

Potty Mouth

Tyga

"Potty Mouth"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Verse 1: Tyga]

One shot, bomboclat

bitches jumping on my dick, hopping like its hopscotch

Booty pop, my bitch dont wear that she prolly ass shots

I dont give a fuck, I fuck em all till they pussy ouch

Potty mouth, oochie wally, bang, bang then Im out

Once u-fucking-pon a time, had your bitch inside my house

Cooking grits and riding dick

Swear she the best chef around

Pop that pussy, now let me see you doo doo brown

I wanna rock, I wanna rock

Tell these bitch niggas its they time of the month, time of the month

niggas want beef but I eat that shit, eat eat everything well done

Im so far in the clouds I can barely hear

All that shit you rocking, boy that was last year

GOATs here, niggas steer my style like a stop deer

Pump fear

To you bitches heart, Suge without the beard

Man, all these new niggas weird

They all lining up to come and see the last king

[Hook: Tyga]

I get money, I make money

I take money, them bitches want it from me cause Im

Im bout whatever, Im bout whatever

Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better

Two, two more shots, then Im out

Im a motherfucker and I got a potty mouth

Im bout whatever man, Im bout whatever man

Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better

[Verse 2: Tyga]

Man, I fucked your dime and now shes mine

2 Live Crew, put the pussy in my palm

She put on a nigga and make a grown man cry

Feeling bullshit, I dont pay you no mind

But whats your sign? Gemini?

Scorpio, let me fuck from behind

However you want it, baby

Light the blunts, blunts and close your eyes
Real nigga doe, real nigga doe
Got a freak bitch in the DB9, put me on doe
Came in the door, kicked in the door
Waiving the .44, put one, one in your blowhole
Man, youre paper thin, you need to take some notes
niggas steal my lines and say they dont, there go another new quote
Im fresh off the boat, nigga lets toast
Young Money real, yall shit just a hoax
Made a fairytale, busy on a float
Why would I lie?
Forever under oath, Im
So fucking frustrated with your lady
Get a flight, I send her home
Man my love is oh so tainted
If you fine you might get diamonds, if you a five you might get nothing
Im on my monsters, they from a moshpit
R-r-r-rock you like Nirvana
Man I be off Patron like its a holiday
fucking with them finer things, pull up on your bitch and say
[Hook: Tyga]
I get money, I make money
I take money, them bitches want it from me cause Im
Im bout whatever, Im bout whatever
Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
Two, two more shots, then Im out
Im a motherfucker and I got a potty mouth
Im bout whatever man, Im bout whatever man
Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
[Verse 3: Tyga]
Man, I fucked your dime
Still in my prime
Young D, Im freshest nigga on the line
Better man up, its about to go down
Leave you with jaw-dropped, face on the ground
Let the rain fill the moats round my kingdom
Carved in the cement, star, pledge allegiance
Ima let you leave em screaming
Dreaming just to get by
Girl you so fly, why you so high?
Two more shots, then Im out
Im a motherfucking potty mouth
Im bout whatever, Im bout whatever
Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
All bad bitches in my house

Im a motherfucker, fuck her then I kick her out
Im bout whatever, Im bout whatever
Im bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
[Verse 4: Busta Rhymes]
Cannibal, I eat you raw meat
Im raw with beats
So scavenger with it, nigga look like Jaws with feet
You dont want it, bitch
Yall niggas know I get gully, what you want?
Listen close, yall dont hear how the beat get ugly when a motherfucker come through?
Excuse me bitch
Please let me kill it just a little bit and let a nigga do what he do
Movie shit, that tec make a niggas wanna vomit spit
You niggas already knew
She keep on fronting niggas, then Im lighting up another city
Got her fighting til they get to biting, they we getting gritty
See the time and now a nigga climbing up another milli
Then we shining till a nigga blind them, up until it kills me
Forth and back and my dying is a nigga til it pulls up on the track
Then Ima die sixty niggas til we pop off like we in the wild west
When I finished giving you the crack pipe
If you knew Im in route to the crib just to park the Bugatti at the house
Sin big and one of my bitches really turn her out now
Still everyone know I got a potty mouth now
shit they got me doing it again
Back to bodying things and lots of screwing other women
You can never stop the shit that Im doing
And the way that we moving
Get it popping, never stopping, kill em in the end now
And Ima get em to the point when I got em all open, handling my business with em ha!
Trust me you dont wanna start cause you know its torture!
Every single minute til I finish with em
And I knock shit down
Every time I come and then I lock shit down
Til I come up place niggas better drop that crown
Ever here, fore I pop you clowns
And I go erase niggas!

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