

Godley & Creme

"Hot"

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[Chorus: Rosco P. Coldchain] + (Pharrell)
Hey 'Rell this beat is.. (HOT!.. HOT!)
You know I keep a chrome, under seats and in the
home
Without speaking you'll give me your chain
I'm Da Vinci, don't make me draw ya pain
They call me 'Sco, short for Rosco P. Coldchain
Hey 'Rell this beat is.. (HOT!)

[Verse 1: Pusha T]
It go hot waist - Desert taste
Four pounds of metal, triangle face
Hesi-tate - never, I'll put hole in whoever
Don't make Push' Russian Roulette ya
Gamble wit ya life
Change came from cocaine I've measured
White was the treasure, comfort was the steel
I pedal to the corner like a child on a big wheel
Flow more sicker, so much shake in the street
They measure my weight in Richter
Make no mistake, I rhyme for the public
But still I push weight that make the ghetto's quake
By all means I've seen I've lived
By 22 years old, 50 thousand dollar vehicles I rimmed
{*scratches*} My dreams start over the stove
I ran over the globe and back again

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Rosco P. Coldchain]
Y'all niggas really ain't got a pot to piss in
Or a window to throw it out of
I'm filthy but you better believe I got over a stack in my
pocket though
Iceberg on the seams of jeans? no!
I'm a Dickies and Timbs man, I'm not no Benz man
Delta '88 on rims man, wit mirror tint
And four of my most militant men whose trying to stay
sucka free
That's why they hang around me, cause I ain't print
Left em for diamonds and pearls, I'm not no bitch

I choose a mack before that attached 100 shot clip
I scare the shit outta bank tellers so I can become rich
That's how I make my living, I give em encouragement,
"you're doing great!"
Keep chillin while I'm flashing the glock in their face
I show em I can be appreciative, I tell em thanks for
giving I'm sinning!
But the Lord knows I have three children
Now I'm somewhere in +Utah+ relaxing to +Jazz+ with
a broad
Quarter mill in a stash, avoiding the law from far!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Boobonic]

I'm starting wit the man in the mirror
Mask need to make that change
That real doe, that point something paper
Like a 4.6 on a Range, new shit {*scratches*}
Look 'Bonic really been through shit
Pay close attention when Boo' spit
Uh, lack 'a that'll get you hit
And don't care who you'll come back through with,
been around
Nigga front like he want his car spun around
Window drop block pop spin around
Niggaz stand up looking for 'em sit em down
And ya see em laid out
That's why when I was young I stayed out
And plus being pussy ya niggaz is played out
I made means to get that cream
We all playas all they say is how you get that team

[Chorus]

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