## FEEFA (feat. Gunna)

## 6ix9ine

[Intro]

M-M-Murda[Chorus: 6ix9ine] She want me, I ain't want her, ooh She want me to be her boo You so silly, don't get it confused Now turn around, drop it low, pick it up, ooh Big bank, we gettin' paid over here Broke niggas, go stand over there Fake ass hoes, go meet 'em over there Little booties, they ain't matter over here Now stop [Verse 1: 6ix9ine] Wait a minute, now I'm back at it Back at it like a motherfucking crack addict Sex addict, I'm a motherfuckin' sex addict Hit shorty from the back, got her back crackin' Back crackin', b-back crackin' I love hoe bitches, that's my fuckin' problem Yeah, I like to fuck hoes, I got a fuckin' problem Bang, bang, bang and a chicken wing, bitch Yeah, I know you love how I put it down, bitch Drop down and pick your weave up, girl Drop down and get your Eagle on, girl Head downtown and pick the eaters up, girl You know them chicken-heads eat it up, girl [Chorus: 6ix9ine] She want me, I ain't want her, ooh She want me to be her boo You so silly, don't get it confused Now turn around, drop it low, pick it up, ooh Big bank, we gettin' paid over here Broke niggas, go stand over there Fake ass hoes, go meet 'em over there Little booties, they ain't matter over here[Verse 2: Kanye West, 6ix9ine] That pussy get wetter than yours That head is better than yours I flew her out so I could fuck on tour Flew her back, 'cause my girlfriend's sore They tried to say I wasn't black no more About as black as Macklemore They don't like me 'cause I'm Mexican Sent me back, now I'm back again

Uh, just bought a piece of Fashion Nova Your girlfriend look like a ogre Nigga, fat bitches need love too My fault, Ye, I wasn't sober Who the fuck gon' listen to Ebro? (Ebro) All these niggas so emo Fuck that nigga, I'm the motherfucking shit Another old nigga on a young nigga dick N-N-Niggas tried to say that I was canceled (canceled) When I asked them questions, couldn't answer How Ye? How Ye? How, Sway? Nigga it's fucking-[Interlude: TrifeDrew] Yo, chill, chill, chill, chill, whoa, whoa, whoa You cannot say that, bro, c'mon[Chorus: 6ix9ine] She want me, I ain't want her, ooh She want me to be her boo You so silly, don't get it confused Now turn around, drop it low, pick it up, ooh Big bank, we gettin' paid over here Broke niggas, go stand over there Fake ass hoes, go meet 'em over there Little booties, they ain't matter over here Now stop

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