

# Hot Boy\$, Spin Tha Bend

Artist: Hot Boys

Album: Let 'Em Burn

Song: Spin Tha Bend

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\* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1: B.G.]

Get off the block this my first and last time tellin' bitches  
Second step I Spin Tha Bend, Bussin, wettin bitches  
I'm goin back to my old self, Pullin my Chopper of the shelf  
Wackin' you bitches until it's no one left  
I don't play when I'm off in some drama you know me  
It's kill or be killed when you beefin' wit B.G.  
And nothing less than a hundred out the drum clearing the street  
Yellow tapes and white sheets on yo block all week  
Bitch niggas that can't take the heat stay concealed  
They know if they get caught in the middle they won't live  
Ain't no other way for me to keep it besides real  
Disrespecting my mind, no doubt you a done deal  
I'ma BLOCKA, CHICKA BANG, CHICK BUST  
I'ma BOOM, chicka RAT, TAT, TAT ya home up  
It's bout it when I pulled up get got it gone with the wind  
You bet not be nowhere on the block when I spin tha bend

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Spots I be discoverin', niggas I be trumblin'  
Stoppin' up on bubblin, from one side to the other end  
Hoppin' out the bubble Benz, poppin' him and other friends  
Bitches I be smotherin' niggas just be stutterin'  
Juvenile don't run no mo' I been through this shit before  
Spin A Bend kick in yo door, lay it all down on the floor  
Tell me something I don't no, All you bitches gotta go  
Give me please all of the coke or I'ma shoot you in yo throat  
Fuck it I'ma never stop, standin' on whateva block  
Lookin' for the cheddar spot, open up a better shop  
I'ma jet when it get hot, Keep everything that I got  
Damn it if I'm straight or not, I'm gone always be on top  
Niggas wanna do me in, I'm here come and pursue it then  
Heads I'm gone be shootin' and you will never move again  
I'm not a gentleman or sweeter then cinnamon  
Everytime I spin tha bend they say "Oh no it's him again"

[Verse 3: Turk]

\*Look, Look\*

Nothin but soldiers where I stay, niggas dressin' in camouflage  
Real niggas 'bout pullin triggas and doin' drive-by's  
Cut-throaters and snakes, keep the murder rate high  
Niggas who carry Kays ready for war at any time  
Killas who hit ya spot and don't care who be outside  
People they call it hots sell heroin and rocks  
Hallways & Cuts, stay duckin them cops  
Stay on they P's & Q's you bet not try and plot  
Nigga if you do believe you gone get chopped  
50 fly at you like birds in a flock  
And if you gotta crew one by one they gone drop  
And if you got that work we closing down ya shop  
My niggas be thugged out, Jabows and Reeboks  
Bush fades and braides no designs and flat-tops  
From the youngest to the oldest, they nuts lettin' em drop  
Spin Yo Bend like a dryer takin you off yo block nigga

[Verse 4: Lil Wayne]

\*Ah Ahh, What What What What What, Ah Ahh, Ah Ahh, What What What What What

La Lah, What, What What What What What, Listen, Hot Boys Nigga\*  
It's time to break a nigga off and make him feel the flame  
I don't no what be in tight sent me to kill a maan  
Steal a maan, a vest can't conceal ya maan  
All the surgery in the world can't heal ya pain  
Cause I Spin Bends, Lil' Weezy hoppin' out first wit two M-10's  
Ready to tear a nigga shirt and push his ribs in  
Fill him wit hot ones  
Run up on the blcok wit nothin but shotguns  
I'ma young nigga, wig splitter, head busta  
I said I bust heads DA DA DA DA Did I stutta  
I swept and spray, ridin through my nigga  
Police don't play so why do you? listen  
You can run but you can't hide  
I come wit a gun, cock, aim, fi  
Late at night I will ride maan  
When I spin a bend niggas die maan, Fa Real!

{\*beat rides out then fades\*}