

Hot Boys\$ "Let 'em Burn"

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H-beezy in this motherfucker man
Fa sheezy nigga come here to burn this whole
motherfuckin city down
Know what I'm sayin, see what I'm sayin' slugga
We bad than a motherfucker

[Verse One: Juvenile]

If I got a problem with a nigga I'm gon' tell him to his
face
Fuck holdin it in on my chest, heelin' the case
I don't hang with too many niggaz cause some niggas
is fake

I'll have you in some shit that you can never escape
Look, all them motherfuckers be throwin' them
hailmarries

A nigga make you think he bout it, but the hoe is scary
You know how that be, talkin' that shit to they clique
But if you catch 'em by theyself they transform to a
bitch

Nothin but T tellin me "what's happenin' Juvey"
Smokin cause they heard the click clack of my oozie
Choosin cause you not rememberin' what you said
You was fuckin' clean over me nigga now I feel played
Now where the iron at, where the hoe mouth at
You think you walkin' away from here, bitch I doubt that
I got you stranded, I got you stuck out
You never thought that you would show up at your ?
house

[Chorus]

We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
(All these niggas want be hot boys) We let 'em burn
nigga
We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
(All these niggas stealin' Fresh tracks) We let 'em burn
nigga
We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
(All these niggas hatin' Cash Money) We let 'em burn
nigga
We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
(All these niggas want be hot boys) We let 'em burn
nigga

[Verse Two: B.G.]

Give me a can of gas, a torch, my strap and Im gon'
ride

Once I find who I'm lookin' for I'll set 'em on fire
Searchin for niggas out there disrespectin' the game
It's gon' get real, we don't clear that reppin' off our
name

I'm genuine, I got the right to say I'm hot
I feel steam through the process burnin beamers at the
cops

Geezy been through it, if I said I done it you gon
believe I did do it

Everyday hood shit I lived through it
I don't throw a brick and hide my hand

If I make a statement I can stand up actin' like a man
Swimmin' with sharks, drinkin' with gorillas, playin
capers with snakes, I'm affiliated with killers
Player haters I drop 'em, Slim I got 'em

I chooka chooka chop 'em, chooka chooka chop 'em
I hope you people smart, and they got life insurance
Cause I catch ya down, strike a match and let you burn

[Chorus]

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We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
(All these niggas hatin' Cash Money) We let 'em burn
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We let 'em burn nigga, we let 'em burn nigga
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nigga

[Verse Three: Turk]

Is you ready for this guerrilla war? I don't think so

Hit your block with fifty shots, see nothin' but
gunsmoke

Slip up and you get popped ant gonna be no second
chances

Do filled and get filled, so take it like a man and
Waht you gon' do when the tables turn nigga
Better be ready shoot and let'em burn nigga
Fuck wit' the wrong dude and you gon' learn nigga
Get out of order and you get what you earn nigga
I'm untamed, I be wilin' the streets thuggin'
Me and Lil' Wayne, two young niggas that can't be

trusted
Even though I'm young I'm still a hard hitta'
Soulja out Magnolia, bitch nigga wig-splitta
A nigga who kill ya and dump ya body in the river
Get rid of the murder weapon
So they don't know that I did ya in and
Any nigga come in that water for ya, nigga they
drownin'
Pass the sets nigga it'll be you that I'm downin'

[Chorus]

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[Verse Four: Lil' Wayne]

Now im runnin with all these killas so all I know is head
bustin'
Keep a gun and I pull the trigger clear the block in a
hurry
All that unnecessary jaw-jabbin' I let my pistol bark at
'em
Never thought niggas would start static bring that
guerrilla war at em
The danger boys pull out the heat
and hit they street and just gon flame the boys
Them niggas from the U.P.T. you just can't tame the
boys
Them niggas from the C.M.B. they iron slangers boy
Better whatch out, whatch out
Pull up on the set and just hop out with the glock out
Leave a nigga wet and flip they block out and shot out
Bullets be hummin', my niggas be stompin'
Cowards be runnin like them "woop" people comin
Got a ?tums? with a drum in em with a fire suit on
Come from up top the fire truck and let my rockets
shoot off
Chopper knockin' you off, bullets turnin' up
Ain't no stopin' them HB's cause we burnin' up

[Chorus]

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