

Lotta That

G-Eazy

Talking 'bout whiskey bottles
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)
Talking 'bout skinny models
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)
Talking 'bout groupie chicks
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)
Talking 'bout lucid trips
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)
I got a lot of hoes, all up on my dick
I got a lot of o's, all up on my check
And yeah that loud ass tree
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)
Bad chicks you wanna smoke with me?
(Gotta lotta lotta lotta that)

Yeah I get a lot of checks and yeah I have a lot of sex
And labels know I got up next
Yeah she knows she got the best
I got her wet she got undressed
I nudded all across her chest
I don't even gotta flex, I never do respond to texts
And now she went and got obsessed
Y'all are just the hottest mess
You're simple you are not complex
I'm sorry I am not impressed
Back on my bullshit again
I am having way too much fun
I'm in a section with 7 Kate Mosses around me
I swear I can't only touch one
Whiskey no rum
I gave her something to rub on her gum and her face just went numb
Still going dumb cause I know where I'm from
Bruh, bruh I speak that Bay Area tongue

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Alcohol and weed, really anything you need
Best believe we got a lotta that
Studio with hella purp
I just put in hella work now look at where it got us at
Heard you got some new shit coming
Friends are all like "shoot me something
Homie when you dropping that?"
Maybe I could be the biggest

Rapper working in the business, wait, I never thought of that
Just take a look at the scores, I put numbers up on the boards
I'm in a section with models
And you're at the bar tryna get at a cluster of fours
When that bottle pours I just keep drinking it straight
And get faded and pass out on floors
Homies like "Bro, that's my girl, what the fuck are you doing?"
Oops, ain't know that was yours!

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Ah, I just shitted on you
Probably licking your honey like Winnie the Pooh
Knock you on the ground then I'm lifting my boot
He get beat like Timbalands head of my group
These ain't Louboutins, but there's red on my shoe
Cause I let that Ruger fly like a pelican do
This rapper shit light, I'm telling you, dude
When I flow niggas drown on jell-o canoes
Better learn your algebra and your decimals too
Cause you square motherfuckers can't mess with my crew
Your bitch on my dick and her lesbian boo
They kiss on the dick, I caress on the boobs
Now I'm just deciding on what R.Kelly'll do
Just pissed on that bitch, filled her belly with juice
Minute Maid lemonade from my testicle, boo
That's what a nigga get when you testing my crew (boo)

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(The British are coming)
Man, I gotta lotta bitches
All up on my dick head Danny
"Can I suck you off" is all I'm really used to hearing
Call me Mr. Greedy cause I'm not the type for sharing
And I'm always seeing doubles so my bitches come in pairs
They tryna fuck with me
All my white girls sniffing Britney
They never used to notice now they digging me
Reverse Gerald's name cause I get 'em Eazy-G
Fuck boy talking out of turn
My brothers leave you sleeping in an urn
Yeah, I've had a lotta sex

And yeah, I've cut a lot of checks
I'm counting so much paper until my fuckin' fingers hurt
Swear I deaded off the beat somebody bring a hearse
Holler at my at my manager it's 10 K for a verse
That's why I'm filling all these empty duffle bags for features
Don't come around my presence with your mother's empty purse

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