

## Hot Boys\$ "I'm A Hot Boy"

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[B.G.]

I take drama as far as it could go  
I ain't no ho  
That is something u would wanna know  
I get loose as a goose  
When beef in my presence  
i'm a hot boy fa'sho  
Nigga a living legend  
I straight creep if I get beef with ya  
They got T-shirt waiting on yo fucking picture  
Yo head leak like water drippin from a faucet  
Cause I was in the hospital  
Yo wootay these niggas think I lost it  
But I'm still a head busta  
Run with straight real niggas  
That's a fatigue nigga  
So this the deal with ya  
All about cash daddy  
Face behind the mask daddy  
Choppers with 50 in em'  
Ready to blast daddy  
Duck or get down nigga  
Bounce or get bounce nigga  
U on side of a milk carton  
Can't be found nigga  
Take it how u wanna  
Bring how u feel  
Take in blood nigga you get it how u live

Chorus: ( Juve)

Where the villian be  
That's where I'll stand  
I'm comming with autilary  
Up in my hand  
I'm showing u bitches the reason I'm the man  
I'm stopping u hoes from breathing u understand

Verse 2: ( B.G)

It don't stop  
It want stop  
My glock on safety  
Cock if you get shot

Don't get shocked  
Cause you are aware of my actions  
U know I that U heard of me  
And that's a fact son  
I'm bout whatever u bout nigga allday  
I'm 100% thug  
U wont't trigga play  
It's all gravy let's handle it  
I get scandalous  
I call baby it's confusion

Army tool we using  
He beep me back  
We clicking up we set up  
A dangerous mob  
Once u wet up  
No getting up  
That's how it is  
I hustle for my G's  
Over hundred G's  
Stun'n with versace  
It's straight soldiers ree's  
And soldiers rags, soldiers hats,  
Soldiers jackets nigga we bustin' soldiers pants  
We wanna go all the way out  
And thug?????  
Uptown my stumping ground we camflouge down

(chours)

Verse 3: If you aint bout no paper  
I ain't fucking with ya  
U outta line  
I'm gon flip ya  
B.g toten big pistol  
U know I represent  
Full of that dope behind lime tint  
Mercedes what I'm in  
We steal is a lil hint  
That u murder if you flinch  
6feet in where u sent  
My occupation consist  
Putting momma on the front bench  
My click is often dangerous  
If they caught to hang with us thug with us  
Cause trust if u outside ain't no love with us  
Where I'll be all my rounds fucking down  
And that's dat UPT  
U ain't gotta hide you get down  
But it all good  
U get dirty I get dirty

We all hood U be slurgin I be slurgin  
In the 929 fullu loaded sitting on chrome  
I'm hot boy that need a hot girl to take home  
I aint' gone bone light  
On dat dope dick  
I know you heard that we go all night  
Yo girl ?????? say B.G. ain't right

Chorus til end

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