

Megan Thee Stallion, Thot Shit

[Intro]

(OG Parker)

(And if the beat live, you know Lil Ju made it)

[Verse 1]

Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Post me a pic, finna make me a profit
When the liquor hit, then a bitch get toxic
(Why the fuck you in the club when niggas wildin'?)
I've been lit since brunch, thot shit
Order '42 for the table, let's pop shit
Missionary or doggystyle, I'ma top shit
Pussy-ass niggas hatin' on me from the closet, ah
Hoes tryna call me a snake, shit, I guess I can relate
'Cause a bitch spit a whole lotta venom
And since these hoes all rats, when they come around me
All I see is a whole lotta dinner
I walk around the house butt-naked
And I stop at every mirror just to stare at my own posterior
I don't give a fuck who talk behind my back
'Cause the bitch knew better than to let me hear her (Ah)

[Chorus]

Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit (Thot shit)
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, ha-hands on my knees
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit (Thot shit)
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, hands on my knees

[Verse 2]

Hoes said they wish a bitch would, and I'm a genie
Bitch so hot, gotta stay in bikinis
He got a girl, but he keep beggin' to see me
I love it when a nigga got a mouth full of VVs
No, I'm not a patient, but I let him treat me
I gotta be a doctor how I'm orderin' CCs
Go to your place, no face, no case
Ninety-nine percent tint in a blacked-out Wraith
I remember hoes used to clap for me happily
Now I'm bossed up and them same hoes mad at me
Acting like they ridin', whole time tryna pass me
Watchin' me go through it and still tryna drag me
Actin' like you winnin', if you think about it, actually
Are they supportin' you or really just attackin' me?
I don't give a fuck 'bout a blog tryna bash me
I'm the shit per the Recording Academy (Ah)

[Chorus]

Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit (Thot shit)
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, ha-hands on my knees
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit (Thot shit)
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, hands on my knees

[Verse 3]

Drinkin' out the motherfuckin' bottle on my thot shit
Everything I eat go straight to my pockets
2021, finna graduate college

Goth girl shit, I'm a real hot topic
Fuckin' on a nigga, make him sing, on some pop shit
I need a real headbanger, on some rock shit
Pussy like crack, wanna hit it like dope
Got a real hot box, but a bitch don't smoke (Ah)
Hot girl, but I'm still the coldest, hey
I'm the big homie, but I ain't the oldest, hmm
Bitch dry hatin', tryna get noticed
Man, ain't nobody come to see you, Otis, look
How many bitches lyin' if they say they bars is better?
They really puppets, so I really gotta go and Geppetto
I'm really talkin', but it really can apply to whoever
My pen a freak, it'll go after a bitch or a nigga (Huh)
Big bank take lil' bank, bitch, add it up
Hoes takin' shots, but they ain't in my caliber
Booked, but I squeeze a lil' head in my calendar
Lookin' in the mirror like, "Damn, I don't brag enough"
LVs, double C's, Birkins, I'm workin'
My chain ain't hittin' if a bitch ain't hurtin'
Look, I ain't even finna argue with a bitch
One thing I know, two things for certain
None of these hoes sayin' shit to my face
And none of these hoes finna see me at the bank
And I'ma keep talkin' all the shit that I want
And I dare one of these hoes come tell me I can't
We ain't even speakin' if the nigga ain't spendin'
He could never say that I was one of his women
I don't even let niggas know where I stay
I'll be damned if he thinkin' he poppin' up on this pimpin' (Ah)

[Chorus]

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Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit (Thot shit)
Hands on my knees, shakin' ass, on my thot shit
Hands on my knees, hands on my knees

[Outro]

(OG Parker)

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