

In My Feelings

Kevin Gates

Sometimes yeah sometime I'm in my feelings

Don't no one understand me supply and demand all this shit get demanding
Why the fuck is you standing
Over there seeking a handout I'm not finna hand it, godamnit
Tattoos on my neck that read Kayla and Brandon
My nephew was born premature
I prayed from em', everyday for em'
He'll smile at me make a face for em'
My auntie say thanks which I couldn't believe and I act as if that don't exist
Too much respect for to call you a bitch
All praise go to heaven your God don't exist
Love everything and everybody
Black sheeps scum of the earth
With popular people I don't fit
They was stupid they focus on bullshit
Now the whips they be driving is bullshit
Yo pastor lie to you right from the pulpit
Go hard or starve
No wait on God
Give him your money? That's bullshit
Full clips and a firearm
Put it in a ho name so I buy it for em
Pockets was slim as a diet form
Good dope sell itself wanna try it for em?
Smoke out hotel rooms and set off the fire alarm
BWA start a riot for em
I don't get tired, what you tired of?
Call what's her name say she tied up
My mind going negative fuck your perspective
These interviews really got pussy
Others may gossip just like a woman

Don't worry I'm just in my feelings
It's not a bad thing bae
It's nice to have someone that understands me bae
Cause we're the real thing bae
I really love the fact that you can feel me bae
In my feelings
Sometime yeah sometime I'm my feelings
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Here we go again more problems
Back against the wall feeling boxed in
Obnoxious, I been labeled
Lending helping hands when I'm able
Seem like everybody ungrateful
When they every bought food to my table?
Unappreciative it don't phase me
See envy all in they faces
You ain't help or right a rapper through a day in jail
I ain't see yo name on no paper
Hard on hoes I been scarred
But Trell left a hole in my heart
Blood sweat and tears went into this

How you think you deserve part?
Child support court or get fought
All the best lawyers get bought
Let that other nigga take care of that
You be on his dick like his shit raw
Lied to you in his friend car
Sold you a dream and you got caught
These hoes want rap niggas or a athlete that play ball
Sip coffee peep it don't talk
Handle shit horribly we fall off
I was just tryna be a real friend to you now I'm wishing that we get lost
We was only fifteen at ya momma house
Clicked over hold up miss call
Phone ringing damn it's my dawg
Thinking like how the fuck he know y'all?
In the same breath start hikin saying to myself really that's foul