

# Hot Boys, Shoot First

(Papa Rue)

Yea, Yea You ??? It's Papa Rue (4 Real)  
And tha Hot Boy\$ Puttin it down for Cash Money!  
COME DOWN!

Chorus: (Papa Rue)

Have you ever heard of a Murda, Bloody Murda  
the Hot Boys come one time, How many say Murda,  
Bloody Murda, Cash Money Packing the low iron!  
Head bussa, Wigsplitter one time!  
Hot Boy\$ cummiting crime!  
Head Bussa, wigsplitter two times!  
Just feel the heat of me low iron!

Verse 1: (Lil' Wayne)

Blah, to your face, hollow tips go chase  
drum rates erase, everyday in the face (4 real)  
I, I, shoot first, slugs leave quickly  
she test me, plenty, niggaz gone bleed (yea, yea)  
Under the position of blood and Crystylle  
hittin a nigga section with guns leavin it foul  
blow out cha sky's you coming bak with the guns  
lil bads yell HOT! to the top of my lungs  
same nigga that a hit you set beat you son (4 real)  
you know me lil' shorty Meacita's son  
Lil' Wayne Nigga, Calleon, H-O-T, B-O-Y, U-P-T soldier  
can't stop me, with the bullets I throw, and the K's I tote  
and the weed i smoke, and the corners i done sew  
Who, you not ready uh uh not now, not then, not ever  
now bomb clear the spot, better back off, fore i blast off  
put my mask on and watch I,I, act a dawg  
ya'll wanted beef and what we made it worse  
3 steps shoot pah!, nigga we shoot first!

Chorus: (Papa Rue)

Have you ever heard of a Murda, Bloody Murda  
the Hot Boys come one time, How many say Murda,  
Bloody Murda, Cash Money Packing the low iron!  
Head bussa, Wigsplitter one time!  
Hot Boy\$ cummiting you crime!  
Head Bussa, wigsplitter two times!  
Just feel the heat of me low iron!

Verse 2: (B.G.)

It's a dirty world, gotta play the game for what it's worth  
I was taught the way to survive a shoot out is to shoot first  
that first draw daily it a leave you ass in the hoarse  
and i refuse to be the one on the T~shirt  
Now Lil' Turk you got the Ak? (He say for sure I got it)  
Lil' Wayne you drivin? (B.G. you know i'm drivin)  
Juve put your camouflage nigga tonight we ridin'  
these niggaz thats playin with us like flys they gone be droppin'  
we burnin' block like a forest fire burn nigga  
them chopper bullets melt you body open burn nigga  
like a perm sittin in a hoe hair to long burn nigga  
beefin' with the Hot Boy\$ i hope you people got insurance nigga  
it's gone be 187 after 187, it's gone be blukah after blukah on my mack 11  
every time i hit a nigga set the seen get worse you heard me  
fuck all that stuntin, duck, cause i'm shoot first ya heard me!

Chorus: (Papa Rue)

Have you ever heard of a Murda, Bloody Murda  
the Hot Boys come one time, How many say Murda,  
Bloody Murda, Cash Money Packing the low iron!  
Head bussa, Wigsplitter one time!  
Hot Boy\$ cummiting you crime!  
Head Bussa, wigsplitter two times!  
Just feel the heat of me low iron!

Verse 3: (Young Turk)

When i shoot first erasing every nigga on your set  
Two Timer my thug name i be thuggin in black  
more artillery than an army have reala  
serving you block you get caught be the one to killa  
settin, no hesitation in my per finger (Cash Money Crew)  
when my guns bang it be singing like a sanger  
head banger shottin niggaz like a sarenge  
wanna play games well say hello to my friend frankie  
the nigga who working with 50 shots can't run can't  
hide so you automatically got, nonstop it becoming with full speed  
nigaa that's what you get fucking with a nigga like me  
tha h.B. hot boys from C.M.R.

Like Juv, fuck with us it a be no tomorrow  
think we playin, and test us bad nigga  
it a be you ass one more nigga who will get a figure.

Chorus: (Papa Rue)

Have you ever heard of a Murda, Bloody Murda  
the Hot Boys come one time, How many say Murda,  
Bloody Murda, Cash Money Packing the low iron!  
Head bussa, Wigsplitter one time!  
Hot Boy\$ cummiting you crime!  
Head Bussa, wigsplitter two times!  
Just feel the heat of me low iron!

Verse 4: (Juvenile)

Now a nigga was makin cake rolls by the case loads  
kept a chopper with a arm fold wherever I go  
and I always had to hustle & I could go head  
i was snatching by the truck loads all in your shit  
my mommy used to tell me you gotta slow down  
but I didn't wanna hear shit cause I was a clown  
look I done showed you lil niggaz  
I done mold you lil niggaz  
you besta not play with me cause  
look,i done told you lil niggaz  
I ain't the one my nerves bad, I move quick  
that was potna that you killed what's happening with you bitch  
I hit em bam bam, two to the chest  
bam bam two to the head  
bam on through the neck  
I looked up, now which one of you  
bitches wanna be next, I picked the case  
and then I broke through the Jects  
Damn them bitches saw me i hope they don't talk  
but if i think they gone talk beleive they ain't  
gonna walk, you see these golds, these diamonds,  
all these houses, these jews, they got niggaz  
trying to jack and I'm acting a fucking fool  
I know that everyday i gotta protect my naps  
I know that a nigga wait'n trying to put it in my lap!

(Shoot 1st.)

(Papa Rue)

Have you ever heard of a Murda, Bloody Murda  
{Papa Rue is a reggae type rapper, just flow with it}