

Tyga

"Potty Mouth"

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"Potty Mouth"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Verse 1: Tyga]

One shot, bomboclat

bitches jumping on my dick, hopping like itâ€™s
hopscotch

Booty pop, my bitch donâ€™t wear that she proly ass
shots

I donâ€™t give a fuck, I fuck em all till they pussy ouch
Potty mouth, oochie wally, bang, bang then lâ€™m 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 itâ€™s they time of the month,
time of the month

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

lâ€™m so far in the clouds I can barely hear

All that shit you rocking, boy that was last year

GOATâ€™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

[Hook: Tyga]

I get money, I make money

I take money, them bitches want it from me â€™cause
lâ€™m

lâ€™m â€™bout whatever, lâ€™m â€™bout whatever

lâ€™m â€™bout whatever, man I do it, do it better

Two, two more shots, then lâ€™m out

lâ€™m a motherfucker and I got a potty mouth

lâ€™m â€™bout whatever man, lâ€™m â€™bout
whatever man

lâ€™m â€™bout whatever, man I do it, do it better

[Verse 2: Tyga]

Man, I fucked your dime and now sheâ€™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 don't pay you no mind
But what's 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, you're 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 fairytale, 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 it's 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
I'm
I'm 'bout whatever, I'm 'bout whatever
I'm 'bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
Two, 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 'bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
[Verse 3: Tyga]
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

lâ€™™ m a motherfucking potty mouth
lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever, lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever
lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
All bad bitches in my house
lâ€™™ m a motherfucker, fuck her then I kick her out
lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever, lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever
lâ€™™ m â€™bout whatever, man I do it, do it better
[Verse 4: Busta Rhymes]
Cannibal, I eat you raw meat
lâ€™™ m raw with beats
So scavenger with it, nigga look like Jaws with feet
You donâ€™™ t want it, bitch
Yâ€™™ all niggas know I get gully, what you want?
Listen close, yâ€™™ all donâ€™™ 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 tec make a niggas wanna vomit spit
You niggas already knew
She keep on fronting niggas, then lâ€™™ m lighting up
another city
Got her fighting â€™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 â€™til it pulls up
on the track
Then lâ€™™ ma die sixty niggas â€™til we pop off like we
in the wild west
When I finished giving you the crack pipe
If you knew lâ€™™ 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 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 lâ€™™ m doing
And the way that we moving
Get it popping, never stopping, kill â€™em in the end
now
And lâ€™™ ma get â€™em to the point when I got â€™em
all open, handling my business with â€™em ha!
Trust me you donâ€™™ t wanna start cause you know
itâ€™™ s torture!
Every single minute til I finish with â€™em
And I knock shit down
Every time I come and then I lock shit down
â€™Til I come up place niggas better drop that crown

Ever here, â€˜fore I pop you clowns
And I go erase niggas!

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