

# Hot Boys\$

## "Neighborhood Superstar"

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F/ Big Tymers

Talking (Juvenile): Suga Slim Million Dollar spot

Verse 1: Juvenile

Wodie ask them motherfuckers how the CMB play it  
Tanqueray and Alize it, take the llello and weigh it  
735's I drive fits ta match, when I past  
Bitches ask, "Who the fuck was that?"  
Girl that's Juvenile you don't know'em he on fire  
17 inch momos black magic on his tires  
Crushed out stoned, pushed out homes, cellular  
phones  
And concerts in the Superdome  
Now I can pump my Beamer and play the Navigator  
Sport tailor made outfits with matchin alligators  
Visa gold, bank account on swole  
Got my million dollar destiny under control  
Millions a fantasy, Juvenile's reality  
Bitch I write my own checks bitch I pay my own salary  
You want business with me  
Boss playa ya have to be  
I'ma million dollar nigga these bithces run after me  
I got a gold and crome Beretta  
I got a 1997 Mercedes compressor  
And I can bet a - hundred G's and my pockets won't  
hurt  
Nigga set for life nigga puttin' in work

(Chorus) 2x

All kinds of cars  
Neighborhood superstar  
Feared by many and loved by broads

Verse 2: Baby

Neighborhood superstar  
Ridin' in these pretty cars  
Uptown niggas livin' like movie stars  
Flyin' ta tennessee chillin' with lil jimmie  
And transportin' coke back and forth to my city

Takin' flights  
Be in Las Vegas over night  
Chillin' with Lo Jack  
Sippin' on cognac  
Goin' to casinos  
Gamblin' with the young ninos  
Loosin' 20 Gs worth of C notes  
Nigga I sold dope all my life  
Turned a hundred Gs into two million over night  
I guess cuz I'm rich  
These hoes say I'm a stuntin' bitch  
That's why I look at all these hoes like the aint shit  
But I'm a star  
Bitch you can keep that gar  
Give me the money and a brand new car  
Livin' in eastover dealin' big balla parties  
Invitin' all the fuckin' female roovers  
Ridin' in lambruginis  
Beaches hoes and bikinis  
Me and Fresh tag teamin'  
Ridin' in convertible land roovers  
Hoes be sweatin' cuz of the mouth full of golds  
Nigga baallin' out of control

(Chorus) 2x

Verse 3: Mannie Fresh

I come with TVs and VCRs in the cars  
And I pack a big dick down in tha draws  
I'm a neighborhood peppa boy  
Platinum steppa boy  
Rolls Royce of my choice not a reppa boy  
Young G  
Ridin' in a hum v  
Broads tellin' bitches tellin' hoes come see  
20 inch rims, on Yokahama slims  
Check the neck for the diamonds and the gems  
Don't nobody got mo ends than me  
Don't nobody drive a fuckin' benz like me  
I got a house in cali and a ranch in texas  
17 inches on a brand new lexus  
Picture project hoes dancin' on marble floors  
Kissin' one nigga from his head to his toes  
Who you wanna be like manny or mike  
How you gone shine dark or bright  
Cuz these hoes be wishin' to ride in a 97 expedition  
When I pass I make'em stop look and listen  
For tryin' ta follow tha big body empala  
Don't love'em don't need'em bitch sorry can't holla

Verse 4: Lil Wayne

Now tell me what kinda  
Nigga got diamonds that'll \*bling\* blind ya  
I'm only 14 I'm a big tymer  
I'm sittin' on crome all week shiner  
My golds hang low  
Crystal on the flo  
I'ma flex  
Twenty thousand dollar rolex  
I got my name on a street up in every city  
And look everywhere I be I got a mirror wit me  
Look I'm feared by many loved by broads  
I'm livin' marvelous I'ma superstar (superstar)

(Chorus) 4x

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