

# Hot Boys, Help

What's up man?

These Hot Boy\$ back at it again, ya heard me?

Oh and it's Guerilla Warfare time

We got these ol' bitch ass niggaz scared

Look here

Luxury cars on chrome, I play that

Five figure bonds on charges, I'd paid that

Ounces of coke at a young age, look I weighed that

My click done blewed up you know haters, they hate that

Come around me with a bad bitch, you know I'mma take that

Put a chopper in my hand, and watch how quick I sprayed that

Drop a track watch how quick I go and lace that

Cash Money I don't think y'all niggaz could really faze that

Beef with me, I don't think you ready to face that

Put money in front of me and watch how quick I chase that

Nigga give me the weed and I'm ready to blaze that

I'mma man and if its my charge, I gotta take that

Mouth off yo brains, and I'mma have to waste that

K bullets burn, you talk and watch you taste that

I'm so large, I gotta phone, the fedz can't trace that

You gotta respect I'mma fool, how you love that

Hook:

Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP

Them Hot Boy\$ coming please somebody HELP

They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP

They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP

Please somebody HELP

Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP

Them Hot Boy\$ coming please somebody HELP

They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP

They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP

Please somebody HELP

Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP

Nigga, my click raw, play it us we blow shit

We was trained for war, believe we act a fool bitch

We take situations fo, we don't play no games bitch

We put on sound to talk aloud, the kids claim shit

We on another level you stuck on the same shit

CMB came through now we done rearranged shit

We got the game locked these wannabe soldiers ain't shit

Y'all ain't from uptown, can't come homebound and say the flow, you

bitch

We don't wear the suit, we wear tee's, fro's and reez

We think absolute, got bigettes on our rollies

Y'all know we drive fine cars, Lexus and Benzes

I don't know what women think they could fuck wit B.G.

Not in a million years, you could come and top this

I wonder who goin do my beats, Fresh rock shit

Give him five or ten minutes, he goin drop a hot hit

Fuck that other nigga, them Hot Boy\$ come in and shot shit

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They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP

They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP

Please somebody HELP

Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP

These Hot Boy\$ on top trained for drama

No way you goin run, try to hide, we goin find ya

I you forgot its my job to remind ya  
We bust twos, playa haters we misuse  
I don't give a fuck, I bruise nigga  
If you ain't know, Cash Money straight fools nigga  
Now Baby got the illery duct off fo' sho'  
Me and Lil' Weezy, jumpin' out the two do'  
Lexus coupe with the combat boots on  
Soldier fatigue, ready to get our shoot on  
Niggaz goin bleed  
You heard of us, we murderers, and dangerous  
Ain't no serving us, we creep silent like burglars  
We busting our bang, that's off top we trill  
We don't fuck with the lame, we all real  
And we about our motherfucking change  
We do or die for life  
We represent to the fullest, and we ride tonight  
Hook (2x):  
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP  
Them Hot Boy\$ coming please somebody HELP  
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP  
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP  
Please somebody HELP  
Got these bitch niggaz hollerin' HELP  
Them Hot Boy\$ coming please somebody HELP  
They on fire, they goin burn me somebody HELP  
They got guns, they goin shoot somebody HELP  
Please somebody HELP  
Got these bitch niggaz hollering' HELP  
(during the last time the hook is said)  
It's like that ya heard me?  
We told y'all niggaz need help right now  
We steal and fuck shit up ya heard me?  
Just like that man, not all everybody goin be Hot Boy\$  
But nigga know who the original Hot Boy\$ is  
Ya heard me?  
It ain't no secret  
Them Cash Money millionaires  
Man that's the motherfucking real, original Hot Boy\$  
Everybody wanna be Hot Boy\$  
Boy that's cold, that's sorry  
Niggaz know they sorry fo' that too  
But it's all gravy  
Can't strip m  
Ya heard me?  
We laying it down  
And it ain't no secret  
You need to get yo' own shit  
Damn, why you have to run with our shit  
We put this shit together  
We the originators  
Yea