

# Clipse, Hot Damn (Cot Damn Remix)

(Chorus):

Hot damn...it's a new day  
Hot damn...but the boys wanted money mang  
Hooo....hooo....hooo....hot damn

(Malice):

My, how the boy's grown  
From roamin' ? homes to homes of his own  
There's no catchin' up, he's in a whole 'nother zone  
Still true to his roots, stay close to the chrome  
Haters stay clear of him, y'all stand, cheer for him  
Got up out the game and overcame, let's hear it for him  
Keep a new toy, so I wonder how good  
I'm not enjoying life, I'm reliving my childhood  
Big chain monster, whip game bonkers  
Monster truck remind him of Tonka  
Diamond F-color plus gold, still gut her  
The ill is in the mills motherfucker, I ain't studder  
Bittersweet, my life's a musical  
From holding O's, to rolls gold, the Lord's beautiful  
Before him, I'm too ashamed to show my face  
But she's so mean, can't help but to fall from grace  
Motherfucker

(Chorus)

(Ab-Liva):

Hot damn, when that white hit the pan, it  
Twists and it tumbles, it  
Flips and it fumbles, I  
Mix it like gumbo, I  
Pitch it so subtle, I  
Keep hustle ?, I got 'em wonderin'  
What happened to that boy?  
Six manuever, how to slip into that toy  
Enter the pimp, the crook, the hustler thing  
The man, the music, the making the king  
I'm simply building my mink  
Many men marchin' like ?  
King Kong, the verse makin' the world sing  
? just like mine  
Peekin' through bars, hopin' the sun shines on him  
But you still got to watch the phonies  
Watch your homies, we pop pop, got you homie

(Chorus)

(Pusha T):

Ugh...handled the rock like none other  
Wrist over the stove, head under the cupboard  
In the kitchen 'til the fumes make him feel smothered  
The way it melt, fiends can't believe it's not butter  
The way it melt, he won't cop from none other  
Than he who holds O's like Krispy Kreme's oven  
Or easy bake, pink ? make  
The presidential look like strawberry shortcake

(Pharrel):

Imagine that Rolls Royce crashed and  
Me unscratched and billionaire boys for fashion  
Ugh...you niggas is clones  
I hand out styles like ice cream cones, man fuck outta here

(Pusha T):

That's for real, my gats is real  
The SL5 is lookin' like the Batmobile  
Chrome lips with the matchin' wheels  
Both chains probably match your deal  
Y'all dudes is a act for real

Pusha

(Chorus)

(Roscoe P. Goldchain):

Either the sun or death can be looked at

That's what an old G told me

That was the exact moment I decided to take a path

And if you owed me, and if I decided to take it back

I would nicely expect Roscoe to put you back in place

I don't know what you call a destructive warpath

It'll be shell showers in today's forecast

You a gangsta? I can't tell

Your diamond don't glimmer when the light it it

Those jewels are genuine, because if they was, I'm nice with it

I would have been took that

That skinny stack in your pocket, I would have been shook that

In this world you gotta watch it, I'm here to warn ya

Cats turnin' former, over ? wrapped in wax

My son's home cryin', don't give me no slack

Just put your motherfuckin' money in the bag

These words are being said as I hide behind glove and mask

Goldchain's not your typical crook

I'm being watched, look at the camera ladies and push

(Chorus)