

## Go-Betweens

### "Hot Damn"

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[Intro - Pharrell]

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

[Chorus - Pharrell] + (Malice)

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

[Verse 1 - 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 another zone  
Still true to his roots, stay close to the chrome  
Haters stay clear of 'em, y'all stand cheer for 'em  
Got up out the game and overcame, let's hear it for  
'em  
Keep a new toy so I wonder how could  
I not enjoy life I'm reliving my childhood  
Big chain monsta, wit game bonkas  
Monster truck remind him of Tonka  
Diamond F color, plush gold still gutter  
My deal is in the mil's motherfuck' and I ain't studder  
Bitter sweet, my life's a musical  
From holding nose to Bose Gold, the Lord's beautiful  
Before him I'm too shamed to show my face  
But shit's so mean I can't help but to fall from grace,  
motherfucker

[Chorus - Pharrell] + (Rosco P.)

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

[Verse 2 - Ab Liva]

Hot, damn, when the white hit the pan it  
Twists and it tumbles it, flips and it 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 marching like calling 'em  
The King Kong of 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 {\*two gun shots\*} got you  
homie!

[Chorus - Pharrell] + (Rosco P.)  
Hot damn! it's a new day!  
Hot damn! but them boys want the (Money man)

[Verse 3 - Pusha T]  
Uhh! handled the rock like none 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  
Then he who holds O's like Krispy Kreme's oven  
Or easy bake, pink divies make  
The Presidential look like strawberry shortcake, P!

[Pharrell]  
Imagine that Rolls Royce crashed in, me unscratched in  
That Billionaire Boy's Club fashion  
Uh, you niggas is +Clones+  
I hand out styles like ice cream cones, the fuck outta  
here

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

[Chorus - Pharrell] + (Rosco P.)  
Hot damn! it's a new day!  
Hot damn! but them boys want the (Money man)

[Verse 4 - Rosco 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 shell showers in today's forecast  
You a gangsta? I can't tell  
Your diamonds don't glimmer when the light hit it  
Those aren't genuwine, because 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  
Coldchain's not your typical crook  
I'm being watched look at the camera lens in the bush

[Chorus - Pharrell] + (Rosco P.)  
Hot damn! it's a new day!  
Hot damn! but them boys want the (Money man)  
Hooooouuuuuuu, hooooouuuuuuu  
Hooooouuuuuuu, hot damn!

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