

Hot Boys, Too Hot

(B.G.)

I took off, fuck the law

Lookin for B.G.

Sayin that I killed a nigga around the club last week

Left the scene ridin in a big body

So I flip and scrip now i'm in da EF three

Playin by different bitches cuz my face in the paper

Profile done although she couldnt describe me, I got the eraser

I don't discriminate I flip a bitch too

She got to be eliminated I kill a bitch too

She her hair fixed by my sister she lost she gonna get her

To let me drop her off by this nigga

Across the river

She ridin with me thinkin that it's cool and shit

She dont think I know that she let her live loose and shit

I'm gonna pull over pull her out and pop some slugs in the bitch

And leave her pussy stinkin cuz I dont love a bitch

But I was smart comin up, never trust a bitch

And don't hesitate for a minute to chug the bitch

She was tryin to get me locked up

It was a must that the hoe get cocked up

Fuckin with me best believe that I'll do ya lots

Got ya sayin them Hot Boy niggas too too hot

Too too hot

Chorus: (Juvenile)

What do ya call a nigga that be duckin the law (Hot Hot)

What do ya call a nigga that be playin it wrong (Hot Hot)

What do ya call a nigga that don't give a fuck who you are (Hot Hot)

What do ya call a nigga that play it like its the ball (Hot Hot)

(Hot Hot Hot Hot Hot Hot Hot)

(Juvenile)

Lil one and gone

Lil one was stuck in this shit

Lil one say he gonna bust a nigga head if you fuck with his bitch

Lil one got the court hot

Lil one got the dough bar in front of your mama house up in your block

Lil one got the 44 cocked

Lil one ??? even no pops

So lil one dont give em no props

Lil one make em timber

Lil one got a bad temper

Lil one killed that boy in November

Lil one be hustlin

Lil one be thuggin

Lil one doesnt wanna come up from nothin

I know lil one aint gonna stop

I know lil one aint gonna let a nigga run him off the block

Lil one kind of remind me of me

Man lil one a G

Lil one runnin with the big boys

Lil one fuckin these hoes

Lil one got some of these old niggas drove

Lil one makin his G's

Lil one runnin them Keys

Lil one four-hundred degrees

Lil one be shy

Lil one got twenty inches on his ride

Lil one got two chrome four fives

Lil one don't give a fuck if he die or not

Lil one said to Jumball he gonna ride on his block

Chorus x 2

(Young Turk)

Hot Boys we on fire

They don't gotta nigga who could outshine us

Cash money records will there be nothin nice
The rolex be werlin
Full of ice
We get our spark on nigga
Through the week
Me, Wayne, Juve, and the B.G.
How you luv it now boy
You drove ha
Cuz you're cold and we're hotter than a stove ha
Fuckin hoes, after shows
Tag-teamin, in them hoes my wee be shooting semen
Gots sports cars
On chrome realla
B and slim get out of the house and walk the tone realla
Hot boys we livin legends hope ya heard the word
Duckin the law runnin through ports with a flock of birds
We too hot
Chorus x 2
(Lil Wayne)
I have you burning up cuz I be (Hot Hot)
Like a firecracker
I'm (Tss Tss) Pow
See these niggas can't take me
Cuz they know they takin care of my baby
Don't get mad, just follow me now wodie
We the real hot boys
All of them other fake niggas need to stop boy
I got diamonds and gold and I tote my strap
Got my Reeboks and baus and I ride on platinum
Hot Girls who I'm after from the UTP
Wodie I got that fire, so holla at me
Now look deep into the holes you see 8 in the half
Put them things up in they (ugh) like a stake in the grass
I'm a real hot boy I'm shakin the deck
If you a real hot girl you can take it in half
Lil' Wayne playboy can't put the fire out for a nigga
Stop tryin, I be too too hot
Chorus x 2
The Hot Boyz, the hot boyz
Niggas is the hot boyz, the hot boyz
Them niggas is the hot boyz, the hot boyz
Them niggas is the hot boyz, the hot boyz
On fire
Grab the maggy lever then the boys wouldnt step
Grab the 8010 then the boys wouldnt step
Grab the 223 then the boys wouldnt step
Young Turk, Juvenile, Lil Wayne are real hot boys