

Potty Mouth (ft Busta Rhymes)

Tyga

One shot, bomboclat
Bitches jumping on my dick, hopping like it's hopscotch
Booty pop, my bitch don't 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 I'm out
Once upon a fucking time, had your bitch up in 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 it's they time of the month, time of the month
Niggas want beef but I eat that shit, eat eat everything well done
I'm so far in the clouds I can barely hear
All that shit you rocking, boy that was last year
GOAT's 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 I get money, I make money
I take money, them bitches want it from me cause I'm
I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever
I'm with whatever, man I do it, do it better
Two more shots, then I'm out
I'm a motherfucker and I got a potty mouth
I'm bout whatever man, I'm bout whatever man
I'm with whatever, man I do it, do it better Man, I fucked your dime and now she's 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
Gotta freak bitch in the DBI, put me on doe
Came in the door, kicked in the door
Waiving the .44, put one, one in your blowhole
Man, your paper thin, you need to take some notes

Niggas steal my lines and say they don't, there go another new quote
I'm fresh off the boat, nigga let's toast
Young Money real, y'all shit just a hoax
Made a fairy tale, busy on a float
Why would I lie?
Forever under oath, I'm
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
I'm 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 I get money, I make money
I take money, them bitches want it from me cause I'm
I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever
I'm with whatever, man I do it, do it better
Two more shots, then I'm out
I'm a motherfucker and I got a potty mouth
I'm bout whatever man, I'm bout whatever man
I'm with whatever, man I do it, do it better Man, I fucked your dime
Still in my prime
Young d, I'm freshest nigga on the line
Better man up, it's 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
I'ma let you leave em screaming
Dreaming just to get by
Girl you so fly, why you so high?
Two more shots, then I'm out
I'ma motherfucking potty mouth
I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever
Man I do it, do it better
All bad bitches in my house
I'm a motherfucker, fuck her then I kick her out
I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever, I'm bout whatever
Man I do it, do it better Cannibal, I eat you raw meat
I'm raw with beats
So scavenger with it, nigga look like Jaws with feet
You don't want it, bitch
Ya'll niggas know I get gully, what you want?
Listen close, y'all don't 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 tech make a niggas wanna vomit spit
You niggas already knew
She keep on fronting niggas, then I'm 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 I'ma die sixty niggas til we pop off like we in the wild west
When I finished giving you the crack what?!

If you knew I'm 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 gotta 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 I'm doing
And the way that we moving
Get it popping, never stopping, kill em in the end now
And I'ma get em to the point when I got em all open, handling my business with em ha!
Trust me you don't 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!

Songwriters

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