

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)