

MAMA (feat. Nicki Minaj, Kanye West)

6ix9ine

[Intro: 6ix9ine & Baka]

Uh

Murda on the beat so it's not nice! [Chorus: 6ix9ine]

Tiki Taki, Spanish mami, she a hot tamale (Hot)

Make her spend that money, dummy, go retarded for me (Pop it)

Pop it, pop it, she get started, she won't ever stop it

Little thottie, got her rowdy, choosing everybody [Verse 1: 6ix9ine]

Splish, splash, Apple Bottoms make that ass fat

She got that wet wet, got me blowing through this whole bag (bag)

She got Bs, spend some cheese, now they double Ds

Thought I had to free, kick her out, my mama coming home at three

Ho thicker-thicker-thicker than a fuckin' Snicker

Drug dealer, professional pot whipper

In the winter, buy your ho a chinchilla (Grrr)

I just bought my bitch them Kylie Jenner lip fillers

[Verse 2: Kanye West]

Man, oh my God

She Instagram famous but she can't keep a job (Ooh)

Man, oh my God

Swipe her 30-inch weave on her sugar daddy card (Ooh)

Man, oh my God

Her doctor got her busting out her motherfuckin' bra (Mmm)

Man, oh my God

She Uber to a nigga with no car

Talking about the relish, I do not embellish

Jacket got wings, True's got propellers

Gave all my old Margielas to my boy Marcellas

Pulled up with no laces, had the whole block jealous

Oh, Jesus Christ, I don't need advice

Wild nigga life, tell 'em read my rights

Man it hot tonight, look out with my ice

15 in the game, baby girl, I got stripes (man)

[Refrain: Nicki Minaj]

Ka-Ka-Kanye dressed me up like a doll

Then I hit 6ix9ine, tell him give me the ball

Bitch, this the dream team, magic as I recall

Whole squad on point, bunch of Chris Pauls (Chris Pauls) [Verse 3: Nicki Minaj]

I was out in Spain rockin' a Medusa head

I ain't never have to give a rap producer head

If I do though, I'ma write a book like Supahead

This ain't wonder that I'm making, this that super bread

Splish, splash, fuck him in a hurry, quick, fast

Still a pink wig, thick ass, whiplash
Got him cummin', cummin', Roger, over, dispatch
Said my box is the best, he met his match
I got all these bitches wantin' to be Barbie dolls
Barbie dreamhouse, pink and purple marble walls
Pull-Pull up in that Barbie 'Rari, finna bury y'all
She threw dirt on my name, ended up at her own burial[Refrain: Nicki Minaj]
Kanye dressed me up like a doll
Then I hit 6ix9ine, tell him give me the ball
Bitch, this the dream team, magic as I recall
Whole squad on point, bunch of Chris Pauls
Ka-Ka-Kanye dressed me up like a doll
Then I hit 6ix9ine, tell him give me the ball
Bitch, this the dream team, Fif' is on call
Whole squad on point, bunch of Chris Pauls (Chris Pauls)[Chorus: 6ix9ine]
Tiki Taki, Spanish mami, she a hot tamale (Hot)
Make her spend that money, dummy, go retarded for me (Pop it)
Pop it, pop it, she get started, she won't ever stop it
Little thottie, got her rowdy, choosing everybody
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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