

# 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 nuttet 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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