

Make Her Feel Good

Teairra Mari

Have u screamin like 6 in the mornin
Legs in the air I'm on them hips in the mornin
Still feel it in your ribs while your walkin
Sip some cognac contact
And I'll put you on a one year contract
I'm saying to you
Please believe baby Joe that royce
Now the game, I took the throwback off
He playing witchu

Is there any boys around
that know how to make a girl feel?
that wanna make a girl feel,
make her feel good?
All I wanna know
Is there any boys around
that know how to make a girl feel?
that wanna make a girl feel,
make her feel good?
I just wanna know

Do I have to tell a nigga how to touch me?
Do I have to tell a nigga how to hold me?
Do I have to tell a nigga when to call me?
Do I have to tell a nigga I'm lonely?
Do I have to feel wrong,
when it ain't strong?
keep my mouth closed?
(huh huh huh)
Can't a girl from tha hood find a homie,
that ain't just tryna hang around me?

Do I have to show a nigga I'm a woman?
Do I have to apologize for my emotions?
Do I have to tell a nigga what to say to me,
everytime he wanna get next to me?
Do I have to set a full cat black case?
Stroke cuz he go
(mmh girl no)
Can't a chick from tha hood find a homie,
that wanna do more than spend money on me?

How come I got a nigga but can't trust him?
Why every answer to my question is a question?
Why can't my nigga be my own lil somethin'?
and every girl on my block can't say they don' bumped wit?

I'm so tired of these so called wanna be hard cold pretenders that
(have no clue)
Can't a chick from tha hood find a homie,
that I ain't gotta tell how to put it on me?

why why is it so hard
hard for a girl like me to find a boy
that really knows how to make a girl feel (girl feel, feel)
why is it so hard
hard for a girl like me to find a boy

that really knows how to make a girl feel (girl feel, feel)
I just wanna know

You wanna deal wit' an OG that's truly respected
Touch you in every spot that them dudes neglected
A dude that won't flirt, a dude put her to work
Beat it up til it hurt, she like uh uh uh (Ok)
And you're the only one that I really wanna chill wit'
I know how you dude to make you feel missed
I take the front of ma, show you the realness
All nigga really needs is a lil' bit
From a hood chick lookin' straight off the runway
Won't bite her tongue, shorty'll say what she wan' say
From Sunday to Monday
She gon' ride whether it's in back of the Phantom or in back of the Hyundai
Not the fake baler throwin cream in your face
Or dude that won't fall til he cream in your
Or dude to see you walkin' in them jeans and wanna taste
I'm who the call when they wanna steam up the place (Joe)