

Michael Jackson (feat. Remy Ma & Ty Dolla \$ign)

Papoose

She tell me shut up nigga, shut up nigga, don't speak
When she get on top of me, she do it so sweet
She take it high, she take it low, she do it slow
She on that Janet Jackson shit, she want control
I know the neighbors know my name, scream it, scream it
This taste like banana pudding so I eat it, eat it
She just give me what I want because I need it, need it
I'm on that Michael Jackson shit, I wanna beat it, beat it I love my wife, I need my wife
I swear she the only one in my life
She cook my food, she clean my clothes
I massage her feet and kiss her toes
My friends get mad, they say I'm bugging
But fuck that, I only got eyes for one woman
I had girls before but it wasn't the same
'Cause she my wife, she got my last name
When she outta town, a text is wack
She FaceTime me so I can see where she at
Her friends get mad, they don't understand
But they just mad 'cause they ain't got no man oh
She get what she want, my wife is spoiled
'Cause she my wife and my wife is loyal
Mrs. Mackie, your husband adore you
We the royal family, my family royal She tell me shut up nigga, shut up nigga, don't speak
When she get on top of me, she do it so sweet
She take it high, she take it low, she do it slow
She on that Janet Jackson shit, she want control
I know the neighbors know my name, scream it, scream it
This taste like banana pudding so I eat it, eat it
She just give me what I want because I need it, need it
I'm on that Michael Jackson shit, I wanna beat it, beat it Yeah, I love my man, I need my man
Told me ain't nobody more important than I am
I don't really think that people understand
See if he got beef, then I go ham
Y'all see he don't smile and he don't dance
Ain't a chance that IG, just kilos and grams
But he post all my pictures, you seen it, fam
Got all these chicks straight screaming on they man
Like look at Pap with Rem, she was in the can
Ain't held me down, yo man don't need to hold your hand

Damn, y'all hoes ain't got no chance
It's not that I'm always right but a two wrongs in his eyes I can
No roleplay, I be stripping and he throw me bands
I'm his personal groupie, he don't really need no fans
I whip around the crib all day, no bra, no pants
And we-we stay on my lips like we in France She tell me shut up nigga, shut up nigga, don't speak
When she get on top of me, she do it so sweet
She take it high, she take it low, she do it slow
She on that Janet Jackson shit, she want control
I know the neighbors know my name, scream it, scream it
This taste like banana pudding so I eat it, eat it
She just give me what I want because I need it, need it
I'm on that Michael Jackson shit, I wanna beat it, beat it Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
Oh
Woah

Songwriters

Shamele Mackie Published by

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