, I ain't smokin' hot!? Bust me down!?
You the same clown nigga that was runnin' me down!?
Now you all up in my...'cause you wanna be down!? (okay)
(Wow, that's how you feel?)