

Hit My Phone

Megan Thee Stallion

Ayy

Posted, toasted, hangin' at the back
Made money all year, make a toast with the yak
Window to the wall, throw it back, throw it back
And if I leave with him, he gon' eat it for a fact
I seen a lot of fuck shit, but I'ma let it slide
I got it in my system, now I'm really tryna ride
I don't know if it's us Aquarius'
That just like to have fun and ain't scared to fuck (Ah)

I get nasty

When the moon come out and the juice kick in
Liquor in my system, system
No need to ask me
When the party end 'cause I'm on my way
To give you what you're missin', missin'

It's 2:30 on the dot and still crackin' at the spot
Oh yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah
We ain't tryna make it home and I don't wanna be alone
No way, yeah, tonight

So hit my phone, woah-oh

Sippin' '42 and you know I'm bent
Too far gone, oh-oh
Liquor got me sendin' that risky text

Ayy, ayy

I'm feelin' kinda tipsy, come and get me (Yeah)
You can hit it in the party if you're feelin' risky (Hey, hey, hey, yeah)
I got all these niggas mad 'cause they where you wanna be
On the dance floor, rubbin' all on my body (Yeah)
Now tell them hoes back-back, give you fifty feet
Before you look at him, you know I'm the one you see (Yeah bitch)
He told me I get crazy when I get up on the yak
Nah, I just never play with bitches like that
I be drinkin' out the bottle and I need a mouthful
And I know I'm from the south, but you need your goggles (Yeah, ha)
Party like a vato, shots of the blanco
Guaranteed to knock a nigga up out his zapatos
I'm tryna make it home, but you lookin' so good
I would pull it out your pants, right now if I could (Yeah)
But you know everything I do gon' make it to the net (Ah)
So I guess I can wait until I get you to the bed (Ah)

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