Hot Box

Flo Milli

Hot box with a hot bitch
We dropped the top, now all my bitches topless
His name is Travis, I'm giving him mosh pit, uh
He like how I shake it, it's junk in the trunk
I don't give a fuck, I be calling him drunk
Ruin his life 'til he turn to a munk
Ruin it, bitch, you better ruin it
Keep you a roster 'til that nigga persueing it
Cover my name 'cause your man tattooed it
I got him sticking to me like I glued it
I tell him "sue me," like it's [?]
Cool it, cool it

La la la la la, warm it up
La la la la la, the hoes are hating

He brought his bitch to see me at Coachella
Stalking online, but in person it's wetter
He pressing me, she must got a vandetta
Go ask your nigga who's sucking it better
Ooh, eat it up papi
Boy, you too neat to be eating it sloppy
Fucking me, could call it plug in the socket
Think I'm in love with him, I'm in love with his wallet
Damn, okay
Whatchu gon' do with it?
Drive him crazy, like Tesla I'm cruising it
He need Milli, you know he persuing it
I'm in his mind, I can feel it, he losing it
I need that dick ándale, ship it
Amazon Prime, when I lick it, he dip it
Dance like a stripper, make him wanna tip it
He wanna future, it's about to get wicked
Dumb ass bitch, you a hatin' ass hoe
If you feelin' froggy, then jump, lil' toad
Laughing my way out of Chase
With drew from your nigga, reroute to the bank
Jeans never fit 'cause I don't gotta waist
It's giving body, in love with the face

With drew from your nigga, reroute to the bank

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