

Thots

Fat Trel

Throwin' thots, throwin' thots
Fuckin' bitches, throwin' thots
First I count my money roll, then I'm off to score a thot
Throwin' thots, throwin' thots
Fuckin' bitches, throwin' thots
In D.C., we call them rollers, in Chiraq we call them thots

I'm throwin' thots, throwin' thots, In Miami, drop the top
I'm on Ocean like I'm Sosa, ridin' 'round in foreign cars
Hit the brake, had to stop, I think I just saw a thot
I'm a bend that pussy over, I'm a eat that pussy box
30 shots in my Glock, I'm the shit, you are not
Y'all be snitching, y'all hot, I wish all of y'all would die
I ain't lying, I be high, Conversation real dry
Is you fucking me or not?, Slutty Boyz is who is I
She don't like my Glory guys, Global Gleetchi on your line
Make them roller bitches work and make them Thotiannas cry
You in love, no you not, you should quit it, you should stop
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I'm throwin' thots with a thot, sippin' lean and blowin' pot
Plus I'm rollin' moon rocks, you gon' let me go or not?
O'Glock, 30 shots, roll up on you, blow the block
Empty pockets when I shop, I drop that guap, I got alot
Bitches ask me where I'm going, I'm just headed for the top
Told her keep her clothes on, Gleetchi only want the top
Know the police told me stop, will I do it? Probably not
Will I kill them? Probably so, Papi probably fucked yo' ho
First you didn't, now you know, since this thot, my heart been cold
But somehow my money long and my patience real low
I can't wait to kill flows, hundred bottles, hundred shows
Hundred pills, hundred pints, hundred killers, hundred hoes

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