

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
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Who is the baddest of them all?
Don't lie to me I'm a hot commodity [x2]
Mirror, mirror on the wall
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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 Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
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
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 [giggle]

crbt2('Trina','Hot Commodity')

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Artist Info