

# Six Feet Under

The Weeknd

Ask around about her  
She don't get emotional  
Kill off all her feelings  
That's why she ain't approachable  
She know her pussy got a fan base  
A couple niggas with a suit case  
Suit and tie niggas who play role play  
When it comes to money she play no games

She lick it up just like a candy  
She wanna make them leave their family  
She trying to live a life so fancy  
She wanna pull up in a Bentley  
She ain't got time for lovin'  
Louis Vuitton her husband  
She rather die in lusting  
She rather die in the club, till she

Six feet under she gon' get that fucking paper  
Six feet under she gon' get that fucking paper  
Six feet under she gon' get that fucking paper  
You know how she get down, pop her for a check now  
Six feet under, six  
Six feet under  
Six feet under, six  
Six feet under  
Six feet under she gon' kill me for that paper  
Not the type to fuck around, gonna turn that ass around

She don't depend on anybody  
Know just what to do with her own body  
Counting all that money like a hobby  
She don't give a fuck about nobody  
And she got her whole crew poppin'  
And she bend it over like she got no back bone  
Got a couple niggas blinging up a trap phone  
She don't need nobody waiting back home, she got it

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Gonna turn that ass around  
Oh murder, oh murder  
Gonna turn that ass around  
Oh murder, oh murder

Real love starts to fall  
So she don't waste her time  
So she don't waste her time, oooh  
You ain't gon' catch her crying  
She ain't gon' lose her mind  
She ain't gon' lose her mind  
Till she..

Six feet under she gon' kill me for that paper (Till she)  
Six feet under she gon' kill me for that paper (Till she)  
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