

Clipse "Hot Damn"

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[Intro: Pharrell Williams]

Now they saying we're too hot
New verses please, c'mon

[Chorus - 1: Pharrell Williams] (Malice)

Hot damn! it's a new day!
Hot damn! but them boys want the (RPC: money man)
Hooooouuuuuuu (uh huh)
Hooooouuuuuuu (of corse)
Hooooouuuuuuu ('fore you say what you say)
Hot damn!

[Verse: Malice]

My how the boys roam
From roaming, loc, and come home
To homes of his own
No catching up he's in a whole 'nother zone
Still true to his roots, stay close to the chrome
Haters stay clear of him, y'all stand cheer for him
Got up out the game and overcame, let's hear it for
him
Keep a new toy so I wonder how could
I not enjoy life I'm reliving my childhood
Big chain monsta, whip game bonkas
Monster truck remind him of Tonka
Diamond F color, plush gold still gutter
My dealer's in the mills motherfuck' and I ain't studder
Bitter sweet, my life's a musical
From holding those to Bose gold, the Lord's beautiful
Before him I'm too shamed to show my face
But shits so mean I can't help but to fall from grace,
motherfucker

[Chorus - 2: Pharrell Williams]

Hot damn! it's a new day!
Hot damn! but them boys want the (RPC: money man)

[Verse: Ab Liva]

Hot - damn, when the white hit the pan it
Twists and it tumbles it, flips and the fumbles
I - mix it like Gumbo; I - pitch it so subtle
I - keep hustlers puzzled, Feds I got em wondering

(wondering)
'What Happened To That boy'
Six maneuver, how'd I slip into that toy
Is it the pimp, the crook, the hustling thing
The man, the music that making a king
I'm simply building my Ming
A million men marchin like condom(?)
I'm the King Kong, my verse making the world sing
My heart's on the sleeve for
Your face is just like mine
Peeking from bars hoping the sun shines on em
But you still got to watch the phonies
Watch your homies, we {*gun shots*} got you homie!

[Chorus - 2]

[Verse: Pusha T]
Uhh! handle the rock like nonr other
Grits over the stove, head under the cupboard
In the kitchen till the fume make me feel smothered
The way it melt fiends can't believe it's not butter
The way it melt he won't cop from none other
The he who holds O's like Krispy Kreme's oven
Or easy bake, pink divies make
The presidential should look like strawberry shortcake,
P!

[Pharrell Williams]
Imagine that Rolls Royce crashed in, me unscratched in
That millionaire boys club fashion
Uh, you niggas is clones
I hand out styles like ice cream cones, the fuck outta
here

[Verse: Pusha T]
That's Pha-real my gats is real
The SL 5 is lookin like the Batmobile
Chrome lids with the matching wheels
Uh, both chains probably match ya deal
Y'all dudes is an act fa real, Pusha

[Chorus - 2]

[Verse: Roscoe P. Coldchain]
Neither the sun or death can be looked at
That's what an OG told me
That was the exact moment I decided to take a pact
And if you owe me and if I decided to take it back
It wasn't nicely expect Rosco to put you back, in place
I'm what you call a destructive warpath
It'll be a shell shower in today's forecast

You a gangsta? I can't tell
You diamonds don't glimmer when the light hit it
Those jewels aren't genuwine, cause if they was I'm
nice wit it
I woulda' been took that
That skinny stack in your pocket I woulda been shook
that
In this world you gotta watch it, I'm hear to warn ya
Cats turned informant, over snow wrapped in wax
My son's home crying, don't give me no slack
Just put the motherfucking money in the bag
These words are being said as I hide behind glove and
mask
Coat change not your typical crook
I'm being watched look at the camera lens in the bush

[Chorus - 2]

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