

Toot It Up

YG

I told her, "Toot it up, bend it over, make it shake" (Make it shake)
Bitch, I'm looted up, she wanna fuck me 'cause I'm great ('Cause I'm great)
At the booty club, finna throw your rent, so don't be late (Don't be late)
I told her, "Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck what they think" (Yeah)
In the Maybach truck, "I'm Him" on the license plate, hold up (Yeah, yeah)
How you get all that ass with no waist? (With no waist)
Bet that pussy pretty, sit it on my face (On my face)
I ain't trippin', make it shake, earthquake, ayy (Earthquake)

All that ass like it's your birthday (Love you)
Bad bitch, she fresh out of surgery (Shakin')
Birkin hangin' off her arm, she in first place (First place)
I'm proud of her, so I Prada her the first day (Brazy, brazy)
I ain't no trick, but I be trickin' on her (Trickin' on her)
She half-
naked on the 'Gram but I ain't trippin' on her (I ain't trippin' on her)
That pussy wet as fuck, before I fuck, I'm sippin' on her (I'm sippin' on her)
If that pussy ran through and dried up, I'm dippin' on her (Bye, bitch)
Yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah, straight like that (Straight like that)
Fuckin' on my best friend 'cause we straight like that (Straight like that)
I spit in her mouth while hittin' it from the back
I'm pullin' out lace fronts, pony tails and tracks (Ooh)
She fuck all the rappers, she a lil' rat (She a lil' rat)
We pull up to the stu', I'm tryna break her back (Tryna break her back)
Pussy poppin' out the panties, ooh, it's fat
Walk in the booty club, I'm like, "Who is that?"

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I tell her, "Toot it up", ass fat, I shoot it up (Yeah)
Bitch, I'm booted up, hard liquor, I'm hooted up
Takin' shots off her body, that booty, she pop it up (Yeah)
Fire in the pocket, I pop it and light it up, yeah
Porsche 918, pussy wet, swim ting (Ooh)
All my bitches get along, no hating (Nah)
Private location, no tellin' what I'm making (Yeah, yeah)
Palm tree weather, got a bad bitch baking
Yeah, hunnid thousand dollars on the marble top
Patty-cake, baker man, I get bread a lot (Yeah)
Real quiet, got a mashed potato on the Glock
And that bitch suck me up like a cough drop
Wait, wait, poppin', poppin', on her, on her face, face
Mask on (On), no case
She got them double Ds, we ain't on a double date (Nah)
Just matte the Benz, fucked her on the first date

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I might fuck around and drown in all this water
No, I am not the bitches baby father
No, I refuse to cuff these little thotters
No, turnin' down the tree that she just offered
'Cause it's me, I do not condone
Cookie my cologne, that why she won't leave me 'lone
I told her, "Make it wobble for me, I'ma make a song"
I ain't post her on my story, that my lil' partner jawn
It's your money in the air, she gon' get it off the floor
Actin' like you pimpin', you can send her to the store
Your hoein' worth some paper, baby, how could you be broke?
I know that kitty pretty, 'fore I lick it, gotta soak (Uh-oh)

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Ayy, 4Hunnid gang, Hellgang in this bitch
We gon' keep throwin' them dollars, we got commas
That bank account thick (Larry makin' all the hits)
Yeah