

# FEED HER!

Jpegmafia

I'm at the crib with no money, no bitch and no guns, boy, what is you doin' with me?  
I be looking at these children like, "What is you doin'?" It must be the boomer in me  
Words pop out these niggas, yes, I know they pussy as fuck and we never gon' meet  
Your beats like my Kimber, the shit never jam, nigga, I'm used to the heat (Facts)  
These niggas don't know how to score, they just setting the screen  
Fuck what you do for the others, boy, what is you doing for me?  
How do I stay in your mind, lil' bitch, and we still ain't meet?  
My bitch same color as Dave East  
I put pause on a nigga like me  
I spit bars like I never get sleep  
How did I move in your mind rent-free?  
Huh, taxing a lease, I think I'm Prince Ali  
You minimum wage, I'm Prince Hakeem  
It's dirty, you alt-right trolls ain't worthy  
I stay in your mind, it's workin' (Uh)  
You have no worth, it's hurtin'  
Don't know any niggas in person (Nah)  
Never step outside, just lurkin' (Ooh, ooh-yeah)

Oh, that's you, I be for certain  
My Kimber my main bitch, but, yeah, me and my Glock be flirtin'  
Be careful where you stay, I left my prints, stay nervous  
Stand back, stand by, stay learning, uh  
When one of these crackers get brave and I put Kimbers to their face  
Y'all better thank me for my service  
My world different, I'm Kyrie Irving  
Niggas be bitchin', they have no purpose  
Testing my patience, I'm going to search you  
Running a clinic and feeding the nurses  
Miracle bars, you wrapping a turban  
Noble savage, I'm Maria Minerva  
Baby, I feel like a servant  
It's not like I don't deserve it  
Patience, trust, gotta earn it  
Grab my baby, came back to this curvy  
I feel as dripped and I'm nervous  
How, how  
How it feels when I bring up your memory  
Ooh, you feelin' me now, keep callin' me from his house  
The pressure on pile, all these sticks, I just can't put it down  
Now I hear 'bout my name in your mouth  
All that money, he still on my couch  
What that smell like? Bars  
I'm a thot that was never in doubt  
They love me 'cause I spin on them messy  
They fuck you 'cause you giving them clout  
Fuck a girl, make a beat on my couch  
On the road to some riches, I'm laughing  
'Cause I keep running into your- (Uh)  
How I keep running into your exes?  
I keep texting, know she get the message  
Feed her