

# 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?  
And gossiping 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  
Sometime yeah sometime I'm my feelings  
Sometime yeah sometimes I'm my feelings  
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 its my dawg  
Thinking like how the fuck he know y'all?  
In the same breath start hiking saying to myself really that's foul  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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