

# Make It Nasty

Tyga

Make it nasty, make it nasty  
Drop drop it on a bitch, make it nasty  
Make it nasty, make it nasty  
Pop pop it on a bitch, make it nasty

Uhhh. Yeah Bitch Make it Nasty  
Tongue down her throat  
While the other bitch gaggin  
Bottles in the basket  
Pills in the plastic  
She gone do drugs, but we don't do acid  
Fuckin on the mattress, hit a bed spring  
Ain't nothin better, it's the best thing  
Gotta China bitch, straight from Beijing  
Pussy so tight, all she do is scream  
Oh, bend it over, make you touch your toes  
I like how she merry-go-round round the pole  
Pose, ha, open, close.  
I like when my bitches don't wear no clothes  
It's hot up in this mother fucker, r-r-reload  
Gangstas in this mother fucker,  
We got it sold  
T-T-T -Raww, when I walk in the door  
Bitches they know, yeah, bitches they know. Ha

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Uhh, Yeah nigga Ima star  
Stacks on black, you could use the black car  
Pull-up, hop out, Valet the car  
'Bout to go big, got bitches galore  
Tippin' on the shh, then she drop it to the floor  
I like blowjobs, she could be my employer  
(back it up) Then I put it in her backdoor  
Now it lights out, l-lights out, like Roy  
Jones Junior, T-Raww the ruler  
Slicker than a Gold patch, gold chain Cuban  
Rope, till it's bruising, Dick on punte'  
Gimmie gimmie chocha, Kill it like OJ

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Tap tap tap that ass make it nasty [x3] Clap clap clap that ass make it nasty  
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