

With Stupid "Hot Boyz"

Visit "[Hot Boyz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Missy]

This is for my ghetto motherfuckers, uh

[Nas]

Uh, forty side felony

Felony, misdemeanor

The charge is murder

Escobar CB on bikes

I'm switching gears

Headlights, shine so bright

Bitches freeze like deers

Them fiends want that deep boy

Feds send in a decoy, pack that heat boy

Push ya where ya rest in peace boy

Get your mama's house shot up

Bodies all chopped up

When them bodies pop up, I ain't getting' locked up

My Bentley cruise the block, with the sun roof top

Hood rats jumpin' on my jock cause I blew up the spot

Crushin' your Benz, crushin' your Navigator system

My QB piece make y'all niggas tuck you're shit in

It's Nas in your area, Queens 'bout to tear it up

Braveheart y'all scared of us, real niggas, they be us

[Missy & Lil' Mo]

What's your name, cause I'm impressed?

Can you treat me good, I won't settle for less

You a hot boy, a rock boy

A fun toy, tote a glock boy

Where you live, is it by yourself?

Can I move with you, do you need some help?

I cook boy, I'll give you more

I'm a fly girl, and I like those

1 - [Missy & Lil' Mo]

Hot boyz

Baby you got what I want

See cause y'all be driving Lexus jeeps

And the Benz jeeps, and the Lincoln jeeps

Nothin' cheaper, got them Platinum Visa's

Hot boyz

Baby you got what I want
See cause y'all be driving' Jaguars
And the Bentley's, and the Rolls Royce
Playin' hardballs with them Platinum Visa's

[Missy & Lil' Mo]
Is that your car, the SK-8?
Are you ridin' alone, can I be your date?
Come get me, get me, don't diss me, don't trick me
Got some friends, can they come too?
Can you hook them up wit' some boyz like you
A hot boy, a rock boy, on top boy
And I like those

Repeat 1

[Eve]
Yo only take 'em thugged out
Slightly bugged out, fuck with his tongue out
Know the job ain't getting done, until the body getting
drugged out
Hot boy, keep me right
Play your part and I'll keep it tight
Where else you gonna be in the middle of the night
But up in the sheets with me aight
Gangsta, true to your gang, street master
You the one I need when there's beef, street blaster
Ain't afraid to stop a cat, plus pop a cat, huh
Soldier, cash money, rule your world
What's topping that?
Huh, S-4-3-0 keep me on my toes
Get a tingle in my spine, wet spot only he knows
He's a hot boy, Missy sing it out and I'm gon' spit it
Ruff Ryders scream it loud, daddy is you with it
If your team can't handle my bitches then we gon' ride
Brickhouse stallions, keep thugs open wide, huh
'Illadelph's best E-V-E stay committed
Mess with many, but if he ain't the realer
I ain't with it, with it

[Q-Tip]
Yo, mommy what the deal?
Ain't no heat fuckin' hotter than the heat a nigga hold
I think you really should be told that I deal with long
shafts
That keep a long blast (blast)
Now look at a nigga and peel off fast (come on)
Word you got your girlfriend
Word, she can get it too
Fuck it though, I'm honest yo
I'm saying though, let's play it through

Getting cinematic with it
Niggas if you got it, hit it
Fuck the dumbness
Hit it till its numbness

[Missy & Lil' Mo']
Hot boy
Baby you got what I want
Won't you really come and satisfy me
I be lovin' you like endlessly
(Everyday all day)
Hot boy
Baby you got what I want
Won't you really come and satisfy me

Visit [With Stupid](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.