

# Thot Thot

JayDaYoungan

(Heartbeatz on the track)

Pulled up, drop top, Backwood, hot box

Pickin' up my thot thot, tryna hit a hot spot

Extra clips, hot Glocks, fuck 12, cops watch

Bitch, we got the block hot, they think we gon' stop, not

I don't talk on cellphones, bro called through a jail phone

Bitch, blow up my phone, she ask when I'm comin' home

I can't leave her 'lone, she just like my backbone

I used to be on bond, trappin' 'til the pack gone

Designer gear come mismatched

Stop callin' for your bitch back

Glock right by my six-pack

I'm poppin' percs like Tic-Tacs

Can't lie, I got my shit snatched

But I came for my shit back

Pull up like, "Let me get that"

Got somethin' for they bitch ass

Bitch I brung them knots out

Don't make us bring them Glocks out (Them Glocks out)

Tryna catch the opps out  
Fuck school, I dropped out (I dropped out)  
Bad bitch, she jocked out  
Good dick got her knocked out  
She hate when I pull out  
She like it in her mouth  
I love the microphone  
She tell me she like my songs (She like my songs)  
Better suck all on my balls  
Yeah, while I write this song (I write this song)  
You better not stop until I say  
I know it might be long (It might be long)  
I put it all across her face  
Then fuck her all night long

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Bro called through a jail phone

She ask when I'm comin' home

Trappin' 'til the pack gone

Trappin' 'til the pack gone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>