

# Trina, Hot Commodity

(feat. Rick Ross)

[Talking: Trina]

Yeah, that's that real shit, feel me (feel me)  
Lay back Maybach, ugh

[Chorus:]

Up in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from the nigga cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me; I'm what you try to be

[Verse 1: Trina]

I'm a big girl not a little girl  
I had a real man  
Moving real girl  
We was real close  
He had real money  
All he ever asked "never steal from me"  
That was real shit  
I'm a real bitch  
He told me stay real and I'm a make you real rich  
Back to reality  
Is this real?  
Big house on the hill far from Lincoln Field. (ohh)  
I'm so hood, yet I wouldn't stay  
Couldn't name a price that the nigga wouldn't pay  
Snap my fingers he'll be over here today  
If I asks, he'll rub my feet for days

[Chorus:]

Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from the nigga cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me; I'm what you try to be  
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is the baddest of them all?  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity [x2]  
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is the baddest of them all?  
There was a rubble tubble 5 minutes it lasted  
You the bitch in the flyest fashions

[Verse 1: Rick Ross]

Pull up to the crib, park on the grass  
The boy so trill, spark up the grass  
She's so real with all kind a ass  
And 6 inch heels with LV bags  
The g's in the G's  
So G's on the g's  
She's so high class  
I need nor steeze  
Cover girl centerfold (fold) got me spendin doe (doe)  
I ain't trippin tho  
Cause ya boy dealin dope (dope)  
Before I heard, I didn't kiss to much (naw)  
But right now  
I need a bitch to crush (come here)  
Crib so plush (plush)  
Bitch don't blush (blush)  
20 stacks outta town  
Just yo luck (boss)  
Cause up in that pussy feel better than the lottery

Don't lie to me yeah you a hot commodity  
Six figures I give ya just to ride with me (ride)  
Why fly coach? Baby~girl ride with me

Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from a nigga cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me; I'm what you try to be  
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is the baddest of them all?  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity [x2]  
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who is the baddest of them all?  
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[Verse 2:]

Smell the fragrances, it's unforgettable  
Had a hoes haten daten back to middle school  
Apple Bottom jeans, boots with tha fur  
Might cause a blur so is it really her? (is it her)  
Leave ya man like Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
I'm done when I cum  
Cause up in this pussy feels better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity  
Dada county, up to Tallahassee  
Atlanta these nigga be getting at me  
Philly, D.C., NY to Chi Town  
Quick stop in New Orleans and damn near drowned (ugh)  
But a bitch so fly  
I don't need no front  
I live in tha sky  
Deal with big money  
Can you deal with a dime?  
I'm lookin in ya eyes, betta not tell a lie

Cause up in this pussy feel better than the lottery  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity  
Six figures from a nigga cause he got to be  
Don't lie to me; I'm what you try to be  
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Who is the baddest of them all?  
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity [x2]  
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Who is the baddest of them all?  
There was a rubble tubble 5 minutes it lasted  
You the bitch in the flyest fashions [giggle]

crbt2('Trina', 'Hot Commodity')

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One Hit Wonders  
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Artist Info