

# Riot (Feat Honey Cocaine)

Tyga

Fuck that fuck shit, pay me,  
Rumors come and go, so I stay in a room presidential lately.  
Top of the roof where the niggers start hating,  
Talk that shit, I ain't for the bathing, but I swear the gang got so clay aching,  
Brought a new crib, your bitch sets faces,  
Ride to the motherfucking money, man, I swear the shit about nothing,  
While you niggers bathing in the budget, boy, don't get close, I press that button, motherfucker  
Lose the nigger roughed up, they be roughing,  
Niggers rushed up, start scrubbing,  
Nigger, get your cover, there's some troubles you are on,  
Lucky motherfucker, don't be fucking with a young nigger dash. Too many, one fucking problem,  
Really master, need a doctor, I'm the sickest nigger 'bout it.  
No desire, just the silence, on the season be ninety,  
Kill yourself like you're in college, it's finals, cock it. Bitch, don't cry it on, I ain't turn to violence,  
Cash, money, party, guess you broke niggers ain't invited.  
Bad bitch ridin', she dumb, but she get knowledge,  
I ain't come to be robbing, but my personality vibrate,  
In love with nobody, white bitches, the hottest,  
Couple about my crotch, that shit need a party.  
She lucky she on me, unlike them other niggers I got it.  
T looty dooty, welcome to my houseparty. Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
We're getting money, we're turned up.  
Say, fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
We're getting money, we're turned up. Yellow bitch and I got this sister, black market I'm shopping,  
Last kings and we bossing, I'm the first queen with no option,  
I heard they hating, I don't give a fuck,  
Tell 'em to bug in, they stuck in my cunt,  
Bitch, get somewhere, 'cause you're doing too much,  
Hungry for money and love ain't enough.  
Getting rich, money, perfect picture.  
Oh, no, I ain't messing at the studio with your ninja.  
Tuck the name, I dis heard, kill your bitch, you're gonna miss her,  
Bring that body shopping now, I watch that coffin fit her.  
Funeral home bring, you this your own get,  
You and your crew or just you alone

Not give a fuck, I don't take no brakes,  
Body I hope that it ain't replaced.  
I'm out. They try it at your house,  
Young dog asian and they know what I'm about. Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
We're getting money, we're turned up.  
Say, fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
Fuck, nigger, get your pants up,  
We're getting money, we're turned up.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>